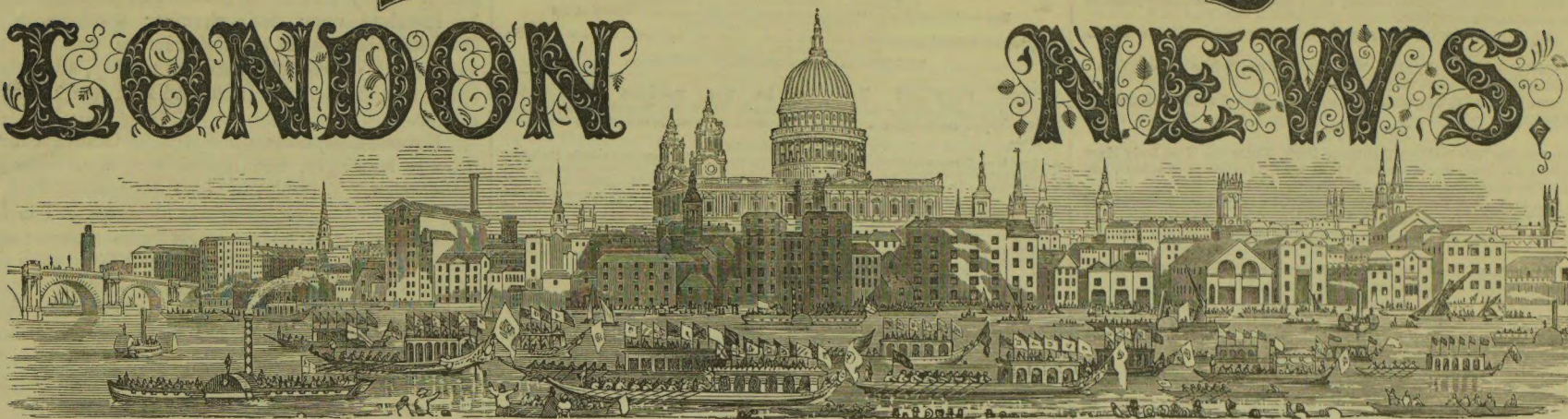


THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

Nos. 1737, 1738.—VOL. LXI.

SATURDAY, DEC. 21, 1872

CHRISTMAS DOUBLE NUMBER } ONE SHILLING.
AND COLOURED PICTURE } BY POST, 1S. 4D.



THE TOAST OF THE EVENING. DRAWN BY A. HUNT.

BIRTHS.

On the 7th inst., at Downs-road, Clapton, N., the wife of Thomas Keddell Cleghorn, Esq., of No. 23, Billiter-street, E.C., merchant, and Liverman of the City of London, of a daughter.

On the 15th inst., at Clover Cottage, Rochdale, the wife of Ernest E. M. Roys, Esq., of a daughter.

On Tuesday, the 17th inst., at 10, Wellesley-terrace, Prince's Park, Liverpool, the wife of R. H. Meister, Esq., of a son.

On the 12th inst., at 6, Upper Brook-street, the Lady Guendolen Ramsden, of a daughter.

DEATHS.

On Thursday, the 12th inst., at Tichborne Park, Hants, the Hon. Lady Mary Katharine Doughty, daughter of James, ninth Lord Arundell of Wardour, and widow of Sir Edward Doughty, Bart. R.I.P.

On the 11th inst., at 3, Kent's-terrace Torquay, Lucy, youngest daughter of Theodore Rathbone, Esq., of Backwood, Neston, Cheshire, aged 4 years.

On the 12th inst., at 19, Queen-street, Mayfair, William Henry Greville, Esq., aged 71.

On the 17th inst., at No. 8, Park-street, Grosvenor-square, Mary Josephine, eldest daughter of William and Ellen Callaghan, aged 19. R.I.P.

On the 28th ult., at Beechwood, near Plympton St. Mary, Devonshire, Elizabeth, Dowager Lady Seaton.

On the 15th inst., at Hughenden Manor, M. A. Disraeli, Viscountess Beaconsfield in her own right, and wife of the Right Hon. B. Disraeli.

On the 15th inst., at St. John's, Wakefield, Mary Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Henry Mason, Esq., aged 16.

* * * The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths is Five Shillings for each announcement.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING DEC. 28.

SUNDAY, DEC. 22.	WEDNESDAY, DEC. 25.
Fourth Sunday in Advent. St. Paul's Cathedral, 10.30 a.m., the Bishop of London's ordination: the Rev. Canon Lightfoot, D.D.; 3.15 p.m., the Rev. Canon Liddon, D.D. Westminster Abbey, 10 a.m. and 3 p.m., uncertain. St. James's, noon, the Rev. Francis Gardin, M.A., Sub-Dean of the Chapel Royal. Whitehall, 11 a.m. and 3 p.m., the Rev. E. C. Wickham, M.A., Savoy, 11.30 a.m., probably the Rev. Henry White, M.A., Chaplain of the Savoy and of the House of Commons; 7 p.m., the Rev. Dr. Monsell, Rector of Guildford. Temple Church, 11 a.m., the Rev. Dr. Vaughan, Master of the Temple; 3 p.m., the Rev. Alfred Ainger, M.A., Reader at the Temple.	Christmas Day. St. Paul's, 10.30 a.m., the Very Rev. the Dean, Dr. Church. Westminster Abbey, 10 a.m. and 3 p.m., the Very Rev. the Dean, Dr. Stanley. St. James's, noon, the Rev. Francis Gardin, M.A., Sub-Dean of the Chapel Royal. Whitehall, 11 a.m., the Rev. George Jepson, M.A. Savoy, 11.30 a.m., probably the Rev. Henry White, M.A., Chaplain of the Savoy and of the House of Commons. Temple Church, 11 a.m., probably the Rev. Dr. Vaughan, the Master of the Temple.
MONDAY, DEC. 23.	THURSDAY, DEC. 26.
Moon's last quarter, 2.12 a.m. Medical Society, 8 p.m. Society of Arts, Cantor Lecture, 8 p.m. (Dr. C. M. Tidy on the Practical Applications of Optics to the Arts). Commercial Travellers' School, annual dinner, at the London Tavern, 5.30 (Sir J. Pakington in the chair).	St. Stephen, deacon and martyr. General holiday.
TUESDAY, DEC. 24.	FRIDAY, DEC. 27.
George I., King of Greece, born, 1845.	St. John the Evangelist, Sacred Harmonic Society, 8 p.m. ("The Messiah").
WEDNESDAY, DEC. 25.	SATURDAY, DEC. 28.
Christmas Day. St. Paul's, 10.30 a.m., the Very Rev. the Dean, Dr. Church. Westminster Abbey, 10 a.m. and 3 p.m., the Very Rev. the Dean, Dr. Stanley. St. James's, noon, the Rev. Francis Gardin, M.A., Sub-Dean of the Chapel Royal. Whitehall, 11 a.m., the Rev. George Jepson, M.A. Savoy, 11.30 a.m., probably the Rev. Henry White, M.A., Chaplain of the Savoy and of the House of Commons. Temple Church, 11 a.m., probably the Rev. Dr. Vaughan, the Master of the Temple.	Holy Innocents. Childermas. Royal Horticultural Society, promenade, 2 p.m. Royal Institution, lecture, 3 p.m. (Professor Odling on Air and Gas).

TIMES OF HIGH WATER AT LONDON BRIDGE FOR THE WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 28.

Sunday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.
h m	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m
6 35	6 55	7 20	7 48	8 18	8 50	9 24
9 24	9 56	10 26	10 58	11 30	11 58	—
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POSTAGE OF THE CHRISTMAS DOUBLE NUMBER

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, SATURDAY, DEC. 21, 1872.

A PICTURE AND TWO SHEETS AND A HALF.

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LYCEUM—MORNING PERFORMANCE—CHARLES I. CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.—The remarkable success of the Day Representations of the great Play of "Charles I.," testified by the brilliant and crowded audiences assembled, has induced the Management to announce a Third Morning Performance, to take place on SATURDAY, DEC. 28. Doors open at Two. To commence at 2.30. Places can now be booked at the Box-office of the Theatre and the Libraries.

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THE PUBLIC Residing in the various Provincial Cities and Towns of the United Kingdom is CAUTIONED against being imposed upon by any of the Peripatetic Troupes going about the country, designating themselves original

CHRISTY MINSTRELS.

as there is no Company in existence of that Name, the Title having been totally Abolished by its legal representatives in London, in consequence of the system of fraud so long carried on throughout the Provinces by persons trading upon their title and reputation. Henceforth, if any performances are announced in this town by persons styling themselves the Original CHRISTY MINSTRELS the public will know that it is an attempt to impose upon them.

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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON: SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1872.

CHRISTMAS, 1872.

The season of which "good will towards men" is the special characteristic is once more within hailing distance. Let it be greeted with blithest welcome. One need not go so far as to say that the guise in which it may show itself—whether in mists or sunshine, whether amidst close and balmy airs or shrewdly-biting frosts, whether white with snowy robes or streaming with continuous rains—signifies little; but one may say that its charm is not wholly dependent upon the weather that accompanies it. The holiday it gives is to the affections and sympathies. It sets its warm kiss upon the inner man of the heart. The joyousness of its festivities radiates rather from within outwardly, than from outside of us into our souls. Still, if the weather were determinable by votes, we should probably be found voting with a majority of our readers in favour of what is called "a regular old-fashioned Christmas." The old man—for it is impossible to write about the season without personifying it—presents fewest attractions when he might be easily mistaken for autumn in deshabille. In that guise he strongly resembles a broken-down gentleman, lacking sufficient spirit to attend to his dress; his air, a mixture of gloom and slovenliness; his vigorous and athletic frame, wrapped in dun-coloured mists, going on his way as though absent in mind, and shuffling along without appearing to take the smallest interest in anything about him; or, when busy at all, busying himself chiefly with drains, sewers, and ditches. Decidedly, he is not so apt, under such conditions, to evoke good fellowship as when he makes his approach to us wearing the traditional garb of his early predecessors—the snowy mantle, the frosted locks, the pendent ornaments of ice, the rough and boisterous exterior, and the clear grey eye of a December firmament. The majority of well-fed, well-clad, well-housed people—particularly when they are

blessed with good health prefer that Father Christmas should be trim in his appearance and sportive in his mood. They take most pleasure in his flying visit when he imprints upon their chamber windows, while they sleep, reminiscences of his presence and his power in varied and exquisitely delicate tracery, and when every trunk and branch and stem and leaf wears his wedding favour.

Nevertheless, come as he will, he is always looked forward to longingly, and looked back upon from afar with satisfaction. Possibly, in these degenerate days, we have lost the art of appreciating our blessings. The festivities of Christmas in olden times were coarser and more boisterous than they now are, but, at least, they took hold of the sympathies and the active interest of our forefathers. Of late, there seems to have been some recoil from the festivity which has so long marked the passage of Christmastide. Seriously, we have no faith in it—no faith, that is to say, in the half-philosophical, half-misanthropical idea that Christmas represents merely a period of spasmodic, galvanised, wretched hilarity. The world, it is true, goes at such an "express speed" in matters of business, that it may miss the excitement of sensuous and sensual gratification which used to distinguish the Christmas holidays "sixty years since." Children, certainly, require no special stimulus so keep Christmas with merriment, and their usual enjoyment of the day cannot be described as either assumed or coerced. In one sense, it is a fête-day for children. But unless human nature is being driven by the stress of commercial competition into a new, and, as it appears to us, an unrecognised, groove, that in which children are wont to take the liveliest interest will also take deepest hold of the sympathies of adults. To people capable of reflection, and who care nothing about amusement for amusement's sake, Christmas presents an opportunity for indulging that highest but least known of all luxuries—the luxury of living in the life of others. It is the special lesson taught us by the facts symbolised by the holiday. They who cannot identify themselves, for a brief while, with the gay, and the glad, and the joyous, with childish freshness and youthful sportiveness and domestic purity, or with even gravity of pleasure, cannot, perhaps, be expected to join with appropriate feeling in the traditional rites of Christmastide. But to the rest of the world it will continue to be what it has been—not a melancholy duty exacting to the conscience, but a natural outburst of the affections and feelings that gather about home, and that the exigencies of secular life prevent from due expression of themselves throughout the chief part of the year.

The year of grace 1872 would almost seem to have prepared the way for the full gratification of such as look with disfavour upon our winter festival. It has been a year of abnormal meteorology; a year troubled with violent storms and great losses of both life and property; a year of numerous and widespread strikes for the adjusting of the balance between capital and labour; a year of rising prices for most of the necessities of life; a year of considerable oscillations in the value of money; and yet, on the whole, a year of brisk trade and great commercial prosperity. Let us put the events of it aside from our memory. Come, we have had enough, and more than enough, of grave speculation. Let us bear in mind that "Christmas comes but once a year." It is time that we wished to all, on our readers' account, not less than on our own, "A Merry Christmas!" brimming over with mirth, sparkling with fun, bright and effervescent through the liberation of the home affections, distinguished by festive meetings in which all may rejoice—the young for themselves, the elders for the sake of the young—in

Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathed smiles;

* * *

Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.

May such a Christmas stir the pulse and gladden the heart of every reader of this Journal! Nay, that prayer is a narrow one—too selfish for the season. Our good wishes ought to recognise no formal limits. They are definite for known friends, they are indefinite for all others; but they are good wishes, as warm as they are free.

We can hardly bring our observations to a close without casting a hurried glance at the special duties of the season. Christmastide, like the charity which it excites, and in the exercise of that beneficence to which it prompts, "covers the multitude of sins"—we don't mean those of the giver, but those of the recipient. We must overlook, for one day at least, those monitions of prudence which ought to be regarded as imperative at other times. Political economy is not true in regard to the lessons it teaches, without occasional exceptions—and of these exceptions Christmas is unquestionably the chief. They who enjoy a surplus of the good things of life should not scrutinise too closely, during the continuance of the Winter Festival, the economical demerits of social misery as a reason for withholding bountiful hands. There is still something to be said in favour of indiscriminate charity at Christmas which cannot be pleaded on its behalf at any other time of the year. The old song still retains its force:—

Should your table with plenty be crown'd,
And Poverty sue at your door,
Let your bounty reply to the sound,
Oh, remember the wants of the poor.

"NOTHING IN THE PAPERS."

"Homer is universally allowed to have had the greatest invention of any writer whatever." So beginneth the famous preface to the translation which has done more to make Homer known to the modern world "than any translation whatever." It seems, however, that a little of the Homeric faculty of invention was possessed by those who gave to the public Mr. Gladstone's last famous speech. He was made to say that every day began for him with Homer. The Premier has thought it expedient to explain that he said no such thing, that he has of late years had scarcely any time to devote to his favourite author, and that what he said was that the question which was under discussion when he spoke must begin with Homer. Perhaps he might as well have left the matter as it stood, and have abstained from destroying the pleasant picture which the report proffered. It was really agreeable to think of him in his quiet study, ceasing to "untie the winds to let them fight against the Churches," and helping stern Achilles to defy the infuriate Scamander. It must surely have been more agreeable to him to rush at the gates with Hector, and behold the hero send his rock thundering through the planks with forceful sway than to meditate on the rabble pulling down the rails of Hyde Park. It would be pleasanter for him to attend the council at which Ulysses, irritated by the coarse language of Thersites, gave that brawler such a sufficing reprimand with the heavy end of the golden sceptre as caused him to cry with rage and pain, than to marshal the sarcasms with which the Premier so well knows how to repay insults from those whom Canning called the "yelpers." But Mr. Gladstone has, he tells us, no time for such relaxation; and one can only say, with all recognition of the services he renders the State, that we are very sorry that he is deprived of the one recreation which he enjoys. However, he has the consolation of knowing that there are also very many persons who also regret this, for malevolent reasons, and that by sacrificing Homer he can protract their patriotic affliction.

A short time ago loyal people had a laugh at the publication of the colours of the British Republican flag, the sentimentally imagined tricolour which is to wave over the Tower "in some time to come." Mention of the absurdity has brought me a copy of some very clever verses that were written when the last French revolution but half a dozen occurred—to be more precise, I mean that which placed the Citizen King on the throne of France, nay, of "the French." Amid the excitement which that event produced here, some wiseacres proposed that we should discard our old flag, which told of ages of tyranny, of antagonism to philanthropy, of Royalty, and other sad things, and adopt a tricolour of our own. A ready-penned poet—I do not know his name—offered spirited remonstrance, and concluded thus:—

The Red is rebellious, appropriate hue,
The Blue, vivid envy's fount stain.
And the White is pale terror, which dares not to do
The deeds the base heart can contain.
But the red rose of England and Scotland's brown heath
Twined with Erin's green shamrock let's see,
Then bind them the closer in loyalty's wreath,
That's the tricolour, Britain, for thee!

In the absence of all explanation save what is afforded by a short law report, it would be improper to make any comment upon the decision which has set aside a portion of the will of the late Bishop of Manchester. But the facts, as so presented, invite question. Dr. Prince Lee by will, after provision to "his dear wife," directs that a sum of £4000 should be applied for a religious purpose. On the part of Mrs. Lee, the will is contested, and it is urged that the bequest in question is made void by the Statute of Mortmain. The Court sustains this view; the Bishop's directions are to be disobeyed, and the money is to be paid to his widow. It is most probable that there exist reasons which fully justify the course which has been taken; but as the matter stands we merely see an appeal to the law to disregard the wishes of a departed husband. The subject has come before the public in the shape of a law report, and it is not too much to say that a great many persons who honoured the late Bishop are entitled to the satisfaction of knowing why a technicality is used to defeat his will.

Rumours of a railway strike, to take place early in the year, have been sedulously put about—not, perhaps, without an object, at the time at which the gas conspirators are receiving well-merited sentences. It is well that the railway employés have issued an almost indignant contradiction of the report, and that they actually refer to the gas strike as a thing for condemnation. They repudiate the idea that they intended to have recourse to any such scandalous means of obtaining redress of grievances. Any partial strikes which may be remembered are explained as having resulted from special exercise of tyranny, but are declared to have been a mistake, and to be so regarded by those who were led into such action. At the same time, the employés maintain that they have much to complain of, and there is the best reason to believe that this is true. Now, railway directors boast themselves to be, of all things, men of practical good sense. That faculty, which has been described as

Though no science, fairly worth the Seven,
teaches us that we should grapple with an evil before it becomes strong enough to grapple with us. It is due to the public that the men who work our railway system should have no legitimate grounds for declaring themselves ill-treated.

In the "Marriage of Figaro," in which there is wit enough for twenty comedies, the Count impatiently listens to his servant's story of his suffering from having fallen out at a window. The superb nobleman, who is full of suspicions as to the conduct of his wife, says haughtily, "You ought to be aware that it is not your trouble that concerns me, but the reason for it." I suppose we may apply this observation to the recent squabbles which have ended in one Catholic priest obtaining a verdict against another for £250, damages for slander in an address from the altar. The "reason" why we are concerned is that the Catholic hierarchy have sought to maintain a rule that a subject of the Queen of England, if he happens to be a Romish priest, shall not have recourse to the law of the land against another ecclesiastic. The chief tribunal in Ireland has set a heavy foot upon this arrogant piece of priestly assumption. I suppose it will be made another Irish grievance that an Irishman cannot, by taking Roman orders, debar himself of the rights of a freeman.

One would like to hear more about the grand new plan for giving us oil again instead of gas. Nothing ought to be decided. People live who remember the splendid ridicule cast at gas when it was first introduced. "Do you believe practical John Bull will pay for a fluid which he cannot even see?" And then the poor whale fishery, "the nursery of our fleet." The more inventions the better. But gas-cisterns in a house, and pipes to supply the oil! It reads uninvitingly. However, let us see Mr. Silker's plan in operation.

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL NEWS.

FRANCE.

(From our Correspondent in Paris.)

Wednesday, Dec. 18.

The debate upon the petitions calling for the dissolution of the Assembly took place, as previously arranged, on Saturday. The speech of M. Gambetta, the leading orator, on the side of the dissolutionists, was really eloquent. He denied the right of the Chamber to call itself constituent, quoting extracts from the *Gazette de France* to prove that on the eve of the elections of February, 1871, the Legitimist party itself only attributed to the forthcoming Assembly the right of making peace with Prussia; and called attention to the significant fact that if the Royalists were in a majority in the Legislative body, the Republicans were in a far greater one in the subsequently-elected *Conseils Généraux*. A far greater Assembly than the present, said he—that of 1848, which also counted an important Monarchical majority among its members—dissolved itself upon receiving petitions from less than 150,000 electors, while to-day a million of electors, or more than six times that number, demand the dissolution of the present Legislative body. He concluded by exhorting the Deputies to manifest their patriotism by voting in favour of dissolution, and affirmed that the country would unsparingly distinguish between those who by their vote that day retarded the formation of the Republic and those who desired its triumph.

The Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier was the first of the Monarchical deputies to answer M. Gambetta. Instead of taking the question of the dissolution by the horns, as Gambetta had done, the Duc diverged into a violent attack upon the Radical party in general, and the ex-Dictator and his friend, M. Naquet, in particular. The abusive epithets which he showered upon the heads of the Republican deputies of the Assembly were naturally most enthusiastically applauded by the members of the Right, and when he left the tribune Legitimists, Orleanists, and Bonapartists alike crowded round him to offer their felicitations.

M. Louis Blanc followed the Duc, and then M. Raoul Duval mounted the tribune; but, the hour being far advanced, the Assembly decided to adjourn, and resume the sitting at nine o'clock the same evening. M. Duval's extremely lengthy oration was the most striking speech delivered on behalf of the Monarchists. "The same men who sympathised with the Commune," said he, "are now promoting petitions for our dissolution"—unguarded words which raised a storm of fury among the Left, one of whom (M. Mestreau) shouted in reply, "You have lied." The scene which ensued is indescribable; but eventually, the offender having been called to order, a comparative calm was restored, and M. Duval was permitted to conclude his speech, which he did amidst the applause of his party. The next orator was M. Le Royer on behalf of the dissolutionists. He was followed by M. Dufaure, the Minister of Justice, who, after having explained away all the objectionable portions of M. Thiers's Message, repudiated the petitions for the dissolution in the name of the Government, and insinuated that the latter was ready to throw itself into the arms of the Royalists so that they might save society together. Overjoyed at this unexpected declaration, the Monarchists were unbounded in the applause they lavished on the Keeper of the Seals; and they even consented to abandon the order of the day *motu*, which they had prepared, in favour of the order of the day *par et simple* as proposed by the Government, which was carried by 483 ayes against 196 noes.

On Monday the President of the Republic appeared before the Constitutional Committee of Thirty, and—according to the text of his speech published by the Havas Agency—defended the conduct of the Government in the most submissive terms, maintaining that all he had meant to say in his Message was to invite the Assembly to settle constitutional questions. For the moment, therefore, the crisis is averted. How long it will remain so it is difficult to say. Petitions for the dissolution are still flowing in, and it is doubtful if the Right have sufficient discretion to make a proper use of their victory. There is, however, a general disposition to let things take their course until the advent of the new year, when we may expect to see the struggle renewed.

The heavy rains are causing serious damage all over France, the floods having necessitated a partial cessation of business in many parts. At Asnières, near Paris, there was, to-day, four feet of water in the principal streets.

SPAIN.

Yesterday week Congress passed the bill for the establishment of universal and compulsory military service. Senor Zorrilla announced that the loan had been covered three times. The Reds attempted a rising in Madrid on Wednesday week, but it was promptly suppressed by the troops and volunteers. Several were killed on both sides.

ITALY.

Signor Sella made an explanatory statement regarding the national finances, in the Chamber of Deputies, on Saturday last. The Committee of the Chamber of Deputies have agreed to the Religious Corporations Bill. The Chamber adjourns to-day (Saturday) until Jan. 10.

GERMANY.

The Imperial Crown Prince of Germany, accompanied by the Crown Princess, travelled on Monday to Wiesbaden. The Prince is said to be looking well, and it is hoped that the drinking of the waters will conduce to his ultimate recovery.

AUSTRO-HUNGARY.

At Vienna, on Thursday week, the Austrian Reichsrath resumed its sittings after the recess. The principal business transacted was the authorisation of the taxes during the first quarter of the coming year, and the enforcement of the conscription law. The deputies of the Tyrol and Vorarlberg were again absent. Baron de Pretis, the Austrian Minister of Finance, made his annual financial statement on Saturday. It was of a very satisfactory character, the surplus for 1873 being estimated at 3,500,000 florins.

AMERICA.

The rival Legislatures of Alabama have united by advice of the President. President Grant officially recognises Mr. Pinchbeck, the coloured man, appointed by the Legislature of Louisiana to replace Governor Warmouth, as lawfully holding the executive power of the State of Louisiana. The New Orleans militia, having disobeyed the State authorities, have had their arms taken from them. The local legislative crisis has been temporarily postponed by the adjournment of the Houses for three weeks.

The King of Greece has issued a decree dissolving the Chamber of Deputies.

The marriage of Khalil Cherif Pacha, Turkish Minister of Foreign Affairs, with the daughter of Mustapha Pacha was celebrated on Thursday week.

Sir Bartle Frere, our Special Envoy to Zanzibar, reached Alexandria on Saturday afternoon. On Monday he proceeded to Cairo, where he was entertained by the Khedive.

Lord Northbrook arrived in Calcutta on Thursday week.

At last the differences between Brazil and her allies in the recent war against Paraguay have been brought to an amicable conclusion.

The Cape mail brings the news that Mr. Matino has succeeded in forming a Ministry; that the diamond-fields are in a very depressed state; and that there has been a war between Krel and his son-in-law, in which the latter was defeated.

Brigadier-General Adye, who lately returned from an official inspection of the British graves in the Crimea, has stated that the tombs are in good preservation, and that the Russian Government took every care to prevent desecration.

We learn, by telegram from Australia that the Victoria Parliament was prorogued on Tuesday. The Education Bill passed both Houses. The persons concerned in the murder of Polynesian natives on board the ship *Carl* have been found guilty and sentenced to imprisonment for life.

HOME NEWS.

THE COURT.

The Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, inspected the Wolsey Chapel on Thursday week. The Comtesse d'Harcourt (the French Ambassador's daughter) and her daughter were presented to her Majesty by Countess Granville. The Queen's dinner party included Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, the Duchess Dowager of Athole, the Dean of Windsor and the Hon. Mrs. Wellesley, the Earl of Kenmare, and Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. H. W. J. Byng. Yesterday (Friday) week the Prince and Princess of Wales and Prince Leopold, and the Marchioness of Ely and the Dean of Westminster, arrived at the castle. Her Majesty's dinner party included the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince and Princess Christian, Prince Leopold, the Duchess Dowager of Athole, and the Dean of Westminster. Saturday last was the eleventh anniversary of the death of the lamented Prince Consort. The Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, Prince Arthur, Prince Leopold, Prince and Princess Christian, and Princess Beatrice went to the mausoleum, where a special service was performed by the Dean of Windsor. On Sunday the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, Princess Beatrice, and Prince Leopold attended Divine service in the private chapel of the castle. The Rev. Thomas J. Rowsell officiated. On Monday the Prince and Princess of Wales left the castle for London. On Tuesday the Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Prince Leopold, left the castle for Osborne House. Her Majesty has contributed £200 to the Danish Inundation Fund.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

The Prince of Wales, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, visited the Smithfield Club Cattle Show yesterday week. The Princess of Wales arrived at Marlborough House from Sandringham. Later in the day the Prince and Princess left for Windsor Castle on a visit to the Queen, returning to Marlborough House on Monday. In the evening their Royal Highnesses, with the Duke of Edinburgh, went to the Royalty Theatre. On Tuesday the Prince and Princess left Marlborough House for Derby, where they were received by the civic authorities and a vast assemblage of spectators. Addresses were duly presented and replied to, and the Prince and Princess proceeded to the Drill-hall, where prizes were distributed to the pupils of the Grammar School and the School of Art. Their Royal Highnesses afterwards left for Chatsworth, on a visit to the Duke of Devonshire.

METROPOLITAN NEWS.

The Duke of Bedford has contributed £100 to the funds of the St. Pancras committee of the Charity Organisation Society.

Last week 2225 births and 1199 deaths were registered in London, the former having been 90 and the latter 523 below the average.

"Doctor's Day" at Merchant Taylors' School was celebrated on Tuesday by the delivery of speeches or recitations and the presentation of prizes.

Mr. Henry Bessemer, on Monday, received from the Prince of Wales, as President of the Society of Arts, the Albert gold medal, awarded by that society "for the eminent services rendered by Mr. Bessemer to arts, manufactures, and commerce in developing the manufacture of steel."

The customary metropolitan market for the sale of fat stock for Christmas consumption was held on Monday. The number of beasts on sale was 7560, including 1360 from Scotland, 1230 from Ireland, 1000 from Norfolk and Suffolk, 3070 from the midland and home counties, and 400 from the western counties.

A dinner was given on Tuesday, at the London Tavern, by the Library Committee of the Corporation of London, in celebration of the opening of the new City Library, at the Guildhall. About one hundred gentlemen were present. Mr. R. N. Philipps, LL.D., F.S.A., the chairman of the Library Committee, presided.

The eighteenth annual festival of the Warehousemen's and Clerks' Schools took place at the London Tavern on Thursday week—Mr. W. E. Forster, M.P., in the chair. In the course of the evening subscriptions to the amount of 900 gs. were announced from Bradford, while the total addition to the funds of the schools was £2800.

A numerous deputation, representing the Royal Geographical Society, the British Association, the Anthropological Institute, and other scientific bodies, waited upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mr. Goschen, on Monday, to ask for a renewal of the work of Arctic exploration under the aid and direction of the Government. Mr. Lowe promised that Ministers would consider the matter.

A large and influential meeting of the citizens of London, called by requisition and presided over by the Lord Mayor, was held in the Guildhall, yesterday week, at which the income tax was severely condemned, and a league formed for its abolition. The principal speakers were the two newly-elected M.P.s—Mr. Massey, one of the members for Tiverton, and Mr. Lewis, member for Londonderry.

Among the classes strongly appealing to our sympathies at this season are the blind poor. It is impossible to conceive the utter destitution into which these poor creatures are thrown every winter. The committee of the Indigent Blind Visiting Society last year were enabled to supply 635 blind persons with the means of obtaining a Christmas dinner for themselves and their families, and also paid £253 for coals. This year, on account of the dearth of provisions and the large number of urgent cases, much more is required. The committee, therefore, earnestly appeal for aid. Contributions, however small, will be gratefully received by William Colmer, secretary. Office—27, Red Lion-square, W.C.



THE IMPERIAL WEDDING IN CHINA: ENTRANCE TO THE BRIDE'S PALACE, PEKIN. FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



"MARGARET AT THE FOUNTAIN." BY ARY SCHEFFER.
FROM SIR RICHARD WALLACE'S LOAN COLLECTION AT THE RETINAL-GREEN MUSEUM

The Coloured Illustration.

"IN DOLEFUL DUMPS."

Sir John Gilbert's picture, a colour-printed copy of which is presented with this Christmas Number, puts before us, with characteristic truth and humour, a well-known scene in Butler's "Hudibras." Few readers of that satirical poem at the present day care to ask its meaning and moral or political purpose. Yet it may be as well to remind them, in brief, that the author's intention, soon after Charles II. returned to reign in England upon the fall of the Puritan Commonwealth, was to ridicule both the two rival parties, the Presbyterians and the Independents, who had, during twenty years of civil strife, usurped all power in this country, proscribing and despoiling the friends of Royalty and the Episcopal Church. Butler was a man of genius and learning; he was also a man of good sense, and we believe he was an honest man. He had fair grounds for his censures in this case. Whatever sympathy we may justly feel with the true and brave English statesmen, Hampden and Eliot, Pym and St. John, who began the great struggle for the ancient rights of the people and for the freedom of religion, against the lawless despotism attempted by Charles I., and whatever may be our respect for superior men, especially for Cromwell and Milton, among the ardent Republicans of a later period, we know that the nation had, in 1660, become heartily sick of the Puritans and their Commonwealth, their fanatical preachers, their rapacious soldiers, and their hypocritical pretences for robbery, cruelty, and every kind of wrong. This accounts for the extraordinary popularity of Butler's diverting story in rhyme, which appeared about the Christmas of 1662. It gained its author an immense fame, but very little substantial profit, for the booksellers stole his copyright, while the King and courtiers, who enjoyed the laugh he gave them against their defeated opponents, never had the grace to reward him with office or pension. Butler, we think, had a manly spirit, which could not stoop to the base flattery and servility of which Dryden was guilty; and his writings, though coarse, were not adapted to gratify the licentious wantonness of the Court. For these merits he was left in poverty, and some gossips relate that he died of starvation; but let us hope that such was not his fate.

It is not required of us, on the present occasion, to analyse the plot and identify the characters of "Hudibras." These can not indeed be understood without some minute knowledge of the ecclesiastical controversies that attended the Civil War, the discussions of the Westminster Assembly, which sat during five years to settle the national form of religion, the votes of the Long Parliament and Rump Parliament on sundry questions of that nature, the temper of different factions, and that of the people in town and country, who saw both Church and State torn to rags by the fury of destructive innovation. It is a passage of English history which offers an instructive study, and which should be a warning to over-hasty Radicals, and to officious "Liberationists," of our own time; but the witty censure of Butler has a wider application. In every age, from that of St. Paul's advice to the disciples at Rome and Corinth, a petty intolerance, an inquisitorial preciseness and pedantry, touching the particulars of creed, ritual, and domestic habit, seem to have been the besetting sins of an uncomfortable class of Christians. They should take to themselves, with a view to amend their ways, the following severe description:—

A sect whose chief devotion lies
In odd, perverse antipathies;
In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss;
More peevish, cross, and spleenetic,
Than dog distraught, or monkey sick;
That with more care keep holiday
The wrong, than others the right way;
Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to;
Still so perverse and opposite,
As if they worshipped God for spite.
The selfsame thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for;
Free will, they one way disavow,
Another, nothing else allow;
All piety consists therein
In them, in other men all sin.
Rather than fail, they will defy
That which they love most tenderly;
Quarrel with mincepies, and disparage
Their best and dearest friend, plum-porridge;
Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
And blaspheme custard through the nose.
The apostles of this fierce religion,
Like Mahomet's, were ass and pigeon,
To whom our knight, by fast instinct
Of wit and temper, was so linked,
As if hypocrisy and nonsense
Had got the adownson of his conscience.

We should like to know where to find, in prose or verse, in the English or any other language, ancient or modern, a better piece of sound, wholesome, cleverly-spoken wisdom, than the above passage, which every boy in England and Scotland ought to learn by heart at school. But what is probably more familiar to common readers is the personal description of Sir Hudibras and Squire Ralpho, the Don Quixote and Sancho Panza in this queer tale of mock chivalry, as they ride forth to disperse the rustic mob of profane bear-baiters—an incident that reflects upon the fussy zeal of Puritan magistrates to put down the old sports and games of the people. The original of Hudibras was Sir Samuel Luke, of Oople Hoo, Bedford, whom Butler had in his youth served as justice's clerk, but to whom he owed no personal gratitude or respect; while the portrait of Ralpho, the knavish Independent lay-preacher, was drawn from a London tailor, named Pemble, one of the Parliamentary Committee of Sequestrators, who expelled many faithful clergymen from their cures and livings. The adventure of their conflict with the keepers of the bear and dogs, and with the rabble disappointed of their favourite pastime, is said to have really taken place at Brentford. We are told there were persons actually concerned, from whom our friend Butler, a witness of the affair, took his sketches of the heroic Orsin, the butcher Talgol, the tinker Magnano, and the ostler Cerdon; of Trulla, the Amazonian wench, who knocks down Sir Hudibras in the second battle; and of Crowdero, the one-legged fiddler, who is released from the parish stocks, when Sir Hudibras and Squire Ralpho are thrust into that place of durance vile.

Some of us, not yet past middle age, can well remember having seen drunkards and vagabonds in the stocks, when we were young, and lived in those parts of the country where antiquated customs and methods of administration were longest preserved. The wooden machine of penal confinement, though now disused, may yet be found on more than one village green within an hour's journey of London. It is just like the Enchanted Castle which Butler describes, and which Sir John Gilbert has painted; a building with no walls of brick or stone, but all made secure by the spells of magic—

There's neither iron bar nor gate;
Portcullis, chain, or bolt, or grate;
And yet men durance there abide,
In dungeon scarce three inches wide;

With roof so low, that under it
They never stand, but lie or sit;
And yet so foul, that who so is in,
Is to the middle-leg in prison;
In circle magical confined,
With walls of subtle air and wind,
Which none are able to break thorough,
Until they're freed by head of borough.

The adjoining pillory, or whipping-post, furnished with rings to imprison the hands of catiffs under punishment, is next described; and this has been aptly turned to use by Sir John Gilbert, for hanging up the sword, hat, and cloak of the discomfited Sir Hudibras, left, with his comrade in misfortune, to carry on their theological debate at leisure. They are engaged in a hot argument upon the validity of Synods and Presbyteries, when their conversation is interrupted by the coming of the unnamed Widow, a wealthy dame to whom Sir Hudibras has paid his addresses for the sake of her rich estate and jointure. We should suppose her to be an allegorical personage, representing Church Temporalities, or perhaps the English Nation, or Political Fortune, who still keeps the unworthy Knight dangling after her, in a very contemptible position, and puts various shrewd tricks upon him, to expose the falsehood of his selfish pretensions. This merry lady, when she hears that Hudibras is put in the stocks, enjoys a hearty laugh at his expense, and resolves to go and see him. She puts on her hood, calls her waiting-maid and usher to attend her, and presently visits the unlucky pair of Puritan Reformers, whom she finds, safe enough, where Trulla and the popular party have left them. How Sir Hudibras sat, we are told more exactly:

His head, like one in doleful dump,
Between his knees, his hands applied
Unto his ears on either side,
And by him, in another hole,
Afflicted Ralpho, cheek by jowl;
Both coupled, in enchanted tether,
By further leg behind together.

We shall leave the rest now to the Artist, who has in so many other instances, from Shakespeare and many of our best English authors, contributed to the graphic illustration of the standard national literature.

THE TOAST OF THE EVENING.

Upon the threshold of the past
We linger o'er its joys and woes;
And when the year is waning fast
We love to watch it as it goes.

With some the time has sped away
With care and sadness overcast,
But many a sorrow-laden day
Has ripened into joy at last.

And some look back with longing eyes
Adown the misty track of time,
Where visions of the past arise
Of ardent youth and happy prime.

But yet, unbidden tears will start;—
On all a touch of sadness falls,
And from the fountains of the heart
A voice mysterious ever calls.

But let us bless the dying year,
And all the years that we have seen:
The future is not dark with fear,
Whate'er the past to us has been.

And let us drink a modest cup
With loving friends whom time has tried,
Come, fill the glasses! fill them up!
And bless this happy Christmas-tide.

Our Queen and country shall not need
To seek within our hearts a place:
To commerce give its proper meed,
To valour yield a fitting grace.

And laws and learning, science, art,
Shall each with due respect be heard:
They all shall have an equal part,
And all shall share a kindly word.

To all such themes our thoughts may roam,
But there is yet a dearer toast,
And one that comes much nearer home;—
We drink our hostess and our host!

He gave his love, he gave his life
To her when they were bright and young,
Together they have shared the strife
That fortune on their path has flung.

She cheered him when his heart was low,
She helped him when his hand was weak,
And tears of sorrow ceased to flow
Before the words that she would speak.

Together they have climbed the hill,
They gaze together down the vale;
And, hand in hand, through good and ill,
They bide the finish of the tale.

They reap the harvest they have sown,
And look to life's eternal goal;
While all the pleasures they have known
Return, like echoes, to the soul.

The mem'ry of a well-spent life
Is theirs to cheer declining days;
And father, mother, husband, wife,
Applied to them, are words of praise.

Come, fill the glasses! fill them up!
With trusty friends whom time has tried
We'll drink a last and loving cup,
And bless the happy Christmas-tide.

MASON JACKSON.

CHRISTMAS PRIZE OXEN.

The Smithfield Club Cattle Show, at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, has been noticed with satisfaction, this seventy-fourth year of its recurrence, as the best in quality ever yet seen. Two of the finest beasts there exhibited figure handsomely on a page of this Christmas Number; and a piece of their beef will, somewhere or other, make an excellent Christmas dish. The hornless animal in the front of our Engraving was the champion of the whole show: a black ox of the polled Aberdeen breed, aged three years and eight months, sent up by Mr. James Bruce, of Burnside, Fochabers, Elgin. It was bred by Mr. John M'Pherson, of Achlochroch, Dufftown, and was fed on grass, turnips, hay, beans, meal, oatcake, and Thorley's cattle food. The other, whose flank is not shown in our view, gained the first prize for horned Scotch steers and oxen of any age. It was bred and exhibited by the Duke of Sutherland; and its food, at Dunrobin, was turnips

linseed-cake, beans, Indian corn, and barley, upon which it lived and thrived to the age of four years and two months. The Devons upon this occasion were altogether considered of equally good quality with the oxen from North Britain, and the judges had a difficult task to choose between individual specimens of the two country breeds.

THE IMPERIAL MARRIAGE IN CHINA.

We have received from our Special Artist, Mr. William Simpson, who was sent out from this country expressly to furnish illustrations of the voyage to China, and the scenes and incidents of Chinese life, upon the occasion of the Emperor's marriage, celebrated on Oct. 16 at Peking, a quantity of sketches and correspondence, to the date of that time and place. These will speedily be prepared for publication in early numbers of our Journal. The illustration now given is a view of the palace erected for the separate dwelling of the bride elect, from the time when she was chosen by the two Dowager Empresses out of six or seven hundred eligible young girls, belonging to the privileged families of China, to become the spouse of his Imperial Majesty, who is a boy fifteen or sixteen years of age. This palace is situated in the Tartar city, to the north of the Imperial city. Here the young lady has resided since she was taken from her father's house; and she has been attended by the ladies of the Court, to instruct her in all the rules and customs of that etiquette which belongs to her august destination. The palace is a very large building. Like other such residences in Peking, it is surrounded by a wall, within which a number of houses are constructed. The illustration represents the principal gateway, which is decorated with a mass of silk-work, after the custom of the Chinese at marriages. The silk is all of the brightest red, blue, yellow, and green, and is bordered and fringed, and ornamented with pieces tied up into small mosses not unlike to flowers. There are four red posts to support this canopy, and they have each a yellow dragon twisted round them, which looks very like a wisp of straw. The pedestals are also of yellow—the Imperial colour—and on them is the Chinese monogram for happiness. All that is visible within the gate is a white lion or griffin, and the window of one of the houses at the end of a walk. None but the officials attached to the place were permitted to enter. Some more important illustrations will appear next week.

THE FIRST TO COME.

Mr. and Mrs. Dollibatter, with their daughters, Selina, Victoria, and Adeline Maud, hasten to the drawing-room, from up stairs, down stairs, and the ladies' chambers, at the sound of a modest, faltering knock on the front-door rapper in Welbeck-street. The host leaves his care of superintending, in the absence of a regular butler, the issue of wine-bottles from the cellar, and of prescribing beforehand the method and measure for decanting their contents at supper-time; while the lady of the house, after taking a final comprehensive glance at the array of tarts, jellies, ices, tipsy-cakes, and other confectionery sent in from Lippeschmacker's, gets her fan and handkerchief, and comes to her appointed seat in the middle of the room, where the first of the expected company is about to enter.

Of course, it is Mr. Thomas Tipper who makes this early appearance on the festive scene. The good young man left his father's counting-house this evening an hour sooner than usual, that he might devote full two hours, alone in his third-floor back bed-room, to the consummation of a precise and elegant toilette. He has bathed, he has scrubbed, he has brushed, and altogether polished his slender person, till he feels as though his body were nearly all converted into soul. He is now in a fit condition for the society of those angelic creatures, Adeline Maud, Victoria, and Selina, whose tender esteem and flattering approval he desires above all earthly fortune and success. For them he has practised the bewildering tactics of the mazy quadrille, the rotatory movements of the waltz and polka, and whatever his dancing-master could teach of that delightful social art. For them he has studied the Manual of Etiquette, which informed him that he ought not to do disgusting acts, or to interrupt a person speaking, or to talk much of himself. For them he has committed to memory the heads of some likely topics of light conversation; the plots of two or three recent novels, the criticisms of the theatrical entertainments and picture exhibitions, the daily statistics of the weather, and the latest phases of the Tichborne case. He has even read a deal of poetry, if they want that kind of thing; and he is ready to swear that he does upon music; but he would say anything to win the favour of Adeline Maud. His attire is faultless, and that big flower in his buttonhole is the special token of a refined mind. We are very glad to see you, Mr. Thomas Tipper! Don't be frightened; here are none but friends, in spite of the somewhat awkward remark of your hostess that "none of our friends are yet come." Nine o'clock was the hour specified on her card of invitation three weeks ago, and now it is a quarter past. "The First to Come" has not arrived one moment before he has a right to be here.

THE LAST TO GO.

With greeting, chatting, dancing, flirting, and supping, then chatting, flirting, and dancing again, the night has flown more quickly than "a black bat" ever did in anybody's garden; and, by George! it is twenty minutes past four. The merry party has broken up, by a rapid course of secessions within the last half hour. Young Tipper went home at half-past one; for he lives on Haverstock-hill with his parents, who are steady and punctual in their household habits, and he will breakfast at eight, to be in good time at his desk in Mincing-lane. Mr. and Mrs. Peter Potter, an elderly couple with a snug independence, who have to mind nobody's convenience but their own, live no farther off than Marylebone-road, and they are "The Last to Go." Those who know the Dollibatters family, as we do, must be aware that Peter Potter is Mrs. D.'s first cousin, and, being a kindly old fellow, without children, and without brother or sister, but with a round sum of money, which he may bequeath, in due time, to one or all of her three daughters, Mrs. D. is wisely disposed to make the best of her cousin Peter. There is a tacit understanding about this among the Dollibatters and their immediate connections; so that even Mary Ann, the faithful and cheerful domestic servant, who has been ten years with them, knows why she must always pay Mr. Potter a marked degree of attention. As a privileged visitor, he has stayed a little while after the rest of the company, for one glass of grog and a cigar, because he was much too wise to eat any of Lippeschmacker's unwholesome trash at supper, or to drink the fizzling champagne. He goes away, as we see, just comfortably and sensibly jolly, with a pleasant joke for every member of the household at parting; and, since we think Mrs. Potter is a woman of discretion and of average good temper, we trust she will not spoil his innocent self-content by a word or tone of complaining, as they walk home and go to bed.

"MARGARET AT THE FOUNTAIN."

This picture, one of Ary Scheffer's, is in Sir Richard Wallace's collection, lent to the Bethnal-green Museum. Its subject is a well-known scene in Goethe's "Faust." Poor Gretchen (that is to say, Margaret), some time after her seduction, meets Lieschen, another girl of her acquaintance, at the public fountain, where they draw water for household use. Lieschen asks whether she has heard the shameful news about their former companion, Barbelchen, who has been detected in a lapse from feminine virtue. Sibylla told Lieschen of it yesterday. "That's what comes of her pride and her idleness, the vain, stuck-up thing! When we were forced to keep hard at work, she was strolling in Cremorne Gardens with her lover, as she called him! and he was dancing with her, and treating her to cakes and wine, and giving her brooches and ribbons—so now you see the end of it!" "Poor thing!" says Gretchen, with heartfelt sympathy. "Why, you don't pity her?" exclaims the bitter Lieschen; "I say, it serves her right; let her bear the disgrace, let her do penance!" "Perhaps he will marry her after all," is the faint suggestion of Gretchen. "He won't be such a fool," returns Lieschen; "a brisk young fellow like that can do better for himself; and if she were a bride, we would all scout her; the boys should tear off her garland, and strew chaff in the street before the house-door." Such is the severity of this world, more especially of the female sex, towards those who have fallen in a moment of weakness, or have, like the unhappy Margaret herself, been made the victims of base and selfish deception. She remains struck with remorse and dismay, remembering how often she has indulged in a similar uncharitable triumph over an erring sister, and looking forward with dreadful anxiety to the exposure of her own misconduct.

MUSIC.

Signs of the declining year are now apparent in music as in other directions; two of our specialties have ceased for 1872—the Crystal Palace Concerts and the Monday Popular Concerts.

The eleventh of the seventeenth series of the first-named performances took place last week, when the principal orchestral piece was Beethoven's fourth symphony (in B flat); the work in which some recurrence of his early, bright, melodious style is apparent, in association with that vast grandeur and sublime idealism which were first largely developed in his third ("Erica") symphony, and still more in the fifth (in C minor), and subsequently up to the mightiest of all symphonic productions—his ninth, or "choral" symphony. How splendidly that in B flat was played on Saturday need scarcely be recorded of its performance by the Crystal Palace band, under its excellent conductor, Mr. Manns. Admirably given, too, were the commencing overture (Schubert's to "Fierrabras"), and that which terminated the concert, Auber's "Le Cheval de Bronze." A novelty at these concerts was the execution, by all the stringed instruments of the orchestra, of the whole of Mendelssohn's first quintet (that in A, op. 18). Similar displays of skill have before been made here in Beethoven's septet, Mendelssohn's octet, Haydn's quartet variations on his own Austrian Hymn, and the variations from Schubert's quartet in D minor. Such occasional departure from the intention of a composer is permissible enough, if not too frequent, as offering a triumphant test of the excellence and rare efficiency of the instrumentalists, the high qualities of those of the Crystal Palace having been again manifested by the marvelous precision of their combined execution of a difficult piece intended for but one performer to a part. The vocalists were Mdlle. Gaetano and Mr. Thurley Beale. The lady, who is new to this country, will doubtless be heard much more of, judging from her clever singing on Saturday, when she displayed a voice of agreeable quality, combining the compass of a mezzo-soprano and a contralto; good intonation, and much dramatic feeling. She created a highly favorable impression in both her arias—"Ah! se tu dormi," from Vacca's "Giulietta e Romeo," and "O mio Fernando," from Donizetti's "La Favorita." Mr. Beale also met with considerable success, and was much applauded for his effective singing in the baritone air, "How great, O Lord," from Sir J. Benedict's "St. Peter," and Handel's "O ruddier than the cherry." The next concert of the series will take place on Jan. 18.

The last of the Monday Popular Concerts for 1872 took place this week, when Madame Norman-Néruda was again the leading violinist (the other members of the quartet party also as before), and Mr. Charles Hallé reappeared as pianist. The last-named artist played Beethoven's solo sonata in D minor (No. 2 of op. 29), with his well-known finish and refinement (the finale encored); and was associated with Madame Néruda in the second of Bach's six duet sonatas (that in A major), which fine work of the old master was admirably given by these executants; the finale of this was also encored. Mozart's ninth quartet (in B flat) and Haydn's in E flat (op. 71, No. 3) respectively commenced and closed the concert. The vocalist was Mdlle. Gaetano, who sang Handel's "Lascia ch'io pianga" with much nice feeling, but was less successful in Mendelssohn's "Frühlingslied." Mr. Zerbini conducted. The concerts will be resumed on Jan. 13.

There is one great musical institution, the Sacred Harmonic Society, which has not yet finished its concerts for the year; that of yesterday (Friday) week—when "St. Paul" was given—having been followed, last (Friday) night, by the forty-first annual performance of "The Messiah," which is to be repeated on Friday next. Mendelssohn's earlier oratorio was heard, in some respects, to special advantage on the occasion just referred to, owing to the improvement in the choral singing consequent on the recent changes and substitutions made in the society's choir as adverted to in our notice of the first concert of the new season. In the soprano solos Madame Florence Lancia was scarcely heard to as much advantage as at the recent Norwich Festival. Nervousness or ill-health—possibly both—seemed to restrain this clever singer from doing justice to herself at last week's performance. Miss Enriquez gave the soprano music efficiently, especially the air, "But the Lord"; and the tenor and baritone solos were effectively sung by Mr. Cummings and Mr. Santley—the former in place of Mr. E. Lloyd, who had been announced, but was prevented, by indisposition, from appearing. Sir Michael Costa conducted, as usual; and Mr. Willing again replaced Mr. Coward, as organist.

Two concerts on a grand scale have recently taken place in the Royal Albert Hall. On Thursday week Mendelssohn's "Athalie" and "Lobgesang" were performed, under the direction of Mr. W. Carter, whose numerous choir sang the choruses—the solo vocalists having been Mesdames Lemmens-Sherrington and Patey, Miss Julian, and Mr. J. H. Pearson. Mr. John Child recited the dialogue portions of the text of "Athalie" with good effect.

On Saturday, in the same locale, "Elijah" was given, with full band and chorus of 700 performers; the principal solo singers having been Mdlle. Titiens, Mesdames Sinico and Tretelli-Bettini, Mr. Cummings, and Signor Agnesi, with the

addition of Miss M. Hobbs and Messrs. J. Williams, C. Henry, and Smythson in some of the concerted pieces. Mr. Cusins conducted, and Mr. Willing presided at the organ.

The commencement of the first season of the newly-established "British Orchestral Society" was noticed last week, since when the second of the promised six concerts has taken place. The programme announced for this occasion comprised Mendelssohn's "Italian" symphony, the prelude to Wagner's "Lohengrin," Beethoven's third "Leonora" overture, Mr. Sullivan's "Overture di Ballo," and a violoncello concerto by Goltermann, played by Mr. Edward Howell. As the performance occurred too late for present notice we must reserve comment for next week.

Since our last week's notice of the opening of the "Winter Season Italian Opera Company (Limited)" with "Rossini's 'Il Conte Ory,'" that work has been several times repeated. The next opera to be produced on the little stage into which the concert-platform of St. George's Hall has been converted will be the same composer's "Il Barbiere di Siviglia."

Mr. Henry Blagrove, the renowned violinist, died on Sunday evening, at his residence in London, after a lengthened and severe illness.

THE THEATRES.

CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS.

Theatrical managements are in a state of immense activity. Commencing with Old Drury, we find Mr. E. L. Blanchard busily engaged with what he calls his customary annual—namely, the pantomime of the season. This is upon a well-known subject, with a well-known title, "The Children in the Wood." Mr. Britain Wright, as one of the ruffians, will be supported by the Vokes family, Miss Harriet Coveney, and Miss Russell. A throng of children will personify crows, canaries, magpies, bullfinches, blackbirds, squirrels, &c. The dominions of Queen Mab are, besides, announced as the arena of some popular illustrations of familiar children's stories; and Mr. Fred Evans and Mr. Evans are named as the clowns. At Covent Garden "Babil and Bijou" will be continued; but an additional scene or scenes will be given to augment its already great attractions. At the Adelphi Mr. Charles Millward is engaged on a burlesque touching the well-worn legend of "Jack and the Beanstalk." At the Princess's Mr. T. L. Greenwood supplies a version of "Goody Two-Shoes; or, The Old Woman and the Silver Penny." Mr. Forrest is named for clown, assisted by his two sons. At the Gaiety Mr. Reece announces an extravaganza pantomime, opening with his own operatic extravaganza of "Ali Baba," with new songs and dances, a new grand ballet, and a comic harlequinade. Such, at least, is the full fare promised for the morning performance; in the evening the entertainment will be confined to "Ali Baba" and the ballet. Mr. Toole, Miss E. Farren, Miss Constance Loseby, with many other ladies will support the opening; and Mr. Gordon, Mr. Harford, and their assistants have provided the new scenery. At the Standard Mr. John Douglass, jun., will present a pantomime founded on "Cinderella," with a brilliant transformation scene by Mr. R. Douglass. Mr. Dolphin will be the clown; and Mr. Wallace, Mr. Barnam, Madame Tonnellier, and Miss Inch will appear in the first portion. Astley's, under the management of Messrs. Sanger, will open with a pantomime, by Mr. Akhurst, entitled "The Birth of Beauty; or, Harlequin William the Conqueror, and the Pretty White Horse with the Golden Hoof." Mr. Madermot, Miss Grey, Miss St. George, Miss Courtenay, and Miss Ellen Tully (a niece of the composer of that name) will sustain the principal rôles. The services of Mr. Henderson have been secured for the scenic effects. Mr. J. Strachan adapts for Sadler's Well the subject of "Goody Two Shoes, and her Queen Anne's Farthing; or, Harlequin King Counterfeit and the World of Coins." The Surrey relies on "The Fair One with the Golden Locks," manipulated in rather a novel manner by Leonard Gaston. The Victoria will be provided by Mr. Frank Green with a diversion of "Gulliver; or, Harlequin Brodignag and the Fair Persian," three hundred children appearing in the city of Lilliput. At the Royal Grecian, Mr. George Conquest will play a variation on "Der Freischütz." The Britannia promises "Tom and Harry; or Harlequin Spelling Book, the Lion and the Horse, or What Don't Care came to;" the Alfred, "Aladdin, the Hero of the Wonderful Lamp;" and the Pavilion, "Hop o' My Thumb," in which Master Percy Roselle will enact the hero, at the head of an army of more than two hundred children. "Bluff King Hal" is provided by Mr. J. Cave, for the Greenwich pantomime. The new theatre in Newington-causeway opens under the management of Mr. E. T. Smith, with a pantomime. The Philharmonic continues to rely on "Génévieve de Brabant," which has now been acted for nearly four hundred nights, a result entirely owing to the complete manner in which the piece was mounted from the first. The Crystal Palace proposes a magnificently-illustrated Christmas Masque, by Mr. E. L. Blanchard, entitled "Jack and Jill; or, Old Dame Nature and the Fairy Art," in which the scenery, by Messrs. Charles Brew and F. Fenton, and the masks and properties, designed by the celebrated Dykwykyn, are prepared on a most extensive and expensive scale.

OLYMPIC.

On Monday the Olympic Theatre opened, under the management of Miss Ada Cavendish. The interior is in all respects much improved, and the embellishments are in the best taste. Fees have been abolished, and the comfort of the audience in every respect provided for. Two new pieces were produced. The first, a comedieta in one act, by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, entitled "The William Simpson." The wit and plot of this little piece are alike light and trifling, and depend on the jaunty acting of Mr. A. Wood, as Mr. Gaychicken. This was followed by a four-act serious drama, written by Mr. Edmund Yates and Mr. A. W. Dubourg, entitled "Without Love." So thoroughly French is this play in tone, sentiment, and subject, that it is difficult to believe it to be original; but we have reason to accept it as such, and in structure and neatness of dialogue it does its authors much credit. Our comments must be reserved till next week.

Though one or two sharp frosts have lately threatened to put a stop to courting for a time, yet no fixtures have as yet actually suffered postponement, and last week the Brigg Open Meeting was brought to a most successful conclusion. The Elsham Cup secured a capital entry of thirty-two, among which were the own brother and sister Babety and Contango, by Cashier—Bab-at-the-Bowster, the latter of whom was made a strong favourite for the event. However, Betadefeated them both very cleverly; but in the third tie she succumbed to Princess, by Brigadier—Whisky, who eventually ran up to Rhubarb, by Patent—Beans. The victory of the last-mentioned was gained under exceptional difficulties, as in the first tie she had one of the longest courses ever seen, and she must be possessed of wonderful gameness and stamina. Beverley, by Rocket—Muscatel, the winner of the Dog-Puppy Stakes, ran all his trials in very fine style, and is an exceptionally good greyhound, so that Mr. Blanchard's nomination is likely to be in great favour for the Waterloo Cup.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will of Thomas Dent, Esq., of No. 12, Hyde Park-gardens was proved on the 12th inst., by Lancelot William Dent, the son of the deceased; Edward Howley Palmer, and Alfred Hudson Shadwell, the executors; the personal estate, including leaseholds, being sworn under £500,000. The testator has given to each of his executors £200 free of duty; to St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington; St. George's Hospital, Hyde Park-corner; and the Royal Orthopedic Hospital, £100 each, also free of duty; to each of his brothers who shall survive him, £1000; upon trust for each of his daughters, £30,000; and to his wife, Sabine Ellen Dent, his residence, with the furniture and effects therein, and a pecuniary legacy of £1000. The executors are directed to set apart such a sum as, with the property already belonging to or settled on his wife, will make up a sum equivalent to £100,000 Consols, and to pay the dividends to her during her life or widowhood. The residue of his real and personal property the testator leaves to his sons equally.

The will and three codicils of Sir Henry Hickman Bacon, premier Baronet of England, of Thonock Hall, Lincolnshire, were proved on the 12th inst., by Dame Elizabeth Bacon, widow, his relict; Mr. Thomas Hugh Oldman and Captain Edmund Bacon Hutton, the executors, the personality being sworn under £70,000. The testator has settled his estate at Raveningham, and all other his real and leasehold property in Norfolk, upon his second son, Nicholas Henry, and the Thonock Hall estate and the residue of his real estate upon his eldest son, Hickman Beckett, both in strict settlement; the testator's widow has a right of residence at either Thonock Hall or Raveningham. To his brother, Francis Bacon, and to each of his sisters, Mrs. Jane Hutton and Mrs. Anne Elizabeth Barker, testator leaves £100, and the residue of his personal property he leaves to his said wife.

The will and codicil of the late Sir John Bowring were proved on the 11th inst., by John Charles Bowring and Edgar Alfred Bowring, the acting executors, under £12,000. The testator bequeaths the polyglot Bible presented to him on the occasion of his second marriage and the insignia and honours received by him from different Sovereigns to his eldest son, to be kept as heirlooms; and he desires that at the distribution of his plate each of his children shall have some testimonial rendered for his public services.

Mrs. Pender Cudlip's tale is, with several other matters of interest, unavoidably deferred.

The Earl of Mount-Edgcombe has been appointed Provincial Grand Master of Cornwall.

Professor Huxley was, on Saturday, elected Lord Rector of Aberdeen University for three years.

Major Palliser is to be knighted for his services in connection with artillery.

Mr. C. L. Gruneisen has resigned the secretaryship of the Conservative Land Society, after holding it twenty years.

The Church Pastoral Aid Society has received a donation of £1000 from an unknown friend under the initials "G. H."

Yesterday week the winter inspection of the 3rd Middlesex Artillery Volunteers, together with the distribution of prizes to the successful competitors, took place in Westminster Hall.

Mr. Barclay has been elected M.P. for Forfarshire by a majority of 353 over Sir James Ramsay, the numbers being—Barclay, 1481; Ramsay, 1128. Both gentlemen are Liberals.

Bishop Vaughan on Saturday last, laid the foundation-stone of the fourth Roman Catholic church in the borough of Salford. The new edifice is to be in Greengate.

The death of Lady Doughty, whose evidence in the Tichborne trial was considered of so much importance that her evidence was taken in *extremis*, took place on Thursday week.

Having terminated their visit of inspection to England, the Japanese Ambassador Extraordinary and his suite left Dover for Calais on Monday.

Miss Tynley Long did not die on Nov. 30, at Stoke, near Devonport, as was stated in our last impression, but on Nov. 29, at Madehurst Lodge, near Arundel. She was buried in the vault of the Tynley Long family, at Draythorne, Wilts.

At Ribston Park, the seat of Mr. Dent, M.P., while a party of guests were out shooting, last Saturday, Mr. Dundas, nephew to the Earl of Zetland, was accidentally shot—with the unhappy result that the sight of one eye is destroyed.

Ice accidents are beginning. A gentleman was drowned on Saturday in a loch near Aberdeen; and on Sunday four young colliers, who had ventured upon a pond near Lesmahagow junction, were drowned.

A new iron bridge over the river Nene, at Peterborough, was opened for public traffic yesterday week. The river at this point forms the boundary line between the counties of Northampton and Huntingdon, the boundary line being in mid-stream, and the width of the river about 140 ft.

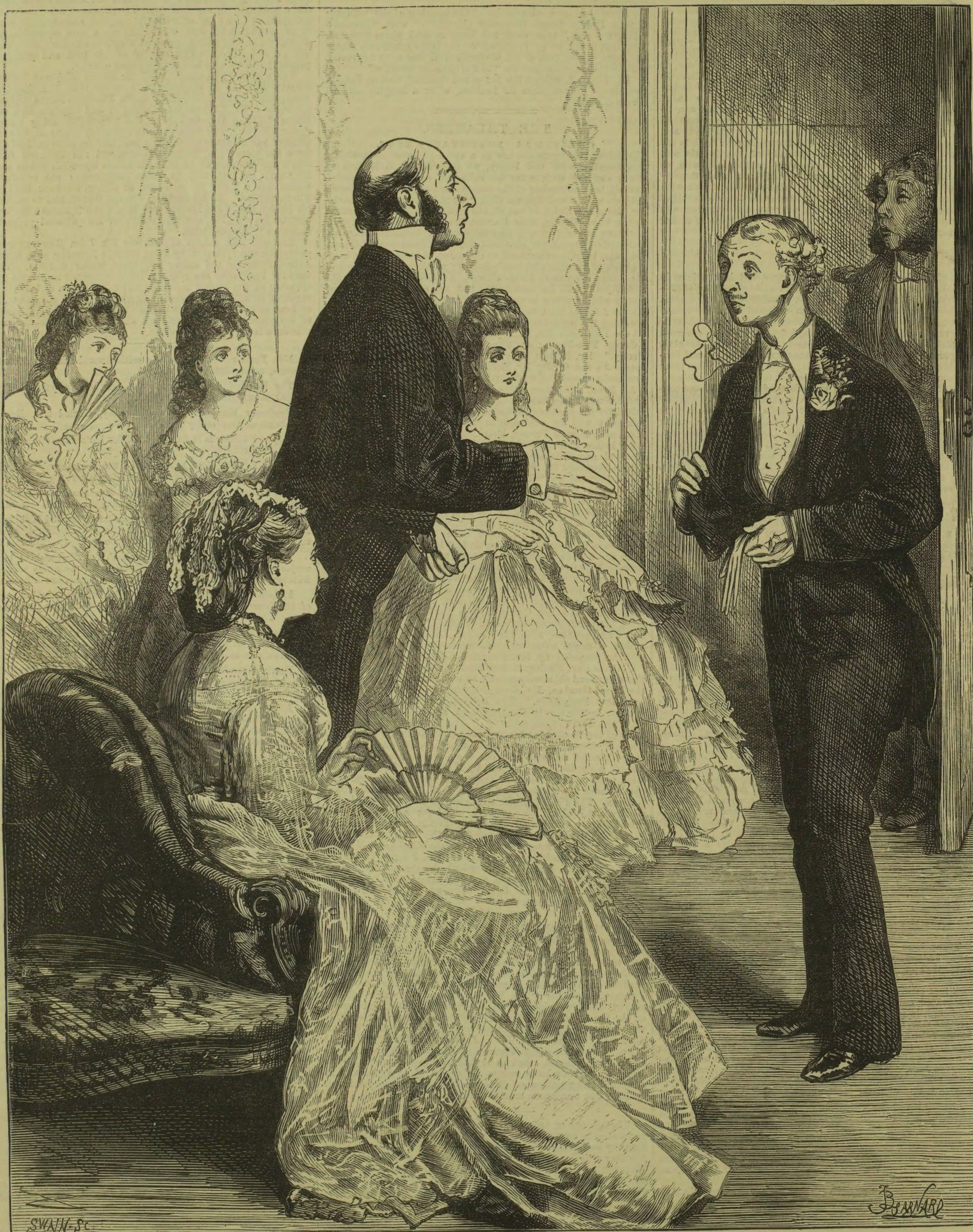
The Duke of Buccleuch was last week entertained at dinner and presented with a magnificent pair of candelabra at Melrose. The candelabra, which are of silver, weigh about 2000 ounces, and cost 2000 gs. At the dinner, which was largely attended, the chair was occupied by Lord Melville.

The steamer Sorrento, of Shields, was wrecked on the Goodwin Sands on the morning of the 17th inst. The crew of twenty-one men, and the pilot, were saved by the Walmer and Kingsdown life-boats belonging to the National Institution. Several other valuable life-boat services have been rendered recently.

From almost all parts of England comes the story of a heavy rainfall, and in Leicestershire miles of country are under water. In Yorkshire and Derbyshire nearly a foot of snow fell on Monday night. Serious damage to the telegraph wires is reported, and on Tuesday all electric communication north of Liverpool, Leeds, and Hull was interrupted.

A great meeting of the North Wilts Liberals was held, last Saturday, in the Corn Exchange, Swindon—Mr. Bouverie, M.P., in the chair. Resolutions were passed, expressing approbation of the various important public measures proposed by the Government and passed by the Liberal majority in the present Parliament, and conveying a hope that the Administration would continue to develop the same enlightened policy of reform to the further advantage of the people. The principal speaker was the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

"The May Queen," by Alfred Tennyson, in illuminated borders designed by L. Summerbell, has been published by Frederick Warne and Co. Mr. Summerbell has added a new charm to Mr. Tennyson's poem, if, indeed, that be possible. She has inclosed the words of the poet in a framework of graceful flowers, the colours of which are so arranged that they please the eye without distracting it or interfering with the perusal of the verses. All who love the art of illuminating will be pleased with this book apart from the beauty of the poem.



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CHRISTMAS BELLS. DRAWN BY LORENZ FRÖLICH.

How welcome is the sound,
When Christmas time comes round,
As bells from tower and steeple ring their message clear;
And yet their chimings preach
With various tones to each,
Made different by the difference in the listening ear.

Upon its mother's knee
The child, with heedless glee,
But hears the clashing tumult of some merry bells;
To those of riper years,
With hopes scarce tinged with fears,
Of all the blessed season's dear delights it tells

The while its solemn strain
To age has touch of pain;
The pilgrim thinks of those he ne'er shall see again;
And yet not wholly so,
For while he mourneth, lo!
A vision of the future gladdens e'en his woe

And, by his grief made wise,
Rejoicingly he knows
That oft our direst woes
Are blessings in disguise.

An interchange of sound
In every chime is found.
The gayest joybells borrow
A tender tone from sorrow;
They tell of pleasure's fleetness,
Of this life's incompleteness;
And knells attune their sadness
To pitch of marriage gladness
(Whose sweet remembrance lingers,
Like touch of lovers' fingers),
Importunately telling
Of yon celestial dwelling—
So far and yet so near,
So dark the way, yet clear.

A knell is not Death's groan,
'Tis but Love's undertone;
Like faithful watchdog baying
Deep welcome unto one
Who, through far regions straying,
Nears home at set of sun.
As some child gone a-Maying,
In wild wood lost while playing,
Casts off his boding fears,
As momentarily he hears,
Piercing the thicket through,
His father's deep halloo,
And to that loving breast,
Caressing and caressed,
The wanderer soon is prest.
In spring who has not heard
The love-call of some bird,
Amid the rush of song,
Trill tremulously long,
With iteration sweet?
E'en so death knells repeat
Their measured monotone,
Like ringdove's tender moan.
'Tis but the cry of Love,
'Tis but the call above.

O day of days most dear!
Thou Sabbath of the Year!
O gracious, hallowed morn,
When our dear Lord was born!
What though the time be drear,
Thou bringest sunshine here,
And thy delicious calm
Falls on the soul like balm.
Lo! swift as lightning flash,
Rending the air asunder,
The bells their message clash,
With most harmonious thunder.
Sweet is the holy hush!
More sweet the joyful gush!
Like Love's rapt silence broken
By words divinely spoken.

Sometimes we hear a peal
From distant belfry steal,
Glad, as when spring is nigh
We catch the cuckoo's cry
With warmest welcome, knowing
That flowers will soon be blowing.
Then comes it full and strong,
By fair wind borne along;
And towers and steeples round
Reverberate the sound,
Till swells in rapture o'er us
A hallelujah chorus.
So once on Salisbury Plain,
One far-off summer morn,
By weary night-watch worn,
I listened, not in vain,
For earliest song of bird.
A stray note first was heard;
Then, rocket-like, upsprang,
Lark after lark on high,
And in the flushing sky
His matin praises sang,
Pealing from highest height
His frenzy of delight.

The music of the bells
A varying story tells.
Now like a mournful ditty,
Crooning with tenderest pity
Of life's mysterious doom,
Its light deep-swathed in gloom—
A warp of sombre hue
With golden threads shot through;
Straightway the babbling din
Shrieks out its wrath at sin;
And now sublimely swells
And kindles into glory
The music, as it tells
Of Bethlehem's wondrous story.
Of Love and Faith it teaches,
Of Holiness the beauty,
And eloquently preaches
Self-sacrificing Duty;
Bids us ourselves adorn
With all the Christian graces,
And, healing as the morn,
Cheer life's low-lying places;
Not to be harsh and grim,
But gracious-sweet, like Him,
Our bright Exemplar, who
Life's common course went through,
And in that daily round
His choicest pleasure found.
Then, mounting with its theme,
The music's mighty stream
Like some grand chant doth rise
Sonorous to the skies,
As there its mission ended,
Earthly with heavenly blended;
And many a sweet-voiced quire,
With lips as touched by fire,
Takes up the holy song,
And bears the strain along.
Hush! 'tis not bells we hear;
Those are not human voices,
So spiritually clear;
'Tis Heaven itself rejoices,
And surely Heaven is here.—JOHN LATEY.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

"The Octavo Edition of Operas" (Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co.).

"The Royal Edition of Operas" (Messrs. Boosey and Co.).

We recently noticed the production—by the eminent publishing firm of Berners-street—of an edition of "Tannhäuser," the first English publication of one of Richard Wagner's operas. This was followed by the issue by Messrs. Boosey and Co. (in their "Royal Edition of Operas") of the same composer's "Lohengrin," which work has been since also brought out by Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co., whose edition is edited, like the previous volumes of the series, by Madame Macfarren, who has furnished a summary of the drama and an English translation of the text, which latter is also given in the original German. As in the other operas of this edition, the occasional indications of the leading features of the orchestral score are of much value and interest. The volume following "Lohengrin" comprised one of the most genial of Donizetti's productions—his comic opera "La Fille du Regiment," which is here given, with the Italian text, as "La Figlia del Reggimento," with an English version by Madame Macfarren; the musical portion of this work having been edited by Mr. Berthold Tours. With this opera Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co. close their series for the year; Rossini's "Guillaume Tell" being promised for the commencement of that of 1873.

It was but recently that we spoke specially of Messrs. Boosey and Co.'s "Royal Edition of Operas," the monthly series of which extends now to upwards of thirty volumes. That for November—Rossini's "Semiramide"—and the previous issues have already been commented on. The volume for this month comprises M. Gounod's "Mirella." This opera was originally produced (as "Mirella") at the Théâtre Lyrique, Paris, in March, 1864; and it was brought out in Italian (as published by Messrs. Boosey and Co.) at Her Majesty's Theatre in July of the same year. "Mirella" contains some of its composer's most graceful and genial music, and this edition will be especially acceptable as the chances of again hearing it in stage performance are very remote, owing to the insufficiency of dramatic interest in the story to which it is allied—an adaptation of the pastoral poem, "Mireio," of M. Mistral. "Mirella," like other volumes of the series, is edited by Mr. Arthur Sullivan and Mr. J. Pittman. The English text given with this opera is that of the late Mr. H. F. Chorley. A welcome announcement is that made by Messrs. Boosey and Co. of their intention to commence their next year's series with another of M. Gounod's best productions—perhaps, as a whole, his most finished stage work—"Le Médecin Malgré Lui" ("The Mock Doctor.")

It is almost superfluous again to draw attention to the merits of both the collections of operas above referred to—each having some specific point for commendation while being alike in form (large octavo), appearance, excellence of editing and printing, and quality of paper, and, lastly, cheapness. It still remains matter of surprise that an entire opera, music and text (the latter in more than one language), so carefully and worthily brought out, can be purchased for half a crown. A more acceptable and permanently useful Christmas or New-Year's gift than either series (or, better still, both, as each has its distinctive characteristic) cannot well be suggested.

Messrs. Chappell and Co.'s recent publications include various interesting productions, both vocal and instrumental. Among the former Sir Julius Benedict's song "Little Baby's Gone to Sleep" claims notice as having been one of the most effective pieces of its kind during the past concert season. The simple pathos of this song has been felt by multitudes of hearers, and its publication will be welcome to many. "The Pioneer," by E. Keyloff, is full of vigorous character, and well expresses the sentiment of the text, descriptive of the labours of the sturdy emigrant to make a home for the loved ones who are to follow him to a new country. If appropriately declaimed this song can scarcely fail to prove effective. Mr. J. L. Molloy, by his song "The Vagabond," and many other vocal pieces, has gained a name that raises a prepossession in favour of productions which bear it. His "Faded Flowers" is an effective setting of some sentimental lines by the younger Hood. The plaintive character of the prevailing minor mode is agreeably contrasted by the intermediate and concluding major, and the song will well sustain the reputation of the composer just named. "The Hour of Rest," by C. Gounod, happily expresses the trust and hopefulness inculcated by Mr. Rowe's effective lines. The vocal melody, while being simple, is yet expressive; and the accompaniment, although well suited to the pianoforte, bears signs of orchestral intentions. There are a calm dignity of style and a suitable avoidance of extreme harmonic progressions which render the song appropriate to its purpose and easy of execution. "Willie's Ship," by Berthold Tours, is an addition to former proofs that this estimable musician can write for the voice as well as for the pianoforte. The large use of syncopation in the accompaniment conveys an impression of restlessness appropriate to the nautical associations of the song. The piece is well suited for a mezzo-soprano voice of moderate compass. "The Old School-Time," ballad, by W. C. Levey, is a clever setting of some suggestive lines, by Mr. H. Ffrench, which have a peculiar significance at this period of the year. "Faces in the Fire" and "Bijou" are two songs (the music by M. Hervé, the words by Mr. Planché) which have been sung with success—the first by Miss Annie Sinclair, the second by Mr. Maas—in "Babil and Bijou," at Covent Garden Theatre. These, like the five pieces previously mentioned, are also published by Messrs. Chappell and Co.; as is "La Fiorentina," a song by G. Palladioli, the composer of the popular "La Mandolinata." It is in the light, graceful Italian style, and will content those who have before been pleased with productions from the same source.

Besides their special Christmas number of the "Musical Magazine" (recently noticed), Messrs. Chappell have published much other music suitable for the festivities of the season. "Der Erste Kuss" (schottische), "Vorwärts" (galop), "Echos aus dem Heimatland," "Mein gruss an London," "Frühlingsblumen," and "Jugendtraume," waltzes—all by Karl Meyder—are dance pieces, in the most modern style, that will be found effective in drawing-room use; and the same may be said of "Rita" and "Fraises au Champagne," each a series of waltzes, the production, respectively, of Gustave Lambert and Jules Klein.

Of a very different kind is the "Gavotte Favourite de Gluck, précédé d'un air de Danse." This transcription, by Sir Julius Benedict (published by Messrs. Chappell), is a skilful adaptation for the pianoforte, and offers an interesting specimen of the quaint style of a past period.

"Nursery Instruction-Book for the Pianoforte" is the title of a small treatise on the elements of music and the art of pianoforte-playing, the didactic portion of which is conveyed in verses adapted to the comprehension of the most juvenile students. Full explanations of the keyboard of the instrument are given, together with exercises and arrangements of pieces from classical and popular sources. Some attractive woodcuts are also interspersed in order further to engage the

attention of the young pupil. The book is compiled by that experienced editor, Dr. Rimbault, and will be found well adapted for its purpose. A more suitable Christmas or New-Year's gift for children can scarcely be found. This is also published by Messrs. Chappell and Co.

Messrs. Robert Cocks and Co. have issued many successful songs by that popular composer, Franz Abt, three of whose more recent productions of that kind (from the same publishers) are now before us. These are "He giveth His beloved sleep," "Not a sparrow falleth," and "A Rose in Heaven." The first two are pieces of a sacred character, the words respectively by J. C. Tildesley and W. S. Passmore. While preserving a distinctly serious tone throughout each of these songs, the composer has not fallen into either monotony or gloom; and the smooth vocal style of his melody, in both cases, will be as acceptable to singers as it will prove pleasant to hearers. The third song named is a new edition of one that has previously been commended. This also has a religious significance, and possesses merits in an equal degree with those previously referred to. The writer of the very suggestive words in this instance is the Rev. E. D. Jackson.

Another successful song-composer is Mrs. J. W. Bliss (formerly Miss M. Lindsay, whose "Excelsior" made her name famous). Messrs. Cocks and Co. have just issued "The Old, Sweet Story," a song by this lady, who has again proved how simplicity of style may be combined with effective musical treatment of a poetical idea. Touching sentiment is here conveyed in unpretending strains that will prove far more effective (if efficiently realised) than some more ambitious efforts.

Mr. Brinley Richards's transcription for the pianoforte of "The Meeting of the Waters" is a masterly application of the modern forms of embellishment applied to a well-known melody. The piece is a brilliant fantasia, abounding in elegant and attractive passages, while yet keeping constantly and clearly in view the beautiful simplicity of the theme which serves as the basis of treatment. The elaborations are none of them of excessive difficulty, and their practice will well repay the player. Messrs. Cocks and Co. are the publishers of this, as of most of Mr. Richards's many successful pianoforte works.

Another transcription, made with great skill, and highly effective in performance, is Mr. Sydney Smith's adaptation of M. Gounod's "Nazareth" (Messrs. Ashdown and Parry). This popular sacred piece, by the composer of "Faust," is here transferred to the pianoforte, with a very clever observance of the contrasts between the passages for baritone solo and the choral refrains. After being given with a close adherence to the original effects, it is treated with elaborations and embellishments that bring the piece to a brilliant climax. Those (if any) who may object to such amplifications can stop short of them, and remain contented with the well-preserved reflection of the composer's intentions.

"Boosey's Magazine of Military Vocal Music," No. 1, is the commencement of an entirely new musical periodical, comprising collections of marches, quicksteps, national and other melodies, arranged as part-songs—the designer, arranger, and editor being Walter Maynard. Each number, containing two pieces, with accompaniment for pianoforte or harmonium, is published at the price of twopence, and can also be had with accompaniments for a band of eight or sixteen reed or brass instruments. The work is doubtless brought out in anticipation of the success of a project for the establishment of a "Naval, Military, and Auxiliary Club," intended to promote the practical cultivation of music among sailors, soldiers, and volunteers, by weekly private meetings and occasional public performances, as mentioned in a recent number of this Journal.

From the publishing house of Mr. E. C. Boosey we have various novelties, vocal and instrumental. Miss Elizabeth Philp's song, "Hand in Hand," is one of those expressive melodies such as this lady knows so well how to produce. One portion of the song is in six-eight tempo, with an effective accompaniment of reiterated semiquavers. This is well contrasted by a recurring alternation of three-four time, with a light accompaniment of simple chords. The song lies within moderate compass, and will suit a mezzo-soprano voice. The same publisher has issued two pleasing vocal pieces by Mr. Berthold Tours, whose name is generally a guarantee for graceful and musically writing. "Two Wreaths," a canzonet, and "Not Mine," song, both merit this commendation, especially in the neatness and interest of the accompaniments, which, without being unnecessarily difficult, are above the average of such accessories. Other vocal pieces of merit are Mr. E. Seymer Thompson's songs, "Molly" and "Amynta," and those by Mr. Walter Bell, "The Fisherman's Daughter" and "I never will grow old." Mr. J. L. Molloy's series of "Six Water-Songs," illustrate successively the different situations of "Sea Sleep," "By the Mill," "With the Tide," "Leaving the Harbour," "At Sea," and "Farewell." These fantasias (by the composer of "The Vagabond" and other successful songs) will interest young pianoforte students, who will find in each of them some distinctive and characteristic feature.

Metzler's "Album of Dance Music" for this month is a special Christmas number, devoted to a collection of pieces calculated for the present festive season. The purchasers of this shilling book will have no reason to complain of want of variety or insufficient quantity, for they are here offered a series of ten pieces, the first being the "Drogan Quadrille" (from "Geneviève de Brabant"), by P. W. Hatton, who also contributes a galop and a waltz from the same source; besides which there are the "Chilpéric Quadrille" (C. Godfrey), and waltzes, galops, and polkas, with the names of F. Musgrave, C. Minasi, M. Schneider, C. Marriott, O. Metra, and last, but not least, J. Strauss. The "Oxford Commemoration Valse," by Stella, although referring to a past occasion, will serve well for after use for the purposes of the ball-room. Metzler and Co.'s "Instruction-Book for the American Organ" will be found highly serviceable by all students of that popular instrument. The name of its compiler (Dr. Rimbault) is sufficient guarantee of its value. Full information is given, from the most elementary stages, with explanations of the scales and key-boards, and special directions as to legato playing—simple, practical exercises, leading the student gradually on in preparation for the selection of pieces, some of which are arranged with, others without, pedals—the adjustment of the stops being clearly indicated. This ample and inexpensive work will well repay its purchaser.

The same publishers have also brought out a companion volume to that just named, entitled "The Princess Victoria Pianoforte Tutor." This is likewise edited by Dr. Rimbault, and its special purpose, the instruction of children, can scarcely fail to be realised by intelligent and earnest pupils. Scales and exercises are alternated with easy pieces calculated to maintain the interest of the young student amid the necessary mechanical practice; and, with a similar view, some effective woodcuts are interspersed throughout the volume.

"The Hymnary: a Book of Church Song," published by Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co., is one of the most important and extensive collections of psalm and hymn tunes that has been issued for a long time past. The literary portion of the work is edited by the Rev. W. Cooke, Hon. Canon of Chester;

and the Rev. B. Webb, Vicar of St. Andrew's, Wells-street. On this feature of the book the editors say—"More than ninety hymns are provided for the days of the week; of which seventeen, on the Cross and Passion, have been assigned to Friday, in order to obviate the necessity of divorcing from Passion-tide the hymns more especially suited to that season. A larger variety of hymns than usual is appropriated to each of the Church's seasons, especially to Epiphany, Septuagesima, Passiontide, Ascensiontide, and Whitsuntide." Each festival of the Apostles and Evangelists, as well as the festivals of the Purification and Annunciation, has its proper hymn or hymns. The translations from the Sarum and other sequences are, with a few exceptions, entirely new. These are valuable at the present time as embodying in exact theological language the several aspects of the cardinal truth of the Incarnation." The hymns are 646 in number, and are calculated for use in churches and chapels of various proclivities. The music is edited by Mr. Joseph Barnby, whose preface in this department of the work contains some remarks that are open to question, and others that few can dissent from. In the latter category stands this observation:—"that 'the true test of a hymn tune is that it shall equally satisfy the musician and the amateur. It should be capable of embodying the purest thoughts and noblest aspirations of both. But if it should fail, after a fair trial, to stimulate the best feelings of the amateur by its too great severity, or offend the susceptibilities of the musician by an excess of laxity, it is surely unfit for its high purpose. It must, however, be remembered by the professional musician that the hymn (tune), being intended as an offering from the musically unlearned, a certain element of simplicity should never be wanting." A large proportion of the tunes given in the "Hymnary" are newly composed for the work—a majority of them by the musical editor; others being contributed by Mr. Sullivan, Mr. H. Smart, Dr. Wesley, Sir W. S. Bennett, Sir J. Benedict, Sir J. Goss, Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, Sir G. Elvey, Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, M. Gounod, Mr. G. A. Macfarren, Mr. E. J. Hopkins, Dr. Gauntlett, Dr. Stainer, Dr. Dykes, Dr. Monk, Dr. Garrett, Mr. Redhead, Mr. Berthold Tours, and others. Hence arises a variety not often attained in collections of the kind, and the book will doubtless find wide acceptance both in public and in private use. It is published in six different editions—one, containing the hymns only, being attainable at the price of ninepence.

Concerto in E minor, for organ and orchestra, by Ebenezer Prout (Augener and Co.). We have here—both in full score and separately for the organ only—the work which was performed for the first time at the Crystal Palace concert of Oct. 19 last. We commented at the time on the merits and characteristics of the composition; and its admirable performance by Dr. Stainer, enhanced by the skilful execution of the orchestral portion by the band; and need now merely record its appearance in the double shape above specified. The engraving and printing are in the best modern style; the score (in large octavo form) is indeed a model of beauty and clearness in these respects, and will form an interesting study to all who are interested in organ music and its association with orchestral effects.

"Arrangements for the Organ" is also the work of Mr. Prout, and likewise published by Messrs. Augener and Co. This volume is in continuation of a previous collection of pieces adapted from the works (sacred and secular) of the classical composers, and rendered available for public or private use. The volume now referred to is fully equal in interest and value to that which preceded it, and has also the speciality of consisting almost exclusively of materials not hitherto applied to the same purpose. The pieces are arranged (as all organ music should be) with a third line for the pedals, which form an independent part. Frequent directions are given for changes and contrasts of stops, by which choral and orchestral effects are closely imitated. The selection in this volume includes extracts from the works of Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Brahms, Gade, and Reinecke; and their adaptation displays an intimate acquaintance with the original scores and the practical knowledge of a skilful organist.

From Messrs. Augener and Co. we also have some graceful pianoforte pieces by Maurice Lee, whose productions appear already to have extended to opus 37. "Six Fantaisies de Salon" include some light and pleasant treatment of popular themes—No. 1, "Dernière Valse d'un Fou" (in the brilliant dance style) being an original piece. The other numbers comprise themes from "Don Giovanni," the polonaise from "Faust" (Spohr's, not Gounod's), the well-known canzone "La donna e mobile" from "Rigoletto," the mermaid's song from "Oberon," and the national Scotch air "Robin Adair." These motivi are surrounded with passages of embellishment, with leading directions as to fingering, calculated to interest as well as to improve the pupil.

"The Outlaw," by A. Dawson, is an effective setting, in the declamatory style, of Sir Walter Scott's words. Some stanzas by Camoens, translated by Longfellow ("Flowers are fresh"), have also been allied to some telling strains by the same hand; another equally good specimen of the ballad style, from that source, being the song, "Love, love, what wilt thou?" the words of which are partly from the French by Longfellow and partly from our own Herrick. These vocal pieces are also published by Messrs. Augener and Co.

Six part-songs by Ch. Gounod (Messrs. Goddard and Co.). These are new productions, by the composer of "Faust," dedicated to the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society of 1872. No. 1, "Omnipotent Lord," is a sacred piece, in four-part vocal harmony, with an accompaniment for organ or pianoforte. It retains, throughout, its tempo (three-two "maestoso, non troppo lento"), and its key (F major) is varied by some of those modulations and transitions which M. Gounod knows so well how to employ with effect. The words of this piece are by James Mason. No. 2, "Little Celadine," is of a different character. The poetry in this instance is from Wordsworth, and the music is of a bright and cheerful character, a light and tripping effect being obtained by the prevalent reiteration of quavers (two-four time) in the voice parts, which are supported by an effective pianoforte accompaniment in which chords and arpeggio passages are alternated. The effect of this, sung with the requisite delicacy, is very pleasing. No. 3, "Gitanella," is of somewhat greater length, and more important development. The words—descriptive of gipsies rejoicing in their wandering life—are by Miss Florence Emily Ashley, a member of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society. The vocal score, in this instance, is in five parts, the tenors being divided. A decidedly Spanish character is given to the piece, which starts (in the key of G) with a unison subject for sopranos and first tenors, answered by altos and second tenors. The animated style and characteristic rhythm are well preserved to the close of this very effective part-song. No. 4, "Bright Star of Eve," is written for two choirs, of four parts each, both singing with closed lips (bouches fermées)—an effect which M. Gounod has frequently introduced, even in one of his masses. The second choir is used chiefly in subordination to the first, with intervals of rest, a pianoforte

accompaniment running throughout. Those who are partial to the peculiar effect just adverted to will be interested in this piece. No. 5, "My true love hath my heart" (the text from Sir Philip Sydney), is a smooth piece of four-part vocal writing, in which an antique character is obtained by the use of three-bar phrases. No. 6 closes the series, as it began, with a piece in the serious style, "Take me, mother earth," the words by Mrs. Jameson. A dirge-like character is here obtained, in the solemn key of D minor. The whole series will be largely welcomed by choral societies, public and private.

Messrs. Henry Stead and Co. are active caterers for musical tastes of various kinds. Among their recent productions several may be specified of a less fugitive kind than some that are merely intended to meet a passing demand of the hour. Miss Elizabeth Philp's song, "From Dark to Dawn" (words by C. J. Rowe), is a smooth and pleasing melody, with an appropriate accompaniment, neither of which offers any mechanical difficulty. The song lies within easy compass, and is suitable for a mezzo-soprano or contralto voice, by either of which, coupled with powers of sympathetic expression, it may be made effective. "Love wins Love" and "The Rose and the Dewdrop," songs by Kate Lucy Ward, are also published by Messrs. Stead and Co., and may likewise be recommended to singers of the class just referred to. Messrs. Stead and Co. do not limit their publications to vocal music; pianoforte pieces of various kinds are issued by them. "Trois Melodies, par Giacomo Ferraris," consist of a "Berceuse," "L'Echo de la Vallée," and "L'Adieu." The first will afford a good practice of triplets for the right hand, the restlessness of which figure, however, is scarcely characteristic of a "Slumber Song." Perhaps the best number is the third, a species of nocturno, in which a graceful subject is first given out simply, and then accompanied with arpeggio passages. "Psyche, Melodie," is the second of a set of three characteristic pieces by W. H. Sangster. In this, a pleasing melodic subject is heard, first above, then beneath, accompanying passages; and the piece, without being difficult, forms a good exercise on arpeggio chord-playing, crossing hands, &c. In No. 3, "Iris, Mazurka," the strongly-marked rhythm of that national dance is well preserved.

BETHLEHEM AND THE SHEPHERDS.

"And thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little, art not the least among the princedom of Judah; for out of thee shall come a Governor who shall rule my people Israel!" In such words of prophecy was the event foretold which we still celebrate on Christmas Day. The view of Bethlehem presented in our Engraving is one of Mr. H. A. Harper's series of drawings and sketches made in the Holy Land, Egypt, Nubia, and Constantinople, exhibited in the gallery of Messrs. T. Agnew and Sons, in Waterloo-place. The small town, of 2000 inhabitants, mostly belonging to different Christian sects, with the Convent Church, built over the Grotto of the Nativity, the reputed site of that ancient caravanserai where Jesus Christ was born, is visited by many religious pilgrims and by many curious and garrulous tourists. Here, too, is the cell of that studious hermit, St. Jerome, who laboured, fourteen centuries ago, during his thirty years' sojourn in this place, to prepare Latin versions of Scripture and treatises of divinity for the instruction of the Western Christian nations. Priests and monks of the Roman, the Greek, and the Armenian ecclesiastical communities are here to be met with; and a stray Protestant from Britain, from Germany, or from America is frequently seen amongst them. It is to be hoped that they are not always and altogether incapable of sympathising with each other in the common sentiment of affectionate veneration for that which they regard as giving its peculiar sacred interest to this place. The road to Bethlehem from Jerusalem, a short day's journey, sets out from the city by the Jaffa gate, passing the lower pool, Es Sultan, and the hill of evil counsel, opposite Mount Zion, where Caiaphas advised that "one man should die for the people." Winding over the plain of Rephaim, the site of Sennacherib's besieging encampment, it passes Deir Masalabeh, and the convent built on the spot where grew, according to tradition, a cypress-tree which furnished the wood for the Cross of Christ. The Greek convent of Mar Elias, dedicated to Elijah the Prophet, is seen on a rising ground to the left; near this is the tomb of Rachel. In approaching Bethlehem, the flat-roofed houses and domes of the town, surrounded by vineyards, groves of olives, and orchards or gardens, which yield abundant fruit, afford a pleasant scene of continued prosperity; and not less comfortable is the sight of the corn-fields, whose fertility long since obtained for this place the name of "Beth-lehem, the House of Bread." The massive buttressed walls around the Church of the Nativity have too much the aspect of a fortress; and one feels that Bethlehem ought to be a home of peace alike for the Christian, Jew, and Moslem, who all profess to revere the traditional prophecy, if not all to credit the evangelical history, associated with this place. It is encompassed on all sides by fine ranges of swelling hills, with intersecting valleys; and the eastward view is bounded in the far distance by the mountains of Ammon and Moab. The landscape is effectively rendered by Mr. Harper's pencil. His point of view was near the convent of Mar Elias, to the left of the road from Jerusalem. The scenery reminded him of South Devon. He was struck by the appearance of the people at Bethlehem, who have quite European faces. The women are the handsomest he saw in the East. It is said that they are descended from the Crusaders. They are Christians, as remarked above; and they gain a livelihood by making beads, crosses, and mother-of-pearl ornaments, for sale to the pilgrims and other visitors.

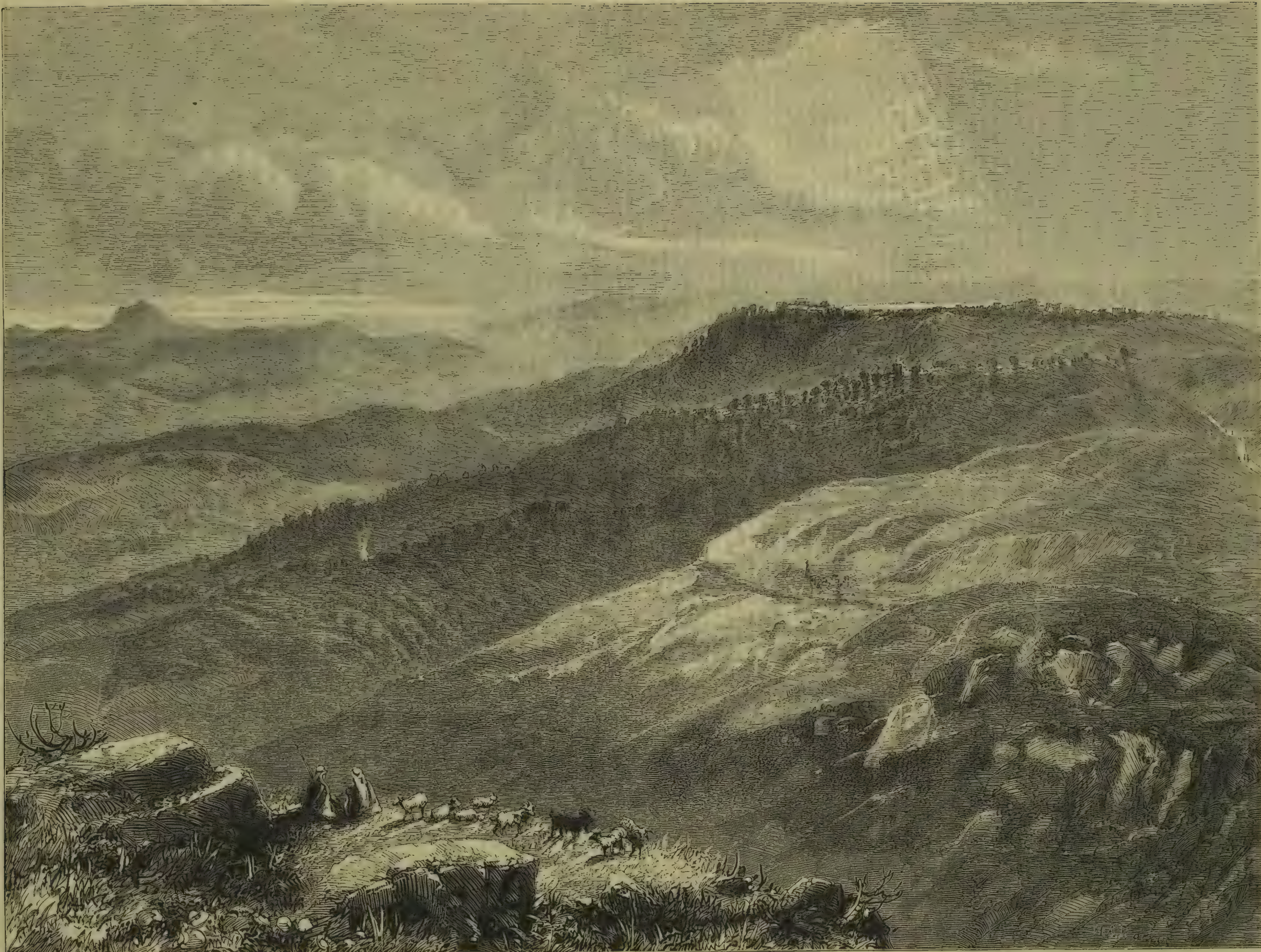
Bethlehem is still in our mind; and Mr. Webb, in his design for another of our Engravings, presents us with a pleasing kind of pastoral idyll from the same neighbourhood. Those Syrian shepherds, watching their flocks of sheep and goats by night, as the moon rises higher in the clear sky of that Eastern clime, and floods the vast plain below them with a silver sea, tranquil as the mind of a saint after prayer, might be likened, at first sight, to the privileged shepherds of another blessed Christmas time. "The glory of the Lord shone round about them, and the angel of the Lord came unto them, and said, 'Fear not; behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy that shall be unto all people.'" But these careless rustic loungers, perhaps of the ordinary condition among their fellow-countrymen, do not seem to have heard any extraordinary message of divine grace, or of peace and goodwill to mankind; for while they repose in easy attitudes, without fear of molestation, one playing on his fife, another inhaling the fumes of his hookah, in a serene state of "kef," their muskets are placed within reach against the rock behind them, to be ready for instant use, if the wild Bedouins of the desert should attack them, to carry off the animals under their charge. Peace and goodwill to all mankind have not yet become the universal and inviolate rule of life at Bethlehem—any more than in London, Paris, Berlin, Rome, New York, and other towns we know. But every Christmas, we are well assured, brings us nearer to that consummation of our religious hope and faith.

SCIENTIFIC RESULTS OF THE MONTH.

A project to improve the communication between England and France by establishing twin-vessels of large size to ply across the Channel was lately propounded, and has met with some support. More recently a company has been launched to run steamers of the ordinary character on the same route; but they are proposed to be distinguished by some special features of construction to accommodate Bessemer's cabin, which has been designed as an antidote to sea-sickness. The nature of this cabin we have already explained, and we have nothing to modify in the opinion of its merits that we before expressed. The leading idea is an obvious one, and has often before been suggested. As the movements of an ordinary cabin cause its inmates to become sick, it is proposed so to suspend a cabin within the ship that the hull will be free to move while the cabin remains quiescent. Already the compasses, the barometers, and some other objects in general use are so hung in ships that neither the pitching nor the rolling imparts motion to them. The same idea is carried out in the common hammock, and a person reposing in a hammock near the central part of the vessel will derive the same exemption from motion that is obtained by the use of the Bessemer cabin. In large vessels, however, propelled by paddle-wheels, at a high rate of speed, neither the pitching nor the rolling motion will lead to much inconvenience; if the passengers be placed near the centre. This will equally be the case whether the cabin is made movable or not, and Mr. Bessemer, in his present arrangement, neglects the pitching motion, as in long vessels he reasonably may, and seeks only to counteract the rolling by so controlling the movements of the cabin relatively with those of the vessel as to maintain the floor in a horizontal position. To enable the cabin to be introduced in the middle of the length, and also to render the use of large vessels possible in trading between such ports as Dover and Calais, certain unusual features of construction are proposed to be introduced into the vessels themselves, of which the chief are the use of four paddle-wheels instead of two and the application of a rudder to each end of the vessel, so that she may be propelled either way without the necessity of turning. In ordinary paddle-vessels it has been found advantageous to introduce the paddle-wheels in the middle of the length of the vessel, as, if placed much forward or aft of this, the uniformity of the immersion of the wheels has been seriously interfered with, as by the pitching they were liable to be lifted too much out of the water or sunk too deeply. As, however, Mr. Bessemer proposes to introduce his cabin where the engines and boilers are now usually placed, the engines and boilers must be shifted to the ends of the vessel, and hence four paddles, instead of two, become indispensable. As there will thus be two pairs of engines acting at a distance from one another, there will necessarily be two sets of engineers, and the general expenses will be increased. This might be of less consequence if exemption from sea-sickness could be really ensured. But the kind of motion which contributes more powerfully than any other to produce sea-sickness is the rising and falling motion, which in the Bessemer system remains wholly uncorrected, but which in the case of a hammock may to a great extent be counteracted by suspending the hammock from springs or by elastic cords. It is quite right that all feasible means should be adopted in the construction of steam-vessels to abate sea-sickness and in every way to promote the comfort of passengers; and as sailors are little likely to initiate such improvements, we are well pleased to see them undertaken by engineers like Mr. Bessemer, who both see what requires to be done and how to do it. But it must at the same time be confessed that the benefit is not an unmixed one, even if the main end were to be fully attained, and at the best Mr. Bessemer's prescription cannot be accounted a cure, but only an alleviation. At present long vessels could not turn in Calais harbour, and hence it is necessary to provide means to run backward and forward without turning. But although such an expedient is not unusual in rivers it is not without objections in the case of vessels made to navigate the open sea. Then it is doubtful whether vessels can be built strong enough to carry the heavy machinery necessary to the attainment of a high speed on 7½ ft. of water and vessels of even this small draught could not enter Calais harbour at all times of tide with a sea on the bar. Such vessels would necessarily be very expensive to run, and they would not be able to carry any cargo. The fact appears to be that, before suitable and profitable vessels can be established between France and England, the harbours must be deepened and otherwise improved; and the question which arises now is, whether it is advisable to establish vessels which, if ever so suitable for their prescribed objects, would only address a provisional state of things—especially when it has not been shown that such vessels could possibly pay, and when they would be ill-fitted for other stations. Add to this the fact that the London, Chatham, and Dover, the South-Eastern, and the Northern of France railway companies have just entered into an agreement to guarantee 4 per cent for the establishment of vessels like those at Holyhead to ply between Dover and Boulogne, which harbours are, moreover, to be deepened and otherwise improved, and it will be seen that the projects of Mr. Bessemer and Captain Dicey for establishing their experimental vessels are beset with more than the usual risks of commercial speculation.

The operations of Russia against the Khan of Khiva have been again attracting attention to the progress of Russia in the East, in connection with which the project of a railway connecting the European and Indian railway systems acquires a special interest. It was lately stated that Turkey was desirous of promoting a line, which, starting from the shores of the Mediterranean in the latitude of Palmyra, should pass down the valley of the Euphrates to Bagdad. But such a line could have no value for international objects. It is now stated that the Persian Government has been in negotiation with Baron Reuter for the introduction of railways into that country. But in a country so impoverished as Persia it is difficult to see what line could be made to pay from local traffic alone. A line proceeding from Constantinople, either through Angora and Yusgad or through Amasia and Kara Hisar to Erzerum and thence through Tabreez and Teheran to Herat, would be an undertaking of international value, and would be coincident with the existing stream of commerce, while it would serve as a bulwark against Russia both to Turkey and to Persia. The resources of Asia Minor in coal, iron, copper, lead, and silver are very great. But railways are necessary to make such resources productive.

The steamer Windsor Castle, one of the vessels of Messrs. Donald Currie and Co.'s new Indian line, has lately made a voyage from Plymouth to Calcutta in thirty-four days, including the time spent in passing through the Suez Canal and in calling at Colombo and Madras on the way. This voyage, the *Times*' correspondent in Calcutta says, is the shortest that has yet been made. The same vessel has returned to Suez from Calcutta in eighteen days, including the time spent in calling at Colombo. The consumption of coal has been very moderate, amounting to only 1·8 lb. per indicated horse power per hour.



BETHLEHEM. DRAWN BY H. A. HARPER.



SHEPHERDS WATCHING THEIR FLOCKS BY NIGHT. DRAWN BY W. J. WEBB.

ILLUSTRATED NEW BOOKS. MEMORIALS OF OLD EDINBURGH.

In a handsome quarto volume of Roxburgh binding, which contains nearly 500 large and clearly printed pages, the Ballantyne Press has put forth a new edition of the *Memorials of Edinburgh in the Olden Time*, by Daniel Wilson, LL.D., Professor of English Literature in the University of Toronto, and late acting secretary to the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. This work, which first appeared in 1847, is published by Andrew Elliott of Prince's-street, Edinburgh, and by Simpkin and Marshall of London. It grew up to its present complete state from a series of descriptive and narrative commentaries upon the subjects of Dr. Wilson's collection of drawings and sketches, most of them done by his own pencil, of the old buildings and other local objects for archaeological study. The volume is adorned with 123 engravings, some forty of which are full sized, and have considerable artistic merit. But we shall find it an agreeable task, if it please our readers, to review the abundant store of historical and topographical knowledge compiled by Dr. Wilson. It is drawn from the books of preceding authors, from the ancient chronicles and memoirs, the old records, charters, and title-deeds, and whatever else may exist to tempt the curiosity of a Jonathan Oldbuck, a Jedediah Cleishbotham, or a Chrystal Croftangry, those zealous Scottish antiquaries who figure in the Introductions to the *Waverley Novels*.

The whole mass is separated in two main divisions; the first consisting of what belongs to the civil, political, and military history of Scotland, and its associations with places and relics to be seen at Edinburgh; the second comprising such antiquities and traditions as seem to be of merely local interest. A continuous narrative, from the earliest period of authentic history to the suppression of the last Jacobite rebellion in 1745, disposes of the first part. The contents of the second part are differently arranged with reference to the several quarters of the Old Town; the Castle, with the King's Stables, Castle Barns, and Castle Hill; the Lawnmarket; the Tolbooth, the Parliament Close, and the Luckenbooths; the High Street; the West Bow; the Nether Bow; the Canongate, Holyrood, and the Sanctuary; St. Mary's Wynd, and the Cowgate. The New Town, Leith, St. Leonard's, and other suburbs, come in for a share of attention; and much curious matter is slipped into the Appendix. Altogether, it is a book which deserves to stand, with the accurate and impartial Scottish History of Dr. J. H. Burton and the diligent collections of Dr. Robert Chambers and Dr. Charles Rogers, among the works of this class dedicated to the memorable past of North Britain, and of its noble capital city—the most nobly seated of all cities in the world.

It is not worth while to spend many epithets of admiring description in the enforcement of this claim for Edinburgh, which has seldom been contested since "Marmion" opened our eyes to the romantic and picturesque beauty of its site. That famous south view from the Blackford or the Braid Hills, looking across the city to the Firth of Forth, with Arthur's Seat to the right hand, is even surpassed by the west view from Corstorphine Hill, from which point the three chief eminences, the Calton, the Castle, and Arthur's Seat, appear to form an exquisitely harmonious group. As a separate object, Arthur's Seat, with its grand fore-arm, Salisbury Crags, is best seen from the south-east, on the road to Roslin. But take it where you will, the natural magnificence of its position sets Edinburgh far above Rome or Florence in this respect. It was certainly not for this reason that the site was chosen. There was a rock, above 300 ft. high, precipitous on three sides, with a ridge, one mile in length, sloping down from its craggy summit to the east, two miles from a great inlet of the sea. On the north side a small loch (where the Prince's Street Gardens now are) washed the base of the rock; a swamp lay around the feet of its western cliff and southern declivity, beyond which, a thousand years ago, the primeval forest stretched far away over the Braid Hills to the mighty Pentlands. Towards the sea or wide estuary, north-east of this strong place, was another hill, the Calton, from which its sentinels could watch the coast, every way, to a distance of twenty miles; and the neighbouring mountain, Arthur's Seat, commanded a still more extensive view inland.

These local advantages, we cannot doubt, were taken into account by some chieftain of the warlike Picts, who first set up his abode on the Castle Rock, nobody knows when; but, in the middle of the fifth century, the Saxons, having invaded and conquered Northumbria, annexed Berwickshire and the Lothians, where their Princes reigned over their own people. One of them, Edwin, gave his name to the fortress and village, which is called Edwin's Borough, with a slight contraction, to this very day. But, in course of time, after four centuries, the Saxon princes gave way to the Scots. Malcolm Canmore, who lived in the days of our Norman Conquest, had a Saxon wife, the gentle and faithful Margaret, who was a Christian amidst a Pagan nation. Her little chapel, in the Castle of Edinburgh, is the oldest, and not the least interesting, of all the architectural monuments in the Scottish capital. The next person here worthy of note is one who came thirty years later, King David I., the founder of Holyrood, as well as of Melrose, Kelso, and Jedburgh Abbeys. Of course there is the story of a miracle—the saving of David's life from the horns of a furious stag, by the terrors of the cross, or "holy rood," which an angel suddenly put into the King's hand. Fulfilling a grateful vow, he founded and named the Abbey, at the lower end of the mile-long sloping ridge that descends eastward from the Castle, and nearly at the foot of Salisbury Crags. Houses, or straw-thatched cottages, were built up there, near the Castle, and down here, near the Abbey; but it was long before they joined in one town. Edinburgh was, however, only a small town in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries; it was by no means the chief town of Scotland. Its Castle was a Border fortress, standing next to Roxburgh, and was taken and retaken by the English and the Scots, in the Bruce and Baliol wars, in the patriotic struggle against our three Edwards of the Plantagenet line, from 1291 to 1341. Two notable achievements of Scottish valour and dexterity are not to be forgotten: that of Randolph, King Robert Bruce's nephew, who clambered with his men, all in full armour, up the steep sides of the Castle Rock, and so gained an entrance in the darkness of night; and, secondly, the clever trick of William Douglas, who pretended to bring in a cart-load of wine for the garrison, and upset the cart in the gateway, so that the door could not be shut while he and the other assailants rushed into the Castle. These stories are familiar to every schoolboy since "Master Hugh Littlejohn," but can never be omitted when we talk of the history of this ancient national stronghold.

As for the city of Edinburgh, having a character and importance of its own, independently of the Castle and the Abbey, Dr. Wilson regards its history as beginning with the accession of the Stewart or Stuart family to the throne, in 1370. It became, from that time, the ordinary abode of the Court and Government of Scotland, though Stirling, Falkland, and Linlithgow were frequent residences of the Kings. All the five Royal Jameses, of that family, who succeeded each

other in a continued series, from the return of James I. out of his English captivity, in 1424, to the death of James V. in 1542, had much to do with Edinburgh. The city in their time was the scene of many regal and chivalric festivities, and also of many fierce conflicts between the factious feudal chiefs, who strove for power during the minority of those Kings. Theirs was a strange fate; every one of those princes, some of whom were men of spirit and talent, was made in his childhood the sport of selfish and lawless intriguers, and was doomed, after his troubled reign, to a violent or unhappy death. The last, that gallant sportsman whose adventure on Loch Katrine is told in Scott's delightful poem, bequeathed his crown to a new-born daughter, the most unhappy of her race, with this mournful prophecy, "It came with a lass" (by the marriage of a Stewart to the Bruce's heiress) "and it will go with a lass!" But the Scottish royalty, instead of ending with Mary, was merged in that of England by her more fortunate son. It is not, indeed, of the Kings and Queens who dwelt at Holyrood, but of their capital city, that we seek information in Dr. Wilson's book. The visitor to Edinburgh cannot now find, in the Old Town as we call it, any remains of that feudal and chivalrous age. Except a small portion of the Castle, the ruins of Holyrood Abbey, the north-west angle tower of Holyrood Palace, St. Giles's and one or two other churches, there are no conspicuous buildings older than the middle of the sixteenth century; though fragments yet exist of the city wall, hastily constructed after the battle of Flodden, in 1513.

But we may still revive, in fancy, the ardent and adventurous life of the nobles and citizens at Edinburgh four hundred years ago. How they crowded to stare at the fugitive English King, poor Henry VI., and his haughty Queen, Margaret of Anjou, lodging at the Greyfriars! How they exulted in the naval victories of their famous Captain Sir Andrew Wood, bringing a captured English fleet into the Forth! How perplexed they were by the arrival of the Duke of Gloucester (afterwards our Richard III.) with Albany, Douglas, and the league of rebellious peers, leading their King, James III., back from his abortive campaign in helpless disgrace! That was the King who liked musicians, scholars, and architects better than soldiers; for which the rude nobles took their revenge, by hanging his favourites over the Bridge of Lauder, and, some time later, by killing James himself. Stern indignation filled the hearts of the citizens at his murder. What sights were displayed, at one time and another, to the popular gaze—the splendid tournaments beneath the Castle wall; the cruel torments inflicted on traitors like the Duke of Athol, in 1483, who had a crown of red-hot iron publicly set on his head; the burning of Lady Glamis for sorcery and treason; the recitation of verses by rival Court Poets, Gawin Douglas, Dunbar, and Kennedy, who derided each other in well-turned rhyme; the mystery-plays of the Friars, and the satirical comedies of Sir David Lindsay; the gorgeous wedding ceremonies of 1503, when Princess Margaret of England came as the bride of James IV.; Again, by a shifting of the scene, they saw bands of armed men, in deadly fight, chasing each other up and down the steep streets, while the air was filled with cries of mutual hatred and defiance! It was a wild sort of world, the spirit of which, after all, is better expressed in "Marmion" and "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" than in the grave historic page. That weird old legend of the warning midnight vision and its summoning voice at the City Cross, on the eve of Flodden, bidding King James and his earls, barons, and knights, and all the men destined to fall in battle, appear within certain days at the bar of a superhuman Judge, is quite in character with the age.

After the reign of James V., in the Regencies of Arran and Mary of Guise, the social life of Edinburgh underwent an apparent change. From being a giddy, roystering town of frivolous and dissipated habits, it became severely Puritanical; as was the temporary effect of Savonarola's preaching at Florence. The moral influence of the Evangelical Reformers may have been heightened by the impression which frightful public disasters had created. The English invasions of 1544 and 1547, led by the Earl of Hertford (Duke of Somerset), to punish the Scots for refusing to give their baby Queen to the son of Henry VIII., were carried out with a savage and fiendish rancour worthy of the iniquitous pretext. The city of Edinburgh, as well as many other towns and villages, castles, monasteries, and private houses, was deliberately given to the flames, by the express orders of the English tyrant. The result is that, as we have noticed, there are no remains of the domestic or civic architecture of Edinburgh more ancient than this date. The houses were built of timber, which had formerly been got in abundance from the neighbouring Borough Muir forest; but when the city was rebuilt, on this occasion, there was not much timber left, so the builders were obliged to use stone. At the same time, they adopted a method and design of construction directly opposite to that before in vogue. The old wooden houses were very low, with only two floors, and a single flight of stairs put up outside, in front of the house. The new stone-built houses were piled up to seven or eight, nine, ten, or eleven stories, at least on the rear side, where they rise from the lower ground, half way down the steep declivity from the ridge along which runs the main line of street. A hundred narrow passages, called "wynds," and a labyrinth of small courts, between these lofty edifices, were made for access to the various tenements into which they were partitioned. Such is the Old Town of Edinburgh to this day. The reason for this singular plan was most likely to economise space, and to keep the growing city within the cramped limit of the walls built after the battle of Flodden. The huge piles of building are called "lands;" and many different households were on the several flats. There are some large mansions, of course, which were wholly occupied by the families of great personages. Dr. Wilson gives a minute description of the Palace of the Queen Regent, Mary of Guise, as it was before its removal for the Free Church College in 1845. It stood between Todd's, Nairn's, and Blyth's Closets, on the north side of the Castle Hill. The interior decorations of carving and wall-painting were curious and significant in design.

This period, of the French Queen's Regency, witnessed the return of John Knox from his exile, breathing the spirit of ascetic and intolerant devotion, which his friend Calvin displayed at Geneva. The citizens of Edinburgh and other Scottish towns, already ripe for those doctrines, and sympathising with the Huguenots of France, became most zealous for a Protestant Reformation. The cause was espoused by many of the nobility and gentry, from a sincere conviction of its truth; and by others from a desire to share the expected spoil of rich benefices and monasteries, as the English aristocracy had done a few years before. The effects of this movement, both immediate and enduring, on the habits and notions of the Edinburgh people, were of extraordinary force. There were outbreaks of fanatical violence; there was a persecuting and inquisitorial treatment of Catholics; the list of Presbyterian and Puritan crimes against the Divine law of justice and mercy is equal to that of the cruelties and other iniquities that are charged against Prelatists and Rapists. But the character of the Scottish nation was raised to so high a degree of moral

energy, by its earnest adoption of the new faith, and by the struggle, protracted during one hundred and thirty years, for the religious institutions founded by John Knox, as to present a sublime example of the power of lofty ideas over the conduct of mankind. If the preceding age, to the death of James V., was animated by the wild yet gallant spirit of mediæval chivalry, the age of the Reformers and Covenanters, to the Revolution of 1688, was inspired with sentiments more truly heroic, as well as more spiritual; and such biographies as those of "The Scots Worthies" and "The Cloud of Witnesses" still command the esteem of readers who do not hold their creed. The ugly, the grotesque and repulsive, features of this history of the Scottish Kirk Militant, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, are more than atoned for by the numerous examples of virtuous and courageous fidelity in its "noble army of martyrs." Deducting as much as we please for hypocrisy and affectation, the symptoms of a high and pure strain of religious feeling, combined with ardent patriotism, in the popular mind of that age, cannot be scoffed and sneered away. The prevalence of such a tone of thought is declared by the stone-carved inscriptions over so many doorways of private houses in the Old Town, where the initials and arms of the owner are frequently accompanied with a motto, simply expressive of pious trust and affection—"Love God above all, and thy neighbour as thyself;" or, "Fear God in love;" or some distinct statement of the Christian hope. This is a very characteristic feature of Edinburgh in the time of James VI., as shown by the buildings that still remain. Other mottos, amiable in their purport, but not so expressly pious, amuse us by their quaintness, like the anagram of John Paterson on his own name, "I hate no person," at the bottom of the Canongate.

Recollecting the events of that period, the prolonged Anti-Popery, Anti-Prelacy, contest waged by the city of Edinburgh, at the stern call of its popular preachers, who beat their "pulpit, drum ecclesiastic," more loudly amidst the din of civil war, we shall find at every step a memorial of the vehemence with which it raged. There is St. Giles's, or the High Church, a fine old Gothic edifice, chiefly of the fifteenth century, in the middle of the High-street. The Protestant mob, in 1558, seized the statue of St. Giles, and first ducked it in the North Loch, afterwards put it in the fire as a detestable idol. In that church, and in the churches of St. Mary, of Trinity College, and Holyrood, they cast down the altars and defaced the sculptures. The Puritanic magistracy, while conniving at these outrages—which were certainly encouraged by the preachers of the new doctrine—put down the old games and pastimes, the masque of Robin Hood, the "Abbot of Unreason," and the dance of merry maidens round "the Summer Tree." They would burn witches and drown licentious sinners; they pilloried bankrupts, and nailed thieves by the ear to the Tron post; they put the brank on tongues of scolding wives; they made cruel use of whip and branding-iron. Every man and woman should be religious and virtuous by Act of Parliament, after the pattern of the ancient Jewish Law. But this was easier said than done. The trading and working classes resisted so hard a rule; and in 1561, just before the arrival of young Queen Mary from France, when the French garrison had been expelled from Leith, and the Scots were left at leisure to quarrel with each other, there was a formidable town riot on account of the Robin Hood games. The ruling Protestant party lost no time in letting Queen Mary know their abhorrence of her religion. It was very well to provide, in the pageant of her first public entry, that a little boy, attired as a cherub, should descend out of an opening globe and present her with a Bible and Psalter; but there was a harsh significance, to her, in the stage representation of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, consumed for the sin of an impious service in the temple. We should like to believe that the beautiful and accomplished girl-widow, in those early days, was not so wicked as she soon afterwards became; and that she might have been an honest woman, and a loyal Queen, if she had married a better man than the fool Darnley. Her terrible life-history is a mere episode in that of the Scottish Reformation; but every visitor to Edinburgh goes to look at the places connected with it; the rooms in Holyrood Palace where Rizzio was murdered; the little chamber in the Castle where she gave birth to a son; and the site of the Kirk o'Field (near the University) where her husband was blown up, certainly with her connivance, by the powder-bags of the ruffian Bothwell, to whom she presently gave her hand.

Where lies the worn-out body of John Knox? Trodden by vulgar feet under the common street pavement at the heels of Charles II.'s horse, and not a stone has been raised in Scotland, during three hundred years since his death, in November, 1572, to commemorate her most faithful and fearless son! And what has Edinburgh done with the tomb of the Regent Murray, the truest of Scottish statesmen, and with the grave of George Buchanan, the scholar, poet, and patriot, who served their country and its Reformed Christianity in the same age? We refer to vol. 1 of "Monuments and Monumental Inscriptions in Scotland," by Dr. C. Rogers, for a statement of what has not been done in respect to those national worthies. But let us hasten to finish the review of Dr. Wilson's book. The local and personal reminiscences, however, crowd too thickly upon us, leaving not the space or leisure for a chronological survey of later times in Edinburgh. There is the seventeenth century, with its Church Liturgy Rebellion, its Solemn League and Covenant, its war of resistance to the unconstitutional decrees of Charles I.; the defection of Montrose, and his vindictive punishment; the arrival of conquering Cromwell; the Restoration of Monarchy, and the death of both the Argylls on the scaffold, the father in 1661, the son in 1685; the persecutions of the Covenanters, hundreds of whom were shut up for many weeks in the Greyfriars' Churchyard, dying of cold and hunger, while others were shot, hanged, or tortured with the "iron boot" to force a confession of treason; and so on, to the Revolution of 1688, with its tumult of political change, and "Bonnie Dundee" galloping off through the West Port, to raise the Highlands for King James. There is the eighteenth century, with its total collapse of the Scottish national spirit, but with the intrigues of Jacobite lairds and chieftains twice breaking out in rash ventures of civil war, after the inglorious, but very beneficial, Act of Union in 1706, which had left Edinburgh merely the noblest and most dignified of provincial cities; "an end of an auld sang!" Lawyers, writers and advocates, factors and bankers, dealing with the estates of absentee lords; University professors, authors, wits, and scholars; fine old ladies who kept up the old customs and fashions of their class, took the place of mail-clad barons and silken courtiers, in the ever-shifting world of Edinburgh life. Such an incident as the Porteous mob, in 1736, of which Scott tells us in "The Heart of Midlothian," would disturb the usually douce and canny temper of this community; but higher was the excitement, in 1745, when Prince Charlie brought his army of Highlanders, victorious at Preston Pans, to encamp behind Arthur's Seat, and bade the Lord Provost and Bailies to his Levée in Holyrood Palace. Out of the pleasant "Waverley" stories, out of the "Tales of a Grand-

father," out of "Boswell's Life of Johnson;" out of the biographies of Defoe, Gay, and Allan Ramsay; those of Smollett and Goldsmith; those of David Hume, Robert Burns, and many another Muses' favourite, before Walter Scott limped into the Parliament House; out of family memoirs, and friendly letters, and reports of lively social talk, which every one of us has read with pleasure, throng faster and more freely the interesting memories of Old Edinburgh, from a hundred to a hundred and fifty years ago; when as yet the New Town was not in the dreams of an improving architect; when Counsellor Pleydell sat at high jinks in Clerihugh's tavern; when from the roof of the Tolbooth the ghastly heads of the dead Jacobites looked down upon the bustling street; and the murky alleys of the West Bow were the reputed haunt of direst spectres—those of the Major and Grizzel Weir, the foulest slaves of Satan in his "Invisible World."

PICTURES OF ROME.

Suppose we begin with an invidious disparagement of the subject. Let us venture to say that, to some Englishmen, as well as Scotchmen, though not unacquainted with the history and literature of the Latin nations in classical and mediæval times, the local antiquities of Rome, with all their grandeur of aspect and world-wide renown, are scarcely so much a subject of cherished regard as those of Edinburgh. "Divus Cæsar Augustus Imperator," and "La Beatitudine di Nostro Signore il Papa, Padre Santissimo," are personages of far greater consequence than any King James Stuart or Preacher John Knox, who figured in the Scottish capital. The domes of the Pantheon and St. Peter's, the broken columns of the Forum, and the mighty arches of the Colosseum, are more imposing than the cone-topped flanking turrets, the notched or crow-stepped gables, and the mullioned windows of projecting upper stories, in the quaint buildings of the Old Town. But the dramatic interest of a stirring and adventurous life, with vigorous and diversified expressions of character, is quite as strong, in the first instance, and the picturesque effects of a characteristic architectural style are quite as telling in the second instance, as shown in the ancient capital of North Britain. And since Edinburgh, after all, is one of the homes and nurseries of our own people, our own government, our own traditional system of faith and morals and manners, some of us may really be excused for caring more about that second-rate city than for the Imperial and Papal metropolis of past ages, now the seat of a new Italian kingdom. This shall be our apology for limiting a review of the handsome book, "Rome, by Francis Wey, containing 345 Engravings on Wood and a Plan of Rome, with an Introduction by W. W. Story" (Chapman and Hall), to about half the space we have allowed for Dr. Wilson's "Memorials of Edinburgh." The volume is of at least equal dimensions, consisting of 550 quarto pages, besides the separate leaves devoted to seventy of the engravings, which are of full-page size. Most of the illustrations are copied from photographs, but with a pictorial adjustment of distances and of lights and shades; others are from original drawings by tolerable French artists. Mr. Story's introduction, or rather advertisement, is extremely short; but a mere word of commendation from the author of "Roba di Roma" is of service upon this occasion.

With such an abundance of pictures representing the places, edifices, and monuments of Rome, and round about Rome; the costumes, figures, and gestures of different classes among its inhabitants; and the works of sculpture and painting in its galleries of art, the volume does not want our testimony in favour of its literary contents. The author writes of all these matters like a lively and sensible Frenchman of average capacity and knowledge, who holds the orthodox moderate opinions and says what is usually expected to be said, but often in the forced metaphorical language of his literary countrymen, which sometimes makes a happy hit and sometimes an absurd miss of the truth. He is passably translated into newspaper English, and will be found readable, in small doses, to the extent needful for explaining whatever is shown in the graphic illustrations. The immense multitude and variety of remarkable objects at Rome, which fill his rambling commentary in twenty-eight chapters, would be more easily comprehended by the reader, if M. Francis Wey had grouped them in some kind of arrangement, whether of topographical division, historical order of time, or classification by their nature, origin, or purport. As the heterogeneous mass of slight and superficial descriptions is left, hanging to the chatty accounts of his walks or rides, each day, through the city of Rome, the adjacent ruins, and the suburbs, it is not easy to fix the mind upon any distinct part of his subject with the attention required for its study. But the book is one of those which are, perhaps, intended never to be read through; only to be looked into for the sake of their more direct representations, *quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus*, with a mere verbal explanatory memoir of the things delineated by pencil or chisel or burin. The readers of our Journal must understand very well indeed what is here meant, concerning an occasional subordinate alliance of the literary with the graphic instrument of expression.

Instead, however, of permitting M. Francis Wey to lead us such a bewildering dance, continued day after day for a whole month, up and down, to and fro, in and out of all the palaces, temples, churches, villas, gardens, cloisters, galleries, ruins, tombs, theatres, and taverns, of antique and mediæval and modern and eternal Rome, which we have personally explored with much pleasure and as much fatigue, we shall take a shorter method. It will be sufficient to enumerate, in a hasty flight, some of the chief objects of intelligent and instructed curiosity which he describes or notices, and which the majority of English or foreign visitors to Rome consider themselves bound to notice, or believe that they ought to enjoy and admire.

There is, first of all, the brownish-yellow or *flavus* Tiber, with its ceaseless rush and toss of impetuous little waves down the course of that vehement Italian stream, which always reminded us of Macaulay's Lays and Livy's historical romances, of the energetic, eager, martial youth of Romulus and his band, the fighting founders of Rome. Unchanged as the rude old Tiber, which *labitur et labetur, in omne volubilis ævum*, the rude old mountains, the massive rampart of Central Italy, lift their stern heads one behind another, far as the eye can range along the eastern sky, and look over the Latian plain to the Tyrrhene Sea, as they did before the fabled she-wolf gave suck to the fearless twins. Compared with these abiding features of Nature, these solemn witnesses of the rise and fall of a Kingdom, a Republic, an Empire, a Popedom, whose story has filled the annals of mankind, how frail and puny is the Colosseum, and what a toy is St. Peter's dome! But we have done with comparisons; be it enough to remark, as we have felt most deeply on the spot, that the Tiber, flowing close by, and the Appennines and sea in the distance, the lonely peak of Soracte, and the green hills of Albano amid the glaring waste of the Campagna, are perfectly unique in their impressiveness, exceeding all the famous relics of art and works of human power, in that thrice wonderful city.

As for those works and relics, who does not know what they

are? There is the Forum Romanum, with its few shattered remains, marble pillars and brick arches, of those stately temples where a complaisant idolatry, serving an Imperial policy, would ever create or import new gods for the convenience of its political masters; while the indifferent populace, gaping and staring at the games of the day, worshipped a man, a woman, or a brute, at the bidding of those who doled out the bread of idleness to the human herd. And there is the Palatine Hill, with its traces of the oldest city walls, and of the Cæsars' Palaces, which we lately described; there is the Via Sacra, with the triumphal arches of Titus and Constantine, leading to the Colosseum, with the Temples of Peace, and of Venus and Rome, to the left hand; on that side is the Forum of Trajan, and its column wreathed with figures of Dacian captives. Yonder is the enormous amphitheatre, where spectacles of wholesale carnage were the sport of a debauched people, who from a race of heroes became one of bullies, cowards, and slaves. Is this the ancient Rome we are bidden to admire? The establishments of a lavish and showy material wealth, from the plunder and tribute of Europe, Asia, and Africa, have left their ruined piles to bear witness of its power and skill; the Baths of Titus, of Constantine, of Diocletian, and the Aqueducts, striding across the country, from remote mountain sources, to bring their fresh waters into the crowded city. This, indeed, is worthy of admiration. But we turn again to the Capitol, upon which, in these days, a Townhall, a Museum, and a Convent Church of Ara Coeli have supplanted the shrine of its patron Jupiter; we descend its steps into the modern city, there to pace its squalid streets, to visit its gorgeous churches, or the elegant palaces of its noble families, the Doria Pamfili, the Barberini, the Rospigliosi, the Borghese, with their priceless, matchless collections of art-treasures, freely opened to every comer; or else to view the public collections, formed by the tasteful liberality of the Popes, in which the most perfect works of Grecian and Italian genius, the Apollo, the Laocoon, the Faun, the Gladiator, and the pictures of Guido, Titian, and Raffaele, are stored for our common delight. What can be said of St. Peter's Cathedral, and "the Divine City of the Vatican," as this author calls it, more than has been so often said before? He fills six chapters with their manifold beauties and glories; the Sixtine Chapel, the Loggia and Stanze, where Michael Angelo and Raffaele have embodied the Biblical story, and somewhat of Catholic mythology, in forms of unequalled grace or grandeur. Yet a deeper interest belongs to every relic of that obscure, but holy and blessed, age of the primitive Christian Church, which lay between Pagan and Papal Rome. In the maze of Catacombs, the shelter and resting-place of its martyrs, or in the long buried chapel of St. Clement, or in paths which may have been trodden by the Great Apostle of the Gentiles, from the Appian Way to the Prætorian Guard-house, and to the hall of Nero's Court, we find, looking back through that momentous passage of human history, a just reason for the feelings aroused by the name of "the Eternal City." This confession may seem inconsistent with our opening remarks, in which the merely romantic, the picturesque, and especially the national, features and associations of such a place as Edinburgh were rated more highly; but the truth is, that if Rome belongs in one sense to Italy, it also belongs, in a more extended sense, to the whole of Christendom and the civilised world. In this larger view it is the home of high thoughts, both past and future, for all mankind.

ITALIAN PICTURES.

The notice of M. Francis Wey's "Rome" may be suitably followed by one of "Italian Pictures, Drawn with Pen and Pencil," a Christmas gift-book of the Religious Tract Society, who have issued "Spanish Pictures" and "Swiss Pictures," by the same compiler. There is little original work of any kind in this volume, for which the wood engravings are mostly borrowed from various French and other sold-out publications, while the accompanying text is made to keep up with their succession of subjects by copious extracts from the descriptions and reflections of former travellers or students. But the whole is neatly put together, and well adapted to the class of readers for whom it is intended, with a certain infusion of that Low Church severity, and those exclusive claims to rectitude of judgment and conduct, in all that concerns morality, policy, and religion, which might be expected from such a quarter. About half the contents, with more than eighty engravings, are bestowed on Rome, and some of the views, especially the interiors of its splendid buildings, are both correctly and effectively drawn. In general, the designs of figures and groups are not so good, having a stagey and fictitious air; nor can we entirely approve the violent terms in which some classes of people, in Central and Southern Italy, are held up to British Protestant scorn. To say that "it would be difficult to conceive more objectionable specimens of humanity than the monks," and that "the life of indolence they lead has served only to increase their demoralisation," is to say much more than is just or true, and it is not said in the spirit of Christian kindness. The poor Neapolitan lazzaroni, who are merely lazy and ragged, like some poor people we know in the British Islands, come in likewise for a frightfully bad character, which we believe they do not altogether deserve. But it seems to be a conventional understanding, between writers and readers of a certain calibre, that Roman Catholic nations shall never be mentioned without a proper amount of disparagement, as a tribute to the assumed superiority of our more Evangelical selves. Making allowance for his propensity, the Religious Tract Society's picture-book of Italian scenes may afford some pleasant instruction to those who have not ready access to the original sources of knowledge, and who cannot take a journey to Italy, even with the economical and administrative aid of Messrs. Cook and Gaze.

Passing by the large share devoted to Rome and the Papal head-quarters of that "mystery of iniquity," which the compiler of this volume is officially bound to detest, we observe that he gives a view of the Bay of Naples, with sketches of Ischia, Pozzuoli, Capri, and Sorrento; the quay of Santa Lucia and the Castle of St. Elmo; the costumes of the peasantry; and a series of illustrations of Pompeii, which are the best things in his collection. They show the ruined streets, gates, theatres, temples, and interiors of houses; the furniture and utensils found there, and those two awful casts of human bodies writhing in their unseen agony of death, so many centuries ago, which have been gained by simply pouring some liquid plaster into the unbroken hollows of a mass of hardened ashes that fell upon the living women, inclosing their forms in an enduring mould, a chrysalis-crust, long since emptied by the decay of flesh and bones. We have, on former occasions, presented in this Journal some examples of this singular and impressive result, while giving an account of Cavaliere Fiorelli's recent investigations at Pompeii, which are noticed in the volume now before us. Nearly forty of its engravings represent subjects from the Neapolitan cities and province. The remaining thirty belong to Tuscany, Genoa with the Riviera, and Piedmont, which are the nearest parts of Italy, and not the least attractive, to an English tourist. Views of Florence, from San

Miniato and from the Boboli Gardens, the Porta San Niccolò, the Pitti Palace, the Palazzo Vecchio, the Duomo and Campanile, with the sculptured Bible history on the bronze gates of the Baptistery, are introduced to the reader's notice; and he is told something of the lives, the character and genius, of such men as Dante and Michel Angelo, who are commended as opponents of a corrupt Papacy, and Savonarola, the Florentine John Knox, from whose sermons a passage is quoted that seems quite up to the mark of saving Gospel truth. The shores and seaports, Leghorn, Spezia, Genoa, Nice and Villafranca, Monaco and Mentone, are briefly touched at in the homeward journey. Turin, with its sturdy and thrifty Piedmontese, whom we should call the Scotchmen of Italy (but whose moral and political relation to the other Italians is aptly compared with that of the Prussians to the other Germans) occupies the final chapter, which ends with a sympathising notice of the faithful Waldensian churches, in the Alpine valleys of Piedmont.

THE PROCESSION OF THE HOLY THORN.

The Abbot of Glastonbury was one of the greatest of those dignitaries, the heads of ancient, sacred, and wealthy corporations of religious cœnobites, who make such a figure in the history of this country under Saxon and Norman reigns. His Benedictine brotherhood enjoyed the rents and profits of a vast number of landed lordships and manors, in different shires, with many privileges, immunities, and rights of precedence, which he always took good care to enforce against every secular or ecclesiastical power of his time. But whence and why do we behold him, in the procession of which Mr. Hunt's drawing presents such an imposing view, attended by the Sub-Prior, the Sacristan, and every other functionary of that famous convent, with mitre on his head and crozier or pastoral hook in the right hand, bearing in his left a simple branch of blossoming thorn? He is bringing it as a Christmas gift to the King; and, whatever some of our readers may now be disposed to think of it, a sprig of that miraculous plant, from Glastonbury, was esteemed worth any King's ransom about a thousand years ago.

The place was regarded as sacred, we have reason to believe, in the earlier Pagan times of Britain; for, whether the Celtic part of its existing name was derived from its yielding the herb called *glast* or woad, with which the Britons used to paint their naked bodies of a greenish blue, according to some Druidic rite, or from a person called Glasteing, who was led thither on a divine mission of destiny, by following the track of his stray sow, this place had other appellations. In the marshy flats of Somersetshire, as it then was, surrounded by lakes, streams, and swamps, it was the "Isle of Avalon," a secluded retreat and difficult of access, to which, as some fables relate, the dying King Arthur was conveyed, after his wound in the last battle with the traitor Mordred; but it had, long before that legendary event, been known by the name of Inis-witrim; and, if we may rely on apocryphal history, it was granted to St. Joseph of Arimathea and his colleagues of the Apostolic Mission, sent hither by St. Philip, in A.D. 63, to lay the foundation of a Christian Church in this land. They put up a little chapel of wattles or woven osiers, as Somersetshire peasants used to make fences for their fields and sheds for their cattle; this they dedicated to the Virgin Mother, and continued in it, watching, fasting, and praying, to the end of their mortal lives.

But it happened, one day, that St. Joseph of Arimathea, who walked with a staff of blackthorn to support his feeble steps, was going up "Wearyall Hill," south-west of Glastonbury, when he halted a minute to rest; and, while leaning all the weight of his aged and wasted body upon this stick, he spent the first breath that he could recover in a prayer for the conversion of heathen Britain. Might but his preaching be accredited by a miracle, like those which had been vouchsafed to his fellow-messengers of the Gospel, not many years before, in the more civilised provinces of the Roman Empire! As this devout aspiration crossed his mind, the piece of dried wood, fixed in the earth where his hand unconsciously thrust it, began to take root, and to draw the vital sap, becoming once more a plant; he saw it presently branching and budding into leaf, and, shortly afterwards, it blossomed into flower! The people who had followed St. Joseph up the hill adored the God and Saviour of whom he had told them; and from that hour, the thorn of Glastonbury never failed to put forth its blossom on the day before Christmas, for the perpetual remembrance of this work of Divine grace.

We are informed, however, by a writer of horticultural knowledge that there are certain varieties of this plant which naturally possess the habit of blossoming in winter; "but they are not uniform as to time, some flowering in December, others in January or February. The holy thorn of Glastonbury was an exotic, brought from the East by some early pilgrim; and from its nature it bloomed late in December; hence the tradition. Formerly, it was customary to present a branch of the old holy thorn, carried in solemn procession, to the Kings and Queens of England on Christmas morning."

That is the cold modern way of disposing of such a passage in the history of those ages of faith; but we do not want to argue the question. Glastonbury has had its glories, and a pretty long lease of them. King Lucius, of whom we seem to remember something in Shakespeare, endowed a second religious foundation at Glastonbury—that of the chapel on the Torr, dedicated to St. Michael the Archangel by two emissaries of Pope Eleutherius; but they never had a blossoming blackthorn staff. In the times that succeeded Glastonbury was visited by such Fathers of the Church as St. Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland; St. Columba, the Apostle of Scotland; and St. David, the Apostle of Wales. It was destroyed by the Danes, and restored by Saxon Kings. It was the seat of St. Dunstan, who ruled there twenty-two years, before he was Archbishop; and it was the scene of a wild fight between the Saxon monks and Norman soldiers, whom Abbot Thurstan, of Caen, a nominee of the Conqueror, had called in to subdue the brethren, when they would not receive him as their official superior. But the riches of temporal possession and the pretensions to spiritual dignity so long allowed to this Benedictine abbey did not save it from the greedy grasp of King Henry VIII.; and its last Abbot, Richard Whiting, in 1539, for the crime of refusing to execute a formal surrender of his charge, was cruelly dragged to Tower Hill and there hanged. The true thorn was cut down, or torn up, by the Puritans in the seventeenth century; but spurious plants were cultivated, even in the reigns of the first two Georges; and so late as 1751 the report of miraculous cures, by a spring of water on this spot, drew thousands of visitors to the town of Glastonbury.

Wells Cathedral restoration is progressing well, under the advice of Sir Gilbert Scott. Mr. William Gibbs has subscribed two £500 towards the west front, the third portion of which is estimated to cost £3500; the chapter-house, £1320. Nearly £2000 has been expended in the work, and nearly £3000 has yet to be received.



PROCESSION OF THE HOLY THORN. DRAWN BY A. HUNT.

DESERTED.

"Madam, shall I tell you what I am going to say?" inquires an excessively polite courtier, in a play not much acted in our excessively polite days. The speech has always seemed to me courtliness itself, and I take leave to begin with it. What I am going to say, in the first place, is that I beg you will turn to the Engraving bearing the above title, and examine it well, if its beauty has not already caused you to do so. Be so kind as to master the scene. Note the utter abandonment of that stately mansion, the melancholy grass-grown terrace walk, the river far down, the distant bridge, which no one now crosses. The only life is that in the old raven, who knows himself to be so perfectly secure that he can use his leisure in curiously inspecting the decaying stonework. You will scarcely need to read the artist's name, it is "writ large" in the picture itself. Has not our friend S. Read been true to himself and to his art?

How I came to know the work was in this wise. I called on him one evening in this drear-nighted December; and, being informed that though he was out he would soon return, I took an old friend's privilege of entering his studio, and upon an easel I saw the engraving on the wood. Drawing an American rocking-chair near the easel, I gave my best attention to the picture, and I was so absorbed in it that I did not hear the arrival of my friend the artist, until he asked me what I thought of the thing, as he modestly called it. "Where is the place?" was my reply, which was by no means the civil thing I meant to say.

"A good way off," was his rejoinder. "I suppose so," I said. "It is not in England. Such a place must have been familiar to me before this, if it had been here."

"Of course you know everything," he replied; "writing men always do. I have noticed that faculty in them. But it happens that the house is in England, and not more than three hours by rail and one by road from the Great Northern terminus. You might do worse than go and see it."

He gave me some reasons, which seemed to me rather odd ones, and yet to have weight, why I should go and visit the place, and the end of it was that I did go. To tell my story as briefly as possible, I merely mention that the next evening I reached a village about three quarters of a mile (I read this on a strange black handpost, the board of which swung round like a weathercock) from the mansion shown in the picture. The house was called Aslonby, in red letters on one side of the board, but it had another name, which I have forgotten, on the other. The moon was shining, so that the inscription came out distinctly, only it changed colour as the clouds passed over, as colours always do in intermittent moonlight. I remembered to have been told, and not to have believed.

The weather was uncertain, so I resolved to make the best use of my time, and, having bespoken a bed and supper at a quiet little inn (the sign of which had been taken down, but the landlady mentioned the name several times, which was absurd, as there was only one such house in the place), I walked out to visit the scene pictured by my friend. After leaving the direction post which I have described, and which was then working, by some action of the wind I supposed, like a telegraph, so that I could read it no longer, I made my way in the direction of the river, which I could see glimmering between some trees, and I knew that, either one way or the other, the house must be visible. I must have walked exceedingly fast, for in a few minutes I was on the bridge which you see, and the mansion was well in view. The moonlight was full upon it, and the architecture stood out just as you see. I mentally complimented my friend upon the accuracy of his eye. But the distance from the bridge to the house seemed much greater than in the picture, and the walk was to be all up hill, exercise which I then much dislike. Luckily, near the bridge was a man in a boat, and he was setting night lines for fish. Calling to him, he immediately rowed to the bank, and throwing a large quantity of fish upon the grass, some of them being of a sort which I had never seen, he handed me into the little vessel, and speedily brought me quite close under the house. There he showed me a flight of stone steps, which looked very slippery and mossy, but there was no choice for me. Feeling for silver to pay him, I found that I had no hesitation in telling him to get it changed and to take half a crown, and leave the rest at my inn for me. Then he looked very angrily, and said that he would not go near that inn if I would fill his boat with sovereigns. I did not know what to do, when happily, putting my hand into a breast-pocket, I found several new florins; so I gave him two. He inspected them by the moonlight, and returned me one, saying that it had not got the D. G. upon it. I was so pleased with his piety that I handed him two or three others, and it was odd that I was not surprised at his remembering the controversy that was raised, so long ago, about the omission of those initials from the coinage, and the amended reissue. But I was so eager to see the house that I attended to little else.

Then I went up the steps, and they seemed interminable. But I was glad to find that they were lighted with gas at various landings, and I noted that there were placards and advertisements stuck up on the walls right and left. I could not see to read these papers, but I made out that they were all in the Lancashire dialect, and therefore concluded that the family who had deserted the mansion was a Lancashire family, especially as I read here and there the word "witches." This explanation seemed so satisfactory to me that I laughed aloud, and immediately I heard that very raven set up a great croak, and his wings went flapping heavily.

"I am glad he is gone," I said, "for they are spiteful wretches; or he may have companions, and ravens are"—

"No more spiteful than you are," said the raven, coming out of a hole and stalking by my side, every now and then stopping to pick up a snake and bite it in halves.

"You're a cruel beast," I said, "let the poor snakes alone."

"I am a bird," he said, "and if you call me a beast I'll see what the calves of your legs are made of." And thereon he snapped another large snake in halves.

Now, I like snakes, and I am fond of calling on a friend who has a tame boa-constrictor, which we feed with live white mice. It seemed a wrong to our friendship to permit cruelty, so I hit at the raven with my umbrella. It had steel ribs, but he instantly bit right through them, and croaked out joyously, "It's going to rain cats and dogs, hooray," and he vanished.

But he was an untruthful raven; for when I got to the top of the steps, and found myself trampling the grass on the terrace, the moon was shining out just as you see, with the small cloud at the lower limb. It suddenly occurred to me that I was Alp the Renegade, who looked to heaven and saw on high the cloud she spake of in the sky. However, it did not seem much to matter, and the next minute I was under that porch to the right. On the door there was a great brass knocker, and this was very bright and clean.

"Wonders that the knocker is clean. There is a fool!" said a croaking voice. And there, through the balustrade, I saw that insolent raven again, peering at me. I looked about for a convenient stone to smite him, but not one would come

out of the ground; so I flung the remains of my poor umbrella at him, and he went into a most violent rage, and used words quite improper to be set down at Christmas, or any other time.

"Go in!" he said. "O, go in! Pray go in! Yes! But what about coming out again? Oh! Ah!"

Just then the great door opened, and I forgot all about the raven; for I beheld a large hall, hung round with swords, guns, bows and shields, and several rows of fire-buckets, on which I read my own initials; and this, for some reason, put me into much fury—I have no idea why. There was a huge clock on the wall at one end, and it was like the one in Exeter Cathedral, where the sun is shown to be going round the earth, and there was a hole for a star, like that in the picture of Our Lady, over the altar in the cathedral at Boulogne. The clock was going, I seemed to know that; but it was wrong, for the time on it was "III." There was no furniture in the hall, except a very large kitchen table of white wood. Bounce down upon that table came that abominable bird, looking blacker than ever, by contrast.

"The clock's right enough," he said. "So don't tell falsehoods."

"Why, I haven't spoken," I said; "and you're a nice bird to talk of falsehoods. You said it was going to rain cats and dogs."

"So it is," he said. "I hear them mewling and barking."

"If this place were like any other place"—I began, in a rage, and looking for a missile.

"Ah! but it isn't," he answered. "There's your folly again. In fact, I never saw such a fool as you are. Hooray!"

"You ought not to rejoice at anyone's being a fool," I said; "but you are a spiteful beast. I said so before."

"You said I was cruel. Now, then, who tells crackers? Hooray!"

I was getting into such a state of mingled disgust and discomfiture—if you know the sensation—that I wanted to go away. But the door had closed, and somehow it had become locked, and I could see no key.

"Spring-lock," said the raven. "Shut you in for ever," like the bride in Sam Rogers's poem. Nobody can open that lock unless he spells Constantinople with a "K."

"You're ignorant enough even for that," I said. "Set your wit to a bird! And you call Shakespeare your uncle," replied the raven. "O, my prophetic soul, my uncle! and here he comes."

Out of what corner door I know not, but there came, not any uncle of mine, nor Shakespeare, but a Ghost. There was no mistake about it. A ghost of the regular old pattern—white sheet, ashy face, large red eyes, and a ghastly grin. "How do you like that?" said the raven.

"That doesn't frighten me," I said. "I didn't want to frighten you," said the spectre, who, for a ghost, was not bad-looking, and it spoke in a melancholy sort of way. "I wanted to ask you whether you could not recommend me for a job. I have been out of work a long time. I'm old, I know that. But I could terrify a good many people still, if a writer would only introduce me properly. Could you speak a word to some literary party for me?"

"Why," I said, "you see you are old, as you say, and out of fashion, and ghosts of another pattern are so generally acceptable. It would give me sincere pleasure to promote your interests, but there is at present so abundant a supply of the class of"—

"Don't quote editorial circulars," said the atrocious raven. "That's just it," said the melancholy ghost, suddenly smiling from ear to ear (I could see the smoke come out of its mouth, and I secretly began to wish that I had a cigar).

"No smoking about the funnel," said the bird. "I never wished for a poker so much in all my life."

"You play poker!" said the raven. "You couldn't. Besides, it would be immoral in the head of a family."

"Get me a job, there's a dear," persisted the ghost, coming up to me. And that I certainly did not like, and I began to feel suffocated, and I thought I should like to get out of the hall.

"Out of the frying-pan into the fire," remarked the raven. And the ghost kept coming closer and following me up as I retreated, and at last I fell backwards against a secret panel. I knew it was this at once, and scrambled with my hands behind me to open the spring.

"Now he'll catch it," croaked the raven, dancing like mad on the table.

The panel gave way behind me, and I stumbled back into a huge kitchen. Such a noble one. The walls glittered with pots and pans and bright pewter, and a wealth of hams and plum-puddings in bags hung from the rafters. And such a glorious fire; with a smoke-jack at work roasting something—I could not make out what. There was a cook, with a white apron and cap, and he was beating a boy violently. But that gave me no more concern than if I had been a Prefect at a school. It was the rest of the company present that excited my attention.

They were either sitting on tables, or on the long dresser, or lounging about, and three or four had perched themselves on shelves, or on the high mantelpiece. The odd thing was that there was one of them wherever I looked, though I knew he had not been there before I looked. Not to affect any mystery with you, they were all Ghosts.

And what hurt me most was to notice that among them were three or four ghosts of my own making, who kept aloof from me, coldly, and looked reproachfully. My conscience told me what this meant. But if it had not there was the voice of the eternal raven.

"Never treated 'em conscientiously—never believed in 'em yourself—now they cut you. Hooray!"

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless ghost," I said.

"Serve you right," said the raven, trying to bite me; but I did kick him into a fluster of feathers and shriek that time. An outraged author is a man to beware of. The bird vanished again; but I heard him croaking for a good while, and I enjoyed the noise, for I thought I had hurt him. Then I felt a hot breath, and there was that mendicant old ghost at my elbow again.

"Get me a job, do!" it said. "None of those will work."

"Not work," I said; "but indeed they will—every man-jack-o'-lantern of them all."

"Yah!" cried the raven, between my legs again. "That's wit. Yah!" And he successfully eluded a vicious stamp aimed at him.

"Not work," I repeated; "we want them all for Christmas. They are as necessary as snapdragons. Why, they are all old friends. Don't I know every one of them. How do you do, ladies and gentlemen?"

"I'm very well, thank you," said the Face of Terror, that looks in at the pale student's window, when he has been writing at midnight.

"And I," said the Being that rustles amid bed-curtains and leaves the room with a shriek.

"Sure I'm all right, glory be to the saints, and thanks to your honour for asking," said the Banshee.

"Never better," said the Form that glides through empty houses and rattles chains.

"A little hoarse, but that's the weather," said the Voice

that answers you when you talk to yourself in the abandoned summer-house.

"I've a cold, but it's nothing," said the Something that lays an icy hand on your brow in bed.

"Rest has done me good," said the Dead Person who sits in the corner seat of the railway carriage, and disappears in the tunnel.

"And early hours have set me up," said the pale Third in the opera-box, whom all see but the guilty pair between whom she sits.

"Not a good hunting country," said the Spectre Hound of Man; "but one can manage."

"For an inland place, the air is fresh enough," said the Figure that is seen sitting at night on the ship's bulwark.

"Quite pleasant to me," said the Apparition that waits in the bachelor's grim chambers to frighten him as he opens the black door on his return from a party.

"I like to be where one can breathe," said the Nameless Object that hides behind the wife's dresses, hanging in the wardrobe, and weeps all night.

"Flowing water is a change from the stillness of a well," said the Head that is always seen in it, but never can be fished up.

"And from perpetual splash," said the White Shape that sits on the great wheel of the haunted mill and shudders at the cruel foam.

"For me, I hate holly," said the Presence that is seen by one doomed family, in the gloomy pew behind the column.

"It's pleasant to be off duty," said the Mystery whose heavy step is heard in the passage at one in the morning.

"And there is company, and that's a lark," said the little voice of the Child that was turned out of doors by the cruel stepmother, and that comes, one night of snow, to sit on her doorstep and wail.

"Ay, lad, and company be main jolly," said the Farming-man who hanged himself on the apple-tree because Jane slighted him, and who wanders about it looking for the bit of the sixpence they broke and divided.

"The society is mixed, but not disagreeable," said the aristocratic Phantom that stares at you from the old-fashioned mirror hanging so high that you get on a chair to look into it.

"I like a house with plenty of room on the ground floor," said the Presence that meets you coming down stairs in the grey dawn.

"I should be quite happy," said the Second Sight, "if I had not lost my spectacles."

"And I," said the Thing that stands behind you when you are dressing for the ball, and looks over your shoulder into the glass.

"Get me a job," again pleaded the Old Ghost, so pitifully that I was quite sorry for it. "For the fact is, our friends here have all—struck!"

"Struck!" I exclaimed. "Have I come into this romantic abode of the Silences and the Supernaturals to hear about Strikes?"

"Struck!" cried all the Ghosts, Forms, Phantoms, Things, Presences, Voices, Shapes, and Faces, in chorus. And they seemed to be dancing some kind of figureless reel, and flitting across and across like November meteors.

"Yes," said a Shape, coming forward, and making the ugliest faces. "We have suffered too long, and a trampled Ghost will turn. We have been ill-treated in every kind of way, we have all been made to do more foolish things than the youngest half-fledged Phantom among us would think of, and we have been accused of wickednesses of which the grimmest and worst old Spectre would be ashamed. Added to this, we have been laughed at, except when we have been considered bores. There shall be an end of all this, and from Hamlet's Father down to the last Christmas Apparition we have sworn that we will no longer supply terrors to ungenerous writers and an ungrateful public. Whish!" And it vanished.

Then they all burst into a song, which sounded to me like a parody on Mr. Planché—

"Why should we shrink from thus assailing
Those who have penned the ghastly page?
They have derided Goblins' wailing,
Let them beware a Goblin's rage."

"Get us a job, do," came once again from the Old Ghost, as the chorus was hushed. "I told you that none of them would do any work."

"And why have not you joined the union, you old Grizzle?" I asked. "Why do you stand aloof from your own fleshless and bloodless brethren?"

The Old Ghost seemed hurt, and drew itself up with as much dignity as belongs to an invertebrate existence.

"I am an old territorial Ghost," it said. "I have known better nights. The Castle Spectre was once my friend, and in Mr. Pitt's times I was on terms with the Ghost of a Grim Serag of Mutton. I cannot mix myself up with these mushroom apparitions."

"You are a Thing of the past," said a pert little Phantom, flicking by. "Some say that your father was a lantern on a broomstick, carried by a clown in a white sheet."

I think that the Old Ghost's eyes fired up at this, and that it set up a hideous yell, but I had sufficient employment to look after my own eyes. The raven, my persecutor, at this moment dashed at me, bit both my legs in a savage fashion, and then flew up at my face, flapping me with his heavy wings and making desperate efforts to lay hold of my nose. My hands seemed fastened down, and all I could do was to try to butt the creature away, and to utter what I meant for shouts to scare him off. He was winning the day, and I was sputtering under the cloud of feathers that beat about my head, when he said, in a gentler voice than I had heard him use,

"I wish that you would not bring nightmares into my studio. It isn't a stable."

Then came the gasp and the awakening, and there was my friend the artist standing by his picture and smoking a cigar. He had been calmly contemplating my sufferings, and, as he said afterwards, had obtained several valuable hints for sketches of the passions, especially of idiotic terror.

"Then," I said, at last, "what did you send me down to that infelicitous place for? You knew it was haunted, and I take it very unfriendly. I say, have you been in the room before?"

"Not since you came—that is, until just now."

"Then I will not take both champagne and port wine any more at any club to please anybody, and that's settled for ever. They only agree in making you miserable. Mind that, now."

"Is that the only apology I am to have for the abominable noise you have been making in my house? Because, if so, you had better come into the other room, and let us mix some things that will agree better."

"Very well, yes. And I will tell you my dream."

"Indeed you will not. Tell it at Christmas. People are tolerant at that time."

I suppressed my retort for this incivility because he was going to show me hospitality. And I have taken his advice.

But is not that picture, "Deserted," a charming picture?

S. B.

Archæology of the Month.

Her Majesty the Queen has been pleased to confer upon Mr. W. Gibbs Rogers, the carver in wood, a Civil List pension of £50 per annum. Mr. Rogers's principal works in London are in the Church of St. Mary-at-Hill, Billingsgate (the pulpit cost upwards of £500); St. Michael's, Cornhill (very elaborate); and a boxwood cradle, from a rich Italian design, suggested by the Queen.

The Church of St. Mildred, Bread-street, the living of which is now vacant, by the death of the Rev. A. Martineau, is one of the churches proposed by the recent Act to be pulled down; this church has neither morning nor evening services, the only one being on Sunday afternoon.

There is now on view, at 61, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, a selection from a vast number of antiquities discovered by General Cemola in the island of Cyprus. The Metropolitan Museum of New York has offered £10,000 for the collection.

Early in the ensuing year the exhibitions of prehistoric remains, held by the Society of Antiquaries in previous sessions, will be continued in an exhibition of bronze implements and weapons.

The remains of the late Very Rev. Dr. Husenbeth, the accomplished archæologist, were interred at St. Wulstan's Chapel, Cossey, on the 6th ult.; and a sermon was delivered at the funeral by the Very Rev. John Dalton, Canon of Northampton. Of this discourse, and a biographical notice appended to it, a very interesting précis appeared in *Notes and Queries* for the 30th ult. Dr. Husenbeth was one of the earliest adherents to the principles of total abstinence.

The new pastoral staff has been presented by subscription to the Bishop of Hereford. It was carved out of a pillar of the episcopal residence at Hereford, built about 1180, so that the tree of which the staff is made was growing long before the Norman Conquest, and possibly when the see was re-established, under the Saxon prelate Putta, in the seventh century. The upper portion is elaborately carved with the figure of our Lord and the Agnus Dei. Silver (oxidised) is the only metal adopted, relieved with gold and elaborate enamel work; the projections surrounded with metal bands, and set malachites and carbuncles, cut in the ancient manner, are the decorations.

Casars' Camp at Wimbledon, long threatened, has already been inclosed "for building purposes;" but Mr. Bedford, in the Court of Common Council, shows there to be still means for saving it. The Act of Parliament passed last Session substituted a voluntary for a compulsory metage of grain, and made the money derivable from this source applicable to preserving open spaces outside the metropolitan boundary. The Act has come into operation; it produces three sixteenths of a penny per cwt., which would yield about £25,000 a year. With this fund may first be secured Epping Forest, and then Wimbledon. To borrow a line from Dryden—

The greater part performed, achieve the less.

At the recent general meeting of the Sheffield Architectural Society some interesting traces of the remains of Sheffield Castle were made, which, says the *Builder*, "vindicate the authority of tradition against the incredulity of modern learning. Mr. Hunter mentions, only to dismiss as a fable, the old story of a subterranean communication between the castle and the Manor. The excavators, in sinking a shaft nearest to the Sheaf, cut across a subterranean passage excavated out of the solid rock, running in the direction of the Market Hall, partially obstructed, but still some 4 ft. in height, and perfect as to its roof. Portions of the castle wall, about 20 ft. below the ground, were also found, proving the castle to have been built of large rubble, with dressed quoins, though there are no vestiges above ground.

Ripon Cathedral has been formally reopened, after complete restoration, under the direction of Sir Gilbert Scott at the cost of £40,000, the work extending over ten years. The building was in such a state of dilapidation as to require the underpinning of the two western towers to supply them with new and secure foundations. The interior of the choir has been renovated, and its plaster ceiling replaced by an oak roof, ribbed with gold and decorated with various colours.

Rochester Cathedral has been reopened, its interior renovated, the tower arch thrown open, and its west window, the most interesting relic of the original church, reglazed.

In a field at Jeffrey's Wood Cross, Coventry, about a yard below the surface, has been laid bare a series of twelve arches built of tile, inclosed within rubble walls of stone, and containing openings to a flue. Some archæologists have no doubt of the building having been used as a furnace or warming apparatus. At first sight it bears some resemblance to a Roman hypocaust or sweating-bath.

At the meeting of the British Archæological Association, Mr. J. W. Bailey has described in the *Builder* many articles recovered from Victoria-street, London, including two skulls of the Bos longifrons, which were exhumed from a depth below the Roman stratum, and found amongst piles; several examples of Samian and British ware, one of the latter of the fourth century, a time when it now becomes difficult to determine whether they are Roman or purely British, but this specimen, from its large mouth, must unquestionably be British; a spouted vessel, somewhat later, but still British; a chafing-dish of the sixteenth century, pertaining to a barber's shop. The Rev. Mr. Hodgson also sent to the meeting an account of discoveries at Monkwearmouth church, and especially of a monument of a priest, Eberie, formed out of a previous Saxon tomb, the name erased, was probably contemporary with Bede. Mr. Crickmay, of Weymouth, exhibited drawings of a Roman pavement at Preston Weymouth, not previously illustrated; and Mr. J. W. Grover described a Roman villa recently discovered at Keston, Kent.

Mr. G. Smith, of the British Museum, gives the following account of the record of the Deluge which he has lately deciphered from the Assyrian monuments:—"The cuneiform inscription which I have recently found and translated gives a long and full account of the Deluge. It contains the version or tradition of this event which existed in the early Chaldean period at the city of Erech (one of the cities of Nimrod), now represented by the ruins of Warka. In this newly-discovered inscription the account of the Deluge is put as a narrative into the mouth of Xisuthrus or Noah. He relates the wickedness of the world, the command to build the ark, its building, the filling of it, the Deluge, the resting of the ark on a mountain, the sending out of the birds, and other matters. The narrative has a closer resemblance to the account transmitted by the Greeks from Berosus, the Chaldean historian, than to the Biblical history, but it does not differ materially from either; the principal differences are as to the duration of the Deluge, the name of the mountain on which the ark rested, the sending out of the birds, &c. The cuneiform account is much longer and fuller than that of Berosus, and has several details omitted both by the Bible and the Chaldean historian. This inscription opens up many questions of which we knew nothing previously, and it is connected with a number of other details of Chaldean history which will be both interesting and important. This is the first time any inscription has been found with an account of an event mentioned in Genesis."

THE BARROW OF BORDEAUX;
OR, A LIFE'S MYSTERY.

PROLOGUE.

(EXTRACT FROM A LETTER WRITTEN BY THE PERSON KNOWN AS CHARLES DENMONT TO HIS FRIEND X—.)

It is not too late. I am a broken old man, weary of a world which once caressed as lavishly as it has since cruelly persecuted me. Two generations have appeared on the scene before whom I have been silent. Now I may speak. If, at the last moment, my persecutors—should they yet live—will but confess their crime, I shall have for them nothing but forgiveness.

CHAPTER I.

A DREAM OF HAPPINESS.

I was twenty-two when, while staying at Boulogne, I fell in love with Clotilde, the only daughter of the Comte de Champvilliers, a name so illustrious in the annals of France as to know no equal, still less a rival.

Clotilde, at the time I speak of, was the loveliest brunette ever shone upon by the glorious sun of Southern France. Ah, Clotilde, how I loved you! how I love you!

I had no rivals. My wealth, without being enormous, was more than that possessed by the noble family into which I was marrying, and was sufficient of itself to attract the secret envy and the public homage of society, whether in France or England.

The latter country, indeed, I seldom visited, except for the purpose of buying horses, carriages, and harness, which, at the period of which I speak, could not be obtained in anything like perfection out of London. Clotilde was passionately fond of equestrian exercise, and I had promised her that the first winter of our married life should be spent in one of the best hunting counties of England.

For me this taste of Clotilde's was, as events have subsequently proved, most fortunate. I invested largely, under a *nom de commerce*, in English funds and securities; purchased a fine property in Xshire; manned a yacht of two hundred tons, which I called the Clotilde, in honour of my betrothed; entered a horse for the Derby; and, having paid my final visit to England, as a bachelor, returned to Boulogne in order to make arrangements for my approaching marriage.

CHAPTER II.

SHADOWS ACROSS THE PATH.

One thing, and one thing alone, was a subject of difference between Clotilde and myself. Smoking was at the time of which I speak not the rule among young men of fashion, but the exception; and in this I had indulged for many years. At Clotilde's request, I was gradually breaking myself of the habit, and had limited myself to one cigar a day, which I used to smoke every evening on quitting Clotilde. On these occasions I used to light my cigar and walk up and down the pier, whence I could see the light in Clotilde's window, and could give way to those sweet reveries which form perhaps the sweetest portion of everyone's life, certainly of a lover's.

On the evening of the third day previous to the one now fixed for our wedding, I had dined, as usual, at the Count's, and Clotilde and I, assisted by the old people, had sketched out our plans for the future; had arranged how we were to meet in England, how we were to pass our honeymoon in Italy, how—how, in fact, we were to be as happy as the days were long.

That night, contrary to her custom—for French mothers of noble lineage are invariably most strict in all that regards their daughters—Clotilde was permitted to accompany me down stairs and to bid me *bon soir* and *au plaisir* at the front door.

Was it a strange presentiment that made me clasp her in my arms as though to protect her from some invisible spirit of ill passing by? We were loth to part from one another that night. We had little to say save good-night, which we repeated at intervals at least twenty times, and took no account of the rapidly-fleeting minutes.

"You love me so much," she murmured.

"Great Heaven! how I loved her at that moment! Once more I stand, in thought, as I have stood often in the dreams of night, at the entrance to the courtyard of the Hôtel Champvilliers. We embraced, passionately, for the last time that night . . . and for ever.

There were signs of a storm in the air. Signs ashore, signs at sea. Flitting clouds obscuring the waning moon, and a chill wind that seemed to sigh, as it swept over the cliffs, towards the channel. Mechanically I wrapt my cloak about me and made for the pier. Boulogne pier was not then what I have seen it since, and far different from what it is at the present day.

Besides, at the time of which I speak it was under repair, and gigantic piles and beams half-sawn, thick planks, ropes, and chains were lying about, or were propped up against one another in strange confusion. Great blocks of stone, too, there were, which ever and anon streaked the pier with broad black shadows, in the fitful moonlight, appearing to me as ghostly companions come to relieve the solitude of the night.

Against the pier railing I leant and smoked. It was high tide, and the waves plashed lazily against the supports of the pier with a low, murmuring sound, as though they were merely turning over in their sleep and were rocking themselves, slumbering, towards the shore.

Hardly a twinkle of light on land, and a brighter star than its fellows only occasionally to be seen peering out from behind the filmy veil above. Heaven and earth had closed their eyes, and I seemed to be alone in the universe.

Alone, and yet so happy, in that still and silent night. The church clocks from the town sounded the hour. Midnight. My cigar was half consumed, and the remainder would last me as far as my house.

Thus speaking to myself, I turned to throw one last lingering glance towards the window where Clotilde's candle had but a quarter of an hour since been extinguished, when I became aware for the first time that I was not the only person on the pier.

Two indistinct forms emerged from behind the blocks of stone. To leave the pier I saw at once that there was nothing for it but to pass them, and that at close quarters.

As I approached them, they moved towards a spot where, on account of the lumber lying about, there could be only passage for one person at a time. I paused to consider my next step, and decided upon resuming my former position. Perhaps they had not noticed me, or, for some reasons of their own, wished to escape observation.

A few seconds made their object apparent. They advanced towards me.

"Good evening, Sir," said the first and taller of the two in a low tone. He spoke French with an accent which smacked strongly of the Basque Provinces.

I returned his salutation with as much sangfroid as I was capable of at the moment. There was just then light enough for me to see those two men distinctly, and from that day to

this I have never forgotten them. The man who addressed me was dressed in a rough, seafaring costume—as, indeed, they both were, only that the taller had a Spanish cloak around him, while his companion wore a thick woollen wrapper, a pea-jacket, and a pair of high fisherman's boots. The villainous expression of this man's countenance I have never seen equalled, and a black patch which he wore over his left eye made him still more hideous than Nature had originally intended him to be.

Unlike his taller companion, who wore a beard and moustache, this man was closely shaved, showing only a dark blue mask, as it were, over the lower half of the face. The uncovered eye shone out beneath a lowering and bushy eyebrow, as though, being alone, it were doing work enough for both; and allowing nothing to escape it on any account.

Having for many years been accustomed to travel in the wildest parts of Europe, I had, more from habit than from any feeling of nervousness, always carried a small pistol in my breast pocket. Instinctively I felt for it. It was gone!

CHAPTER III.

THE SECRET IS NAMED.

The men were now standing within two yards of me, the taller somewhat in advance of his companion.

"A beautiful night for enjoying a cigar," said the former, in the same low tone in which he had first addressed me.

I nodded assent somewhat coldly, and watched their movements so narrowly that, on the slightest hint, I should have put myself on the defensive.

The tall man, who had already taken the initiative, now continued, while the shorter one, standing a few paces behind him, kept casting furtive glances in every direction, as though he were expecting either assistance or a surprise. Occasionally I fancied I detected him in the act of raising the patch which concealed his left eye, but of this I was not certain then, nor am I now. Enough for me that, with or without that black patch, his features are indelibly impressed on my memory.

"We have," the tall man informed me, in a whisper which seemed to chill me to the very marrow, "we have some of the finest cigars that were ever made—the real Caballero's brand—the value of which, in America, is something like six hundred francs a pound; and in England not a single Havannah of this make can be obtained for less than five shillings a cigar."

I thanked him for this piece of intelligence, and attempted to put an end to further conversation by telling him that I should, in future, have no need of tobacco in any shape, as I had determined upon giving up smoking entirely.

"I told you so," said the shorter of the two, in so rasping and hoarse a voice, that it seemed like the spirit of a sea-fog speaking.

"You are right, comrade," replied the former without turning, "and Monsieur will do well—nay, he cannot do better—than inspect such a stock as we can show him of silks, cashmere, diamonds of Ind, golden lace of Japan, emeralds from the Caucasus, and such treasures as would make a bridal present matchless, above price, unique."

Enthusiastic as he was, he never allowed his voice to rise for one second above a whisper, intensified to a greater or less degree; nor did I notice that, during his speech, his companion relaxed in the least his perpetual vigilance. For the matter of that, no more did I. However, my method was to avoid any chance of collision by sufficient politeness; and, though my caution suggested to me that I should here attempt to close the conversation, yet my curiosity was aroused.

"Such things," said the hoarse echo of the taller man, "as will make Mademoiselle de Champvilliers"—I could not repress a start, but he continued as if without noticing it—"the happiest bride in all France."

"Prenez-garde, Martin!" interrupted the watcher, laying a sinewy hand upon his companion's arm. Then they both turned, and, as the moonlight fell beyond them, they shaded their eyes with their open palms, and tried to penetrate the distant gloom. It was a false alarm. I told them that I had heard nothing.

"Ah, Monsieur," replied the one called Martin, "our eyes and ears are practised. Say, then, you, Monsieur, who have not yet made your choice, would you bestow the most superb gift that art and nature can produce upon your bride?"

Clotilde again. What could these men know of her? What of me and of my marriage? It was true that I had not yet selected the cadeau which was to be the crowning memento for the future of the day of our union. But why should these men interest themselves? Were they smugglers, anxious to dispose of their valuable but dangerous goods?

I confided to them my suspicions. With much sophistry Martin defended himself from any imputation of dishonesty; and, indeed, so reasonably and so forcibly did he urge his claims, proving, moreover, the priceless advantages which would accrue to me from my dealings with himself and his partner (Gaspar, he named him), that I finally lent a not unwilling ear to their description, and, having lighted one of the largest and certainly finest cigars I had ever seen—for which I was indebted to Gaspar, who carried a box of them concealed under his ample seafaring coat—I prepared to accompany them, or rather to follow them, to their abode in the town.

I imagined to myself the pleasure that would be in Clotilde's eyes on receiving such a present as I now contemplated procuring for her. As we neared the entrance to the pier, a sudden thought occurred to me, which I saw would be at once my safeguard in case treachery were intended, and a test of their honesty. It was this: I had no money beyond a few francs with me.

"It is no matter," answered Martin.

"We can trust Monsieur," said Gaspar.

"And, in proof, are we not doing so," asked Martin; "perhaps, it may be, with our lives?"

I replied that they were safe with me. So we walked on, silently, with wolf-like steps.

"And yet," said Martin, stopping short under shadow of the old town wall (I believe it has long since been pulled down), and addressing himself to Gaspar more than to me, "And yet, if he knew—"

"If!" sneered Gaspar. Then, dropping his voice to its former low, hoarse whisper, he continued, "If it were worth his while to reveal our secret we would not bring him hither; if it would raise this suspicion and bring us and ours to the guillotine, we would not bring him hither. Would we comrade?"

"Assuredly not," answered Martin.

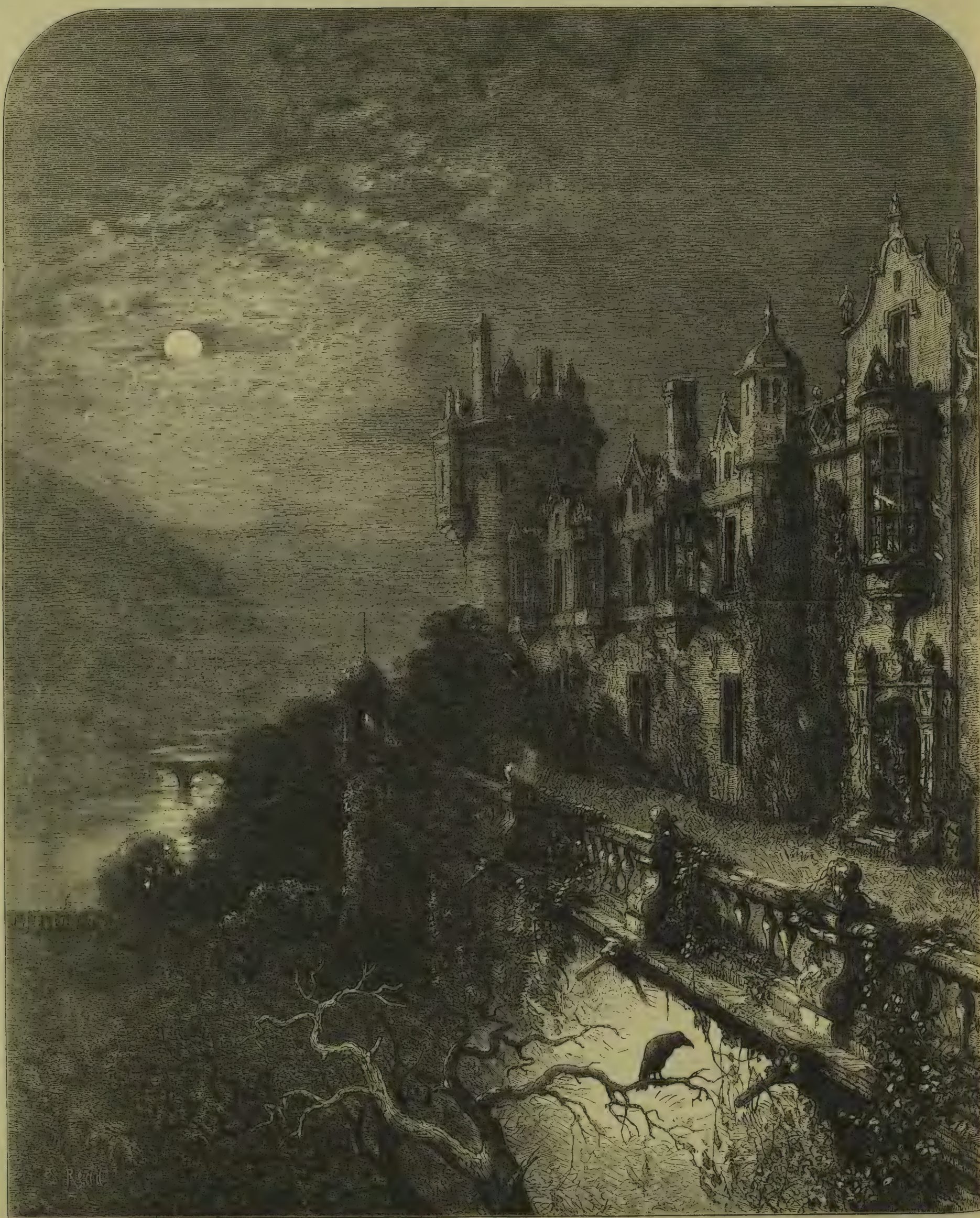
"Why, then, let us not hesitate to tell him of the treasure—the treasure—in our possession. It binds him to us, does it not?"

"Certainly it does," responded the other.

"Without an oath?" asked Gaspar.

"Without an oath," answered Martin.

I was so attentive to this dialogue that I had no time to remark anything about the streets and turnings which we were taking, except that they all seemed new to me. To listen and to pick one's way over the vile stones was no easy matter for a stranger in that quarter. Here and there a small oil-lamp, burning before some devotional statue at the corner of a



DESERTED. DRAWN BY S. READ.



THE UNWELCOME GUEST. DRAWN BY J. A. PASQUIER.



"The taller had a Spanish cloak, while his companion wore a thick woollen wrapper, a pea-jacket, and a pair of high fisherman's boots."

street, was the only sign of life to be met with. Occasionally the massive stone wall and heavy wooden gate of some ancient church came upon us suddenly (rather than we upon it), from out of the quaint, overhanging, gabled old houses, which seemed herded together for warmth's sake in that poverty-stricken district. Startled rats leapt from the open drains at our approach, and spectre-like dogs snarled at us over the loathsome garbage.

When I came up with them again they were speaking of Clotilde.

"It will," Martin was saying "be the secret of her existence. If she does not know it"—Here he hesitated.

"If she does not," said Gaspar, hoarsely, "her doom is sealed."

What unknown danger threatened Clotilde? Wherever they might be leading me, I had decided to learn all now.

"Yes," continued Gaspar, placing his hand on his companion's shoulder, and lifting up towards his a face which almost equalled his own, in its awful pallor. "Yes! we will show him the"—He paused, supporting himself by his friend's shoulder, while a visible tremor passed through his frame.

"Name it, comrade!" said Martin.

They had stopped under an old archway. I would not for my life have missed one word.

"We will show him," replied Gaspar, still convulsively grasping his companion's shoulder, "the *Barrow of Bordeaux*."

There was silence for some seconds as Martin leant against the wall, and Gaspar, apparently, wiped the perspiration from his own livid countenance. Then Martin asked, in a tone which hardly reached my ear,

"The *Barrow*, comrade?"

"Ay," replied Gaspar, with the air of a man who had formed a desperate resolve. "It must be; it shall be. . . . Now—in this place—for her sake more than his, we will show him the *Barrow of Bordeaux*."

"Agreed."

For her sake more than his! . . . The *Barrow of Bordeaux*! . . . I had no time for even one question as Gaspar beckoned me to approach the spot where they were standing.

Martin now took from a chain which for the first time I saw about his neck a small brass rule, which glittered even in the faint light that reached the archway.

"Three to the right, good," he said, as he completed a measurement in that direction.

"Three to the left," he continued, while Gaspar knelt on the rough stones and gave three knocks with a small hammer, at the same moment that Martin displaced a large brick, behind which was a strong iron ring.

"At last!" exclaimed Gaspar, and producing a stout cord



"Fly for your life!" hissed Gaspar in my ear. See, Martin has gone. Coward! Leave go, or by Heaven!"

he was about to fasten it to the ring when both men paused suddenly in their work and regarded each other with looks of mingled hatred and mistrust.

"You have not deceived me?" said Martin, sternly.

"On my soul!" hissed Gaspar.

"Hush!"

A measured tramp within a few paces of us. The gendarmes! An agony of listening followed, as we heard the sergeant giving some word of command. Then, judging by the sound, the company divided, and the equal tread was evident on both sides of the street.

"Fly for your life!" hissed Gaspar in my ear.

"But," I asked hurriedly, for I felt that every second of delay was dangerous, and yet I knew not why. "But what is this of Clotilde's life . . . her happiness . . . say, when will you show me this—"

"*Barrow of Bordeaux*?" he whispered, hoarsely. "The same time—and place—to-morrow! See, Martin has gone. Coward! Leave go, or by Heaven!"

He dashed me aside with savage fury, and disappeared within the darkest part of the arch. In another second I heard a sound as of a plunge from a height into deep water, and once again the voice of the sergeant commanding a halt. Then I waited for no more, but, creeping out from beneath the archway, gained the open street. Once here, I stole on, at first stooping and under the wall; then, as I heard the challenge "Qui va là?" and the sharp click of the muskets, I ran forward—furiously, blindly, guided only by the instinct of self-preservation. Now to the right, now to the left. On—on—on; followed, at length, only by the dying echoes of my foot-falls, until, striking my foot against some stone steps which abutted a wall, I fell exhausted, and fainted with the pain.

CHAPTER IV.

HAUNTED. A TERRIBLE TRIAL.

When I recovered I found myself in my own bed. Standing at its side were an old priest and a sister of charity.

They had found me near the quay, they said; and, guided by a card in my pocket-book, they had brought me to my house.

My knee, in consequence of the cut, was very stiff and painful. I arose with difficulty and was startled by my haggard appearance in the looking-glass.

I commenced my toilet. As I did so the whole scene came back on my memory, and one name rang in my ears as though pronounced by mocking fiends, the "*Barrow of Bordeaux*."

After dispatching a letter to Clotilde excusing myself from my usual visit on a plea of illness, and appointing a meeting for the following day, I sallied forth. My one object now was to discover the place where I had parted with the men Martin and Gaspar on the previous night. If I could not find it by day, the search for it at night would be a hopeless task, and at night I had to meet them. Should I fail in this, what misery was there not in store for Clotilde?

I walked about, my knee causing me much trouble, until dusk, and with sunset I gave up the search in despair. I dared not ask anyone. And, indeed, for what could I inquire? I could name neither the street nor the arch—no, nor any street, house, or arch in the neighbourhood. I remained on the pier for hours, but the men never came.

Wearied, ill in body and mind, I sought my couch at day-break, but to no purpose. "*Barrow of Bordeaux*!" The words still rang in my ears and banished sleep. At ten I was to be at the Hôtel Champvilliers. I roused myself for an effort, and made up my mind to a course of conduct which would at least relieve me, to a certain extent, from the burden which was hourly becoming too terrible for me to bear. Clotilde should hear from me the danger, whatever it was, that threatened her; and, as I not unnaturally considered, perhaps she herself could, better than anyone else, tell me the import of these ill-omened words.

Full of this plan, I ran to the Count's house, and, mounting the stairs, stood before Clotilde in the drawing-room. My excited manner, which I in vain attempted to calm, and my pallid face alarmed her.

"Heavens!" she exclaimed; "what has happened?"

"Command your agitation, my dear Clotilde," I said. "Believe me, it is nothing—nothing, that is, of which, if you are but forewarned, you need be afraid. Tell me," I whispered, and my voice reminded me strangely of the hoarse tones of Gaspar, with the patch over his eye—"Tell me, what?" (I tried to smile, for I saw that already she was terrified, but I felt that I must go on, at any risk—"tell me what is the mystery—what?"—here I laid hold gently of her arm and brought my lips close to her ear—"what is the *Barrow of Bordeaux*!")

She gave me one look—I shall never forget it—and, raising her arms wildly aloft, uttered a piercing scream and fell senseless at my feet.

Before I could recover myself—before I could do more than cry "Clotilde, my own!"—her father, the aged Count, his white hair streaming over his morning robe, threw open the folding-doors and rushed in, followed by the Countess and the servants.

"What is this?" he exclaimed, horrorstruck.

"Mademoiselle has fainted," I gasped out. "I had only this moment entered, and—"

"What have you said to her?" asked her mother, who had by this time thrown herself on her knees by the apparently lifeless form of Clotilde.

"Nothing!" I cried. "I call Heaven to witness, nothing! I did but ask a question on which depended much of her—of our—happiness."

"What question?" demanded the Count, sternly.

Now then at last would come, I hoped, the explanation. "I asked her," I replied calmly, "what is the *Barrow of Bordeaux*?"

The Count started back pale as death, and the Countess, with one loud, agonising cry of pain, fell by the side of her unhappy daughter.

The domestics cowered in the background, and seemed too overcome with terror either to offer assistance or to oppose my exit.

The Count was the first to recover himself. "Quit my house for ever!" he cried, with suppressed fury, "and fortunate will it be for you!"

Here the noise of arms on the staircase attracted my attention, and in another second a sergeant of gendarmes entered the room.

The Count could only point at me as he staggered to a chair.

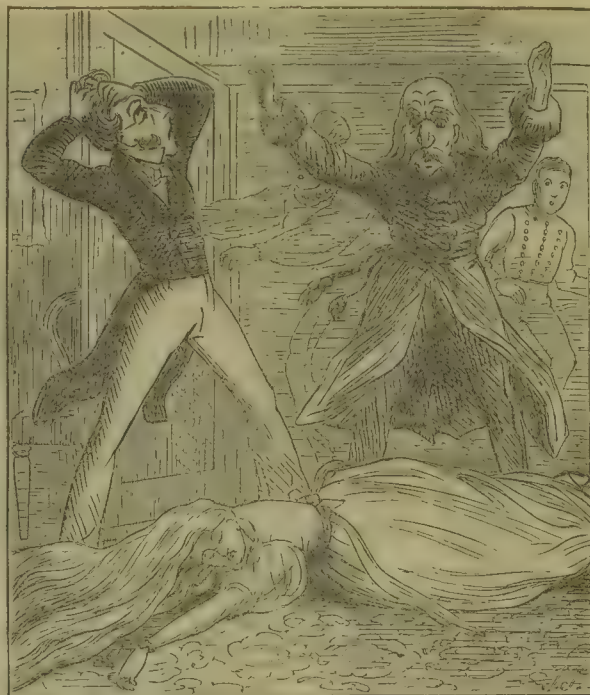
Briefly the gendarme required an explanation.

Briefly, and as collectedly as I could, I gave it him.

"Sergeant," I said, "I only asked this young lady—I only mentioned to her father—the *Barrow of Bordeaux*."

He did not allow me to finish my sentence. "Silence, criminal!" he exclaimed, in a voice of thunder. "Gendarmes, arrest him!"

In one instant I was a prisoner. Handcuffed and uncovered, surrounded by gendarmes with loaded muskets, I was marched through the town to the Hôtel de Ville. By the time I reached this ancient building the crowd was enormous.



"What is this?" he exclaimed, horrorstruck. "Mademoiselle has fainted," I gasped out.

The Maire, a venerable and amiable-looking man, was sitting on a bench behind a table whereat were seated a few town councillors, with their clerks. The business of the morning had been just concluded when I appeared before them.

"With what is he charged?" asked the Maire, benignly.

Something in his countenance told me that I might confide in him. Clearly, and with the utmost respect, I told my story.

The Maire's kind manner encouraged familiarity on my part, and set me completely at my ease.

"It is, indeed, Sir," I said, smiling, "a most ridiculous case, and one in which I own I am at a loss to account for the conduct of those who, till now, have been my dearest and best friends. The fact is, M. le Maire, as I have already said to Clotilde, I only wanted to know what was the *Barrow of*—"

"Grand Dieu!" exclaimed the Maire, his whole visage changing to one of the utmost horror; while the councillors fell back in their seats as though they had been struck lifeless by lightning.

"Double his fetters!" cried the Maire, and the gaoler obeyed his command.

"This is too grave a matter for this Court," said the Chief Magistrate, after conferring with the councillors. "Here is his warrant of commitment until the next session of the Supreme Court of Assize at Lyons. Gentlemen, the sitting is terminated. Officers, do your duty." Then, turning towards me, every trace of benignity having disappeared from his countenance,

"As for you, execrable monster," he said, "there may yet be time for repentance, though there can be no room for hope, and no justice in France if such as you were pardoned. Go, then, wretched man, assassin of society, outrager of all laws, human and Divine, I would not add one word to your sufferings by any sentence that I can pronounce. I thank Heaven this day that it is not within my province to utter the word which shall consign you to your doom—a doom that most surely awaits you from a higher court than mine—a doom so terrible that, unless sustained by the strongest and sternest sense of duty, even the most potent Judge in the land could not dare to award without a shudder. Go, outcast; repent, but dream not of hope. For you the word 'hope' does not exist!"

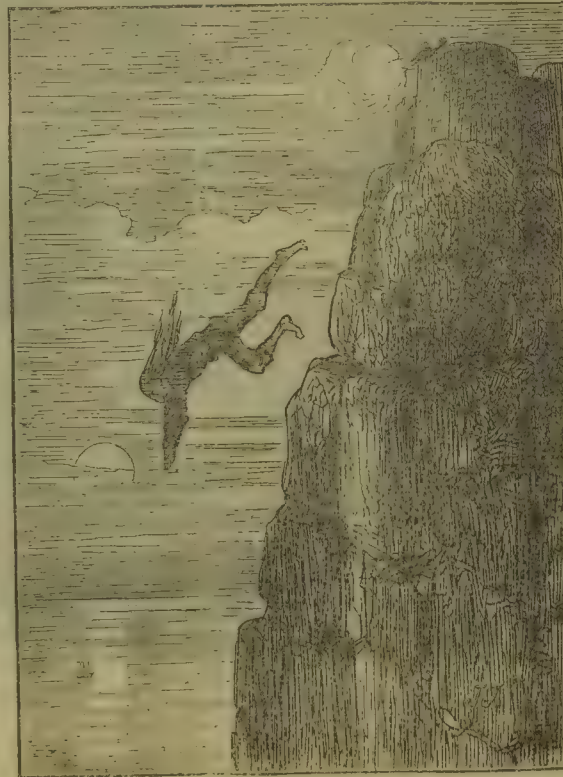
Maddened by my wrongs, weakened by suffering, I rushed towards the table. In a moment the whole court was in an uproar, and, battling with odds, fighting with the fury of a wild beast against his inhuman captors, I fell wounded, and at last, happily, senseless.

CHAPTER V.

THE PRISONER—THE ESCAPE—A SURPRISE.

I have little more to tell.

The superior court, in all its majesty, heard my case patiently to the end and called upon me for my defence. Once more I was obliged to pronounce the fatal words, and scarcely was the first syllable uttered than a thrill of horror ran through the court. The President, ringing his bell, ordered



"On dropping from the rock into the sea, I signalled a large vessel, which was flying the British colours."

me to be silent; and in a voice whose tremor betrayed his agitation pronounced my sentence,

"Imprisonment with hard labour for life."

The Gallies! . . .
Was this the end of all my dreams of happiness?—the gallies?

I was led out from that court a feeble, tottering old man, my hair as white as it is now. I was placed in cell No. 23. The number recalled me for an instant to myself. That day—the day on which I was sentenced to the gallies for life—was my twenty-third birthday! Then for the first time I sank on the stone floor, and my overpowering grief found vent in tears.

I pass over the next forty years of my miserable life. I was moved from one prison to another, until, spent with labour and worn by sorrow, I was unable to perform even the light tasks imposed upon me by the leniency of the authorities under whom I was placed.

Since the first day of my incarceration I had never once mentioned the dreaded *Barrow of Bordeaux*, and for a long time even the name and the circumstances seemed to have disappeared from my memory. Once, and once only, on what I believed to be my fiftieth birthday, I ventured to hint at it to the kind and affable gaoler who used often to stop and chat with me upon what was going on outside.

The effect upon him was that of a pistol-shot. He struck his forehead, and, waving me from him with his other hand, rushed out of my cell. The next day a new attendant waited upon me—a black man who did not understand either French or English—and I never saw my friendly gaoler again.

Fatal to myself, and to my friends, I determined from that moment to bury the hated name in oblivion.

How I contrived to escape from the fortress of F—I dare not mention here, lest some might be alive whom this information would incriminate. Enough that I escaped.

On dropping from the rock into the sea, I signalled to a large vessel which was flying the British colours; its boat put out to sea, rowed by four stout hearts, who reached me just as I was sinking from the third time, and the guns from the bastion were giving notice of the escape of a convict.

When I next awoke to consciousness it was in a luxurious berth. A trim ship's steward stood by my side.

"Where am I?" I inquired, first in French, then in English.

"Safe aboard, Sir," was the answer.

"Aboard what?"

Imagine the tremendous start of pleasure and surprise that I gave when he replied,

"Aboard the yacht *Clotilde*."

"*Clotilde*!" I shouted.

"*Clotilde*," he answered, calmly. "*Schooner-rigged, 200 tons; owner, Sir Charles Denmont.*"

CHAPTER VI.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

I fell back on my pillow, staring at him in blank astonishment. Then I begged him to repeat his information. I had no difficulty in proving my identity to the Captain's satisfaction. He was a thorough seaman, and, consequently superstitious. Fortunately, his superstition was in this instance rightly directed; for he had consulted an astrologer, who had foretold my reappearance at the very place and hour, when I was providentially picked up by my own men, in my own yacht. Captain Bomer was a veteran of seventy, as hale and hearty as when he first took charge of the *Clotilde*.

From him I learnt that during my absence my horse had won the Derby nearly half a century ago; that Sir Charles Denmont, my uncle, and after him, the trustees, had carefully nursed the property which I had purchased forty years ago in England. I now found myself in receipt of £500,000 per annum. These excellent trustees had also kept up my yacht, inspecting it once every year, and sending the captain on voyages of discovery in search of me, voyages which he turned to account by acquiring vast domains in Africa, America, and the north of Europe.

At sixty-three I was recommencing life in my own country.

For seven years I pursued the even tenour of my way, and raised a handsome mausoleum to the memory of my uncle, the late Sir Charles, whose title I had inherited. I satisfied all inquiries, and my profuse liberality stifled any impertinent curiosity. I stood for Parliament, and gained the day triumphantly.

After a while the old curiosity got the better of me. I determined to learn, before it was too late, the cause of the infamous prosecution to which I had been subjected.

One morning I set sail, and before night the yacht *Clotilde* was anchored off Boulogne.

In company with my skipper, on whose discretion I could implicitly rely, I visited all the lowest haunts of the town, and, employing the greatest caution, prosecuted my inquiries with regard to the two men Gaspar and Martin. I offered rewards in secret, and at least one hundred Gaspars and two hundred Martins responded to my invitation. They were of all ages and from all parts of France, but none of them were the Gaspar and the Martin I wanted. The town, too, had so totally changed since I had seen it, fifty years since, that it was with the greatest difficulty I recognised my own house (now a hotel); while in an extensive, gaudy-looking restoration I fancied I saw something that reminded me of the once noble mansion of the Comte de Champvilliers. The latter name was unknown in the place, but an old soldier with whom I was conversing one day, informed me that he remembered having served in Algeria under a colonel of that name, whose daughter had, years before, entered a convent, and who, himself, had died nobly in battle.

After spending a month in these fruitless investigations, I was about to embark for England, when one fine night, as I was standing, smoking my cigar, on the pier—and what

memories the curling smoke called up before me!—my attention was attracted by a gipsy-like-looking woman in the picturesque costume of a Boulogne fisherwoman. She was standing on the beach below, listlessly throwing pebbles into the sea.

I leant over, watching her. It was my fate that she should interest me. It was my fate that, half unconsciously, I murmured to myself, "Shall I never know it? . . . What mystery was hidden in the *Barrow of*—"

A soft voice took up my broken sentence. It uttered the word "*Bordeaux*."

The voice came from the gipsy girl below. She looked up, and our eyes met. Hastily descending, I joined her on the beach.

"Here at last," she said, dreamily.

"Here at last," I replied.

She placed her finger on her lips, and turned towards the steps leading up to the town.

"Come," she said; "I have waited for you. Follow me."

CHAPTER VII.

THE SECRET OF A LIFE.—THE CRONE'S REPARATION.

A storm, which had long been threatening, now broke over our heads. The lightning played fiercely in the heavens, and one fearful flash struck the pavement at my feet and ran along the gutters, swollen with the torrents of rain. Suddenly we paused, as if for shelter, under an archway. Not for shelter; no, though that we partially obtained. But now, as the awful thunderclap, which had succeeded the deadly flash, died away in the distance, I recognised distinctly the spot where, half a century before, I had stood with the two men—the very archway, unchanged, unaltered, that had seen the commencement of all my misery.

"You are not afraid?" asked my guide, as she touched a rusty iron ring in the damp stone wall.

"I am an Englishman," I replied; "and, were I not, I am seventy-two years of age, weak, and unarmed."



"Like a galvanised corpse, she raised herself suddenly, and seizing the candle in her right hand, held it high above her head."

"True," she replied, pressing back the ring and discovering a low doorway, beyond which was a steep flight of stairs. "Follow me. Ascend."

My eyes gradually becoming accustomed to the obscurity, I climbed the narrow staircase, which trembled beneath us at every step. With a heavy clang the door closed behind me, and on looking back I could see no sign of the place where I had so recently entered.

Up, up, up, in a fetid, dank atmosphere, such light as came through the chinks and crannies of the walls showing the abject squalor of the miserable dwelling-place, if such it could be by any possibility be for any human creature.

"We are here," said my guide, stopping before a door, at which she knocked three times. A faint voice from within bade us enter. The girl motioned me to pass in before her. I did so, and she, shutting the door after me, remained outside.

In a low garret, whose utter wretchedness, in keeping with what I had already seen, was rendered more apparent by the dim light of a candle, which flickered and guttered in the draughts, lay on a truckle-bed—if bed it could be called—an aged crone, whose pinched and sharpened features, thin, bony arms, and palsied hands, stretched out on the ragged coverlet, told of the last stage of famine and disease.

Her eyes were fixed upon me with a glassy stare, as if death were already setting them at rest for ever.

Feebly and with the utmost difficulty she spoke, while her breath came labouring slowly and heavily.

"I have sought you long," she said, "and I thank Heaven that I shall not die without doing the one act of reparation which alone remains in my power."

A fearful paroxysm of coughing ensued. After giving her some water, which I held to her lips in a small cracked earthenware cup, she summoned up strength for a fresh effort, and continued,

"My time on earth is short. Swear to me that what I shall reveal to you of . . . of . . . the"—She seemed to struggle convulsively with the words which came to her tongue. I knew what she would have said, and whispered in her ear,

"The *Barrow of*—"

"Hush!" she murmured, as if fearful, even there, of being overheard, while a shudder passed through her ema-

ciated frame. The storm, which had subsided for a while, now recommenced again with redoubled violence. The room swayed to and fro, as though lashed by the Atlantic waves; and, as the planks and rafters cracked and bulged above and around me, I feared lest the next moment should witness the fall of the tottering ruin, which at every blast threatened to bury us in its own destruction.

"Speak," I cried, "ere it is yet too late."

"I will," she replied, faintly; then, rousing herself with the last energy of death, she clutched me with her withered hand, "Swear that with what I shall reveal you will never injure those whom I place in your power!"

"I swear it."

"Swear that, except for justice, you will not breathe the names of those whom"—

She gasped for breath. I intimated that I understood her meaning, and gave her my solemn promise.

"And for her—for my daughter"—she whispered, "you will provide . . . you will . . . for you are rich . . . you will give her sufficient money to enable her to leave this detested country?"

From my pocket-book I took a bank-note for a hundred thousand francs.

"Give it her now—quick—quick!" she cried, hoarsely.

I opened the door and roused the girl, who had fallen asleep on the landing.

"Your mother bids me give you this," I said.

"The price?" she asked; then added, "Good!" and placed the paper in her bosom, and descended the creaking staircase.

Once again I stood by the bedside. The miserable crone, exhausted by her efforts, was fast sinking. I leant over her and said, distinctly, in her ear,

"The secret—now."

I fell back horrified, as, like a galvanised corpse, she raised herself suddenly on her elbow, and, seizing the candle in her right hand, held it high above her head.

Her eyes glared like those of a wild beast, and her whole body trembled with the fearful frenzy of what I knew now must be her last agony. "So . . . kneel, man—kneel!"

Unhesitatingly I knelt. A terrific blast shook the rafters, and I heard a crash above me as of a falling roof. She heeded it not.

"Now," she cried, "You who would know why Gaspar . . . why Martin . . . both dead, oh, Heaven! both dead! . . . why they led you on to your doom . . . listen!"

I bent my head forward eagerly to catch every word.

She continued, "They but told you the name . . . ha! ha! . . . You have now to learn—and from me, from me—Heaven forgive me! . . . from me, that the *Barrow* . . ."

She paused. "Speak!" I urged her, clenching my hands wildly, as the perspiration rolled in beads from off my forehead.

"The *Barrow of Bordeaux*," she gasped, "was—was . . . Ah!" With a fearful scream she threw her arms up in the air . . . the candle dropt from her grasp . . . and as an awfully vivid flash of lightning tore the roof above us and passed through the room, followed by a sharp, crackling report, as of a platoon of musketry . . . she fell backwards on the pillow . . . dead!

My friend, the secret perished with her.

I failed in my attempts at tracing the note which I had given to the girl. The mystery remains unsolved. I shall be glad to hear of anyone

able to reveal to me, fully and entirely, the terrible secret involved in the words which I now write for the last time, *The Barrow of Bordeaux*.

F. C. BURNAND.

THE UNWELCOME GUEST.

In the scene, half humorous, half-serious, of old English social history, which Mr. Pasquier has set before us, we recognise one of those disagreeable adventures, related in the chronicles of a hundred and fifty or two hundred years ago, showing the unsafe condition of many parts of the country for want of an efficient police. In those days, when rich persons travelled in coaches drawn by six horses and escorted by a band of armed men-servants, at the rate of fifty miles a day in summer and thirty in winter, the mounted highwayman, taking his stand on the road crossing an unfrequented heath or passing through a shady wood, had many opportunities for playing his lucrative vocation. Purses, gold watches, and jewels were yielded with little demur to the request of a tall fellow whose commanding presence was attended with a perceptible reserve of truculent ferocity, evidently capable of practical ulterior developments to a more painful extent. The renown of such chivalrous freebooters as Claude Duval and Dick Turpin has been preserved in legendary tales of their marvellous exploits. Most of the adventures that occupy these questionable narratives are supposed to have taken place out of doors, and in places of the kind above mentioned, at a distance from human habitations. But the criminal statistics of Great Britain, if they had in that age been correctly recorded, would also have shown a large number of cases in which lonely country-houses were attacked by the wandering bands of robbers; or a roadside hostelry, by the connivance, possibly, of its treacherous landlord or other domestics, was suddenly invaded with a for midable show of intended violence, to extort ransom from the unlucky lodgers or wayfarers then taking their ease in its parlours and chambers. This may explain the alarming figure whose apparition at the door of a room, where three or four respectable gentlemen, with their servant, are quietly disposing of a jug of punch and a few pipes of tobacco, strikes the company with natural consternation, in Mr. Pasquier's imaginary sketch of an incident which must really have taken place, sometimes, in the good old days we pretend to regret.

PAMPHLET.]

ELECTRICITY IS LIFE.

[POST-FREE.]

PULVERMACHER'S PATENT GALVANIC CHAIN-BANDS, BELTS, POCKET BATTERIES, AND ACCESSORIES.

These HIGHLY-IMPROVED INVENTIONS render electricity perfectly self-applicable, in a mild, continuous form, and extremely efficacious, no shock or unpleasant sensation being experienced, whereby it becomes a true fountain of health and vigour, speedily soothing agonising pains, reanimating torpid limbs, reviving the sluggish functions of life, and imparting renewed energy and vitality to constitutions enfeebled by various influences. The daily increasing number of cures effected by PULVERMACHER'S MEDICO-GALVANIC SYSTEM is so extensive and varied, that it forcibly points to this invention as the embryo of a universal remedy.

ANOTHER SELECTION OF GENUINE TESTIMONIALS OF RECENT DATE.

THE ORIGINAL of a TESTIMONIAL IN SUPPORT of PULVERMACHER'S APPLIANCES, signed collectively by the elite of the medical profession, may be inspected at PULVERMACHER'S GALVANIC ESTABLISHMENT, 168, REGENT-STREET, LONDON, W.

Dr. C. Handfield Jones, F.R.C.P. and F.R.S., Physician to St. Mary's Hospital, under date March 10, 1866, in a Testimonial states:—"I am satisfied that he is an honest, earnest labourer in the field of Science, and I think that he deserves to meet with every encouragement from the profession and from scientific men."

THE "LANCET" No. 1, Vol. II., 1856.

"This ingenious apparatus of Mr. Pulvermacher has now stood the test for some years. The simplicity and efficacy are so easily determined, that it commends itself at once to everyone who will take the trouble to make a single experiment with it. It may be used by the medical attendant, or by the patient himself. Several ingenious additions have been made to the original chain, and the operator can now diffuse the galvanic influence over an extensive surface, or concentrate it on a single point. In these days of medico-galvanic quackery it is a relief to observe the very plain and straightforward manner in which Mr. Pulvermacher's apparatus is recommended to the profession."

ACADEMIE DE MEDECINE, PARIS.

Extract of a Report of a meeting on April 1, 1851. Committee—Dr. Borard, Buvier, Gautier de Claubry, Gueneau de Mussy, Longet, Polissouville. Reporter—M. Soubeyran.

"The Voltaic Chains of Mr. Pulvermacher are really a most wonderful apparatus. It is astonishing to see the little piles adapting themselves to the form of the body and capable of producing under this small volume the most surprising effects. They unite the two advantages which no other apparatus has hitherto possessed: they are more portable and cheaper—two indispensable conditions in an apparatus of this description in order to make the application of electricity more general, and to a certain degree popular, which is certainly very desirable in the interest of patients as well as that of the profession. In this respect the chains of Mr. Pulvermacher will have a great future. The committee beg to propose to the Academy to address their thanks to Mr. Pulvermacher for his most interesting communication. Adopted."—Bulletin de l'Académie, Tome xvi. No. 13.

THE INVENTIONS have been approved in

like manner by the Royal College of Physicians, London; the Imperial Faculty of Vienna; and the Academy of Medicine, Paris, and New York; and their curative virtues are confirmed by thousands of private testimonials of cures effected. (See Pamphlet gratis.)

These facts appeal to the good sense of every sufferer to avail himself of this scientific and curative progress, to which the inventor has devoted a lifetime of study and labour, as an ardent disciple of that great benefactor of mankind, the late illustrious electrician, Michael Faraday.

THE TESTIMONIALS following (as well as the far more numerous ones contained in a pamphlet which can be had on application) represent only a very small proportion of the cures actually effected, the particulars of which have not been communicated. This will be evident, in view of the extreme reluctance of many persons to have their names and sufferings made public. This will be evident, in view of the extreme reluctance of many persons to have their names and sufferings made public. This will be evident, in view of the extreme reluctance of many persons to have their names and sufferings made public.

GALVANISM v. NERVOUS DEBILITY AND WEAKNESS.

21, Norfolk-street, Glossop, Nov. 9, 1872.

"Sir—Two years ago I bought one of your Combined Bands for a friend who had been ill for eighteen months of low fever and general debility. She had been all the time under medical treatment, but received no benefit. She gradually sank, month after month, until her case was regarded as almost hopeless. I was then that I purchased the Combined Bands, which she wore constantly. In about a month she was much better, before long she was able to take her share of domestic duties, and in six months her health was well established. She has since enjoyed a good state of health. Six weeks ago I lent a belt to a young person who had been for a long time suffering from weakness and general debility—wearing away, as her neighbour called it. The effect of the Belt was marvellous. In a fortnight she was much better, in a month she was able to resume her usual work. As a restorer and preserver of health your Belts are invaluable.—Yours respectfully,

"J. L. Pulvermacher, Esq."

GALVANISM v. DEBILITY.

Mrs. Statton, of Cambridge, writes, May 24, 1872:—"I have experienced considerable benefit from the Galvanic Belt I bought at Easter. I will send one to a lady in the country, who is, I believe, suffering from liver complaint."

GALVANISM v. SCIATICA.

Mr. F. Webster, of Cranlington, writes, June 12, 1872:—"I have much pleasure in informing you that I have had a complete cure of the sciatica, and I can follow my employment as well as ever I could."

GALVANISM v. INDIGESTION and NERVOUS DEBILITY.

Mrs. H. of Southampton, writes, June 12, 1872:—"It is with great pleasure I write to inform you that the Galvanic Chain-Band you sent me about two months ago has entirely restored me to health. For nearly eighteen months I have been a great sufferer from indigestion and nervous debility. I was induced by a friend to try one of your Chain-Bands, and from the first day of wearing it I have improved until now. I enclose my address, and shall be happy to answer any inquiries that may be made."

GALVANISM v. DEBILITY.

Mr. Ainsworth, of Wolverhampton, writes, June 17, 1872:—"I am pleased to say that I have found much relief from the Band, 40s., purchased some time ago."

GALVANISM v. GENERAL DEBILITY.

Mr. W. Toppell, of Cliff Town, Southend, writes, June 18, 1872:—"I purchased Bands, also Battery, at your establishment, and I am happy to inform you that they prove thoroughly efficient for the object in view, and I feel so satisfied with their efficacy that I cannot recommend them too highly."

GALVANISM v. SEVERE RHEUMATISM.

Stafford, Mr. Dorchester, April, 1872. (Extract.)

"Mr. Pulvermacher.

"Dear Sir—Will you be so good as to have this Chain, &c. It has been the means of curing a very bad case of rheumatism in my parish, and now another of my poor people wishes to try it.—Yours very truly,

"REGINALD SMITH,"

"Rector of Stafford."

GALVANISM v. EXTREME DEBILITY.

"To Mr. Pulvermacher.

"Clapton, July 1872.

"Dear Sir—I feel it my duty to inform you of the full benefit I have received from the continued and persevering use of your appliances—namely, Combined Bands and Chain Battery. My last interview with you was in September, 1871; then I could get about house with the help of a crutch; now I can walk about house with out anything, can sit up with comparative ease, and can take a walk out with an umbrella or stick, which I have not done for the space of four years. I need not say how astonished some of my friends are at seeing me out again; indeed, I feel a mystery to myself; but they are much more amazed when I tell them that your appliances, under God's blessing, have been the remedial means. I cannot express my gratitude to God, and to you, Sir, as the means in His hands of my once again recovering the use of my feet legs, and strengthening of back. Rest assured, Sir, I shall recommend your appliances. But, oh! prejudiced minds will not believe a living testimony. I am quite sure that the generality of people fall in accomplishing any desired improvement through want of perseverance. It will be two years in November since I first applied to you; then, as you know, Sir, I was quite confined to my bed, could not put my feet to the ground; and from my correspondence you are aware of the very slow benefit derived, such as could be neither seen nor felt in days or weeks, but months and seasons. Anything I have stated to you, Sir, for the benefit of fellow-sufferers and the advancement of Medico-Galvanism, you are at liberty to make use of; but please be sure and not insert my name and address in public. With many thanks for all your kindness, I remain, yours faithfully,

"L. J."

Her Britannic Majesty's Consul, Kertch, writes as follows, July, 1872:—"I was almost doubled—suffering more pain than I can describe: was obliged to push a chair before me wherever I went. On receiving the Band I applied it at 2 p.m., and at 4 p.m. same day was walking out on the Boulevard. The effect was marvellous—almost miraculous. This should be known to suffering humanity."

GALVANISM v. SEVERE RHEUMATISM in the KNEE-JOINT.

"Buckingham Rectory, Newark, Feb. 12, 1872.

"I am happy to say I have derived great relief from the use of your Galvanic Band. I can now bend my knee freely, and have scarcely any pain.—Yours truly,

"REV. GEO. MARSLAND."

"J. L. Pulvermacher and Co., 168, Regent-street, W."

GALVANISM v. RHEUMATISM.

"West Bromwich, Sept. 2, 1872.

"Mr. J. L. Pulvermacher.

"Dear Sir—Some time in February last you supplied me with one of your narrow Chain-Bands for rheumatism in my leg (I was at Bournemouth at the time), and it relieved me of the pains in a most astonishing manner after I had worn it only one day and night, although I continued to wear it for some weeks after.

"I am, yours faithfully, J. B. Jun."

GALVANISM v. NERVOUS DEBILITY.

"South Shields, Sept. 5, 1872.

"Dear Sir—I take the opportunity of informing you that the symptoms which I first spoke of have nearly all disappeared—thanks be to God and to your invaluable appliances. I shall ever consider you as my benefactor, and shall lose no opportunity in testifying to your great skill and kind attention to persons who are similarly affected.—I am, dear Sir, with heartfelt gratitude, yours faithfully,

"Mr. J. L. Pulvermacher."

GALVANISM v. SEVERE NEURALGIA.

"5, High-street, Peckham, Oct. 31, 1872.

"J. L. Pulvermacher, Esq.

"Dear Sir—My wife has been for some time suffering from severe neuralgia pains in the face and head. I bought one of your Belts on Tuesday, and applied it as soon as I arrived home. The pain vanished in a few minutes, and has not returned since. I assure you I shall recommend it to my friends.—I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

"JNO. TURNER."

GALVANISM v. WEAKNESS in SPINE and LEGS.

"South-street, Barras-green, Coventry, Nov. 9, 1872.

"Mr. Pulvermacher.

"Sir—I called at your Establishment, last Tuesday week, to express my thanks for the relief I received from your Combined Bands for pain in spine and weakness in the legs. I have worn it ever since, and consider it is both cheaper and by far more beneficial than any physician's prescription. I have recommended them to several, and feel myself bound to send this acknowledgment of your wonderful science. You can use this, but not the name, please.—I beg to remain, yours truly,

"T. B."

GALVANISM v. SEVERE NERVOUS DEBILITY.

"Portsmouth, March, 1872.

"Mr. J. L. Pulvermacher.

"Sir—I have worn your Combined Bands for several months past, and have derived considerable benefit from their use. My case is one of severe nervous debility. I have been much relieved.—Yours truly,

"J. D."

GALVANISM v. RHEUMATIC GOUT.

"Honduras Villa, Norwich-road, Ipswich, March 22, 1872.

"Dear Sir—I have much pleasure in bearing my testimony to the great benefit I have received from the use of the Pulvermacher Galvanic Belt. In the year 1870 I suffered severely for months with rheumatic gout in the left leg and foot. You prevailed on me to try the Galvanic Belt, which I did, and am thankful to say that in two months a perfect cure was the result. You are at liberty to make this known among your numerous friends.—Yours respectfully,

"Mr. Robert Seager."

"JAMES GRANT."

GALVANISM v. NEURALGIA in the HEAD and SLEEPLESSNESS.

"Waterloo Hotel, Princess-street, Ipswich, April 1, 1872.

"Mr. R. Seager.

"Dear Sir—I was a very great sufferer for four months from neuralgia in the head and temples, during which time I was under the care of two medical gentlemen, but failed to get the smallest relief. I had not enjoyed a single hour's sound sleep for several weeks, and was almost in distraction from the severity of the pain; but I am happy to say that by the use of the small Galvanic Band you recommended I have been completely recovered, and, though many months have passed, I have not had any return of the disorder. I have lent the Band to several friends who were suffering, and am glad to say with the most pleasing success. If you think the publication of my case will be of any use to others who are suffering, you are quite at liberty to use it as you think proper.—I remain, dear Sir, with many thanks, yours respectfully,

"SARAH J. GREEN."

GALVANISM v. ASTHMA.

"Tedcombe Villas, near Tiverton, Devon. April 16, 1872. (Extract.)

"Mr. J. L. Pulvermacher.

"Dear Sir—My brother has received great benefit from one of your Chain-Bands. He had frequent attacks of asthma, but is very seldom troubled with that complaint now.—Yours truly,

"GEORGE J. ALLEN."

GALVANISM v. DYSPEPSIA and NOISES in the HEAD.

"19, Mount Charles, Belfast, Jan. 3, 1872.

"Major Stuart thinks it right to inform Messrs. Pulvermacher that he has, since August last, continued the use of the Belt and 21s. Chain, as recommended for dyspepsia, gouty tendency, noises in the head, headaches, &c., and that he feels very great relief. For some weeks he has had no headache, no lumbago, and none of that booming noise in the head. The digestion is also decidedly improved."

GALVANISM v. NERVOUSNESS.

"Omega Cottage, Hackney, Jan. 21, 1872.

"Mr. Pulvermacher.

"Dear Sir—I beg to acknowledge, with thanks, my Galvanic Belt, and within a very short time I have felt the good effects of it. If it were not for the Belt I really should not be able to keep up three months out of the twelve. I can truly say it makes a nervous person feel quite a different being altogether, and I always recommend it to all I come across suffering from any of the complaints for which it is noted. I return you my sincere thanks for the great benefit I have received from your Galvanic Belt.—Yours truly,

"J. JAMES."

GALVANISM v. LUMBAGO and NERVOUS HEADACHE.

"Jan. 23, 1872.

"Messrs. Pulvermacher and Co.

"Dear Sirs—I have much pleasure in acquainting you that the Belt gave me immediate relief on the supposition of a very severe attack of lumbago. I was almost sick from pain when I put it on, and I confess I was very agreeably surprised to find the violent symptoms subside within five minutes, never expecting such a result. The attack passed off altogether in a couple of days under the use of the Belt, never going beyond a certain stiffness of limbs.

"On Monday I have been a great sufferer from lumbago, and, hearing of my Belt, sent to borrow it soon after, having on him, as he said, the most severe attack he had ever experienced. He had got up stairs to his room with very great pain and difficulty. The application of the Belt gave relief at once to the severe cramp, and within half an hour he was able to go down to his church, and even stoop to lift a stone. He lost no time in providing himself with a Belt, and I have just heard that it at once stopped another attack yesterday.

"A lady, subject to very severe and rebellious nervous headache, to whom I recommended a trial of one of your Chain-Bands, informs me that it has prevented the development of her usual attack, being applied on feeling the first well-known symptoms of its approach on fatigue. She has just had a good deal of exertion in her school, and writes rejoicing in her escape from the usual penalty of such efforts—I am, dear Sir, faithfully yours,

"I. C. C."

"Inspector-General of Hospitals."

GALVANISM v. NERVOUS DEBILITY.

"Rectory-place, Loughborough, Jan. 26, 1872.

"Dear Sir—The Galvanic Bands that you sent me some months ago have benefited me a good deal. I have been much better since I used them, although I have studied more lately, so it is only fair to attribute my improvement to them. I am, my dear Sir, yours sincerely,

"T. F. L."

"Mr. J. L. Pulvermacher, Regent-street."

GALVANISM v. GENERAL DEBILITY.

"Gallowgate, Glasgow, March 19, 1872. (Extract.)

"J. L. Pulvermacher, Esq.

"Dear Sir—I purchased from you a Galvanic Chain-Belt for General Debility, and I can say that the use of your invention was a complete success, and had I worn it constantly as I ought to have done, the cure would have been completed much sooner than it was. You are at full liberty to make whatever use you choose of my testimony to the value of your Volta Electric Chain-Belts, but, of course, with this reservation, that you do not publish my name or address, &c.—Yours gratefully,

"H. F."

GALVANISM v. SEVERE SPASMS.

"Steep Hill, near Petersfield, Hants, April 16, 1872. (Extract.)

"Mr. J. L. Pulvermacher.

"Dear Sir—I purchased one of your invaluable Broad Chain-Bands, and I am most happy to inform you that I have felt a marked benefit from its application. I had not had it on half an hour before I felt relief. I have been for upwards of fifteen years a very great sufferer to the dreadful spasms, no tongue (not even my own) can tell the dreadful agonising sensations which these horrible attacks brought upon me. I only wish that I had applied to you before. You are quite at liberty to make whatever use you like of this letter, and as my name as well for the promotion of your wonderful and most excellent invention, and for the good of suffering humanity.—Yours most gratefully,

"JACOB MELLIS."

GALVANISM v. SCIATICA and RHEUMATISM.

"The Crow Trees, Melting, Lancaster, April, 1872. (Extract.)

"J. L. Pulvermacher, Esq.

"Dear Sir—I have much pleasure in being able to inform you that I have found the greatest benefit from the use of the Combined Chain-Bands I had from you about four months ago for Sciatica and Rheumatism. They have done me infinitely more good than anything I have yet tried. I wear them constantly, and should be very sorry to be without them. I am glad to add my testimony to that of others as to their wonderful efficacy, &c.—Yours truly,

"H. KEMINGTON."

GALVANISM v. LUMBAGO.

"Newtownmaddy, Ireland, April 8, 1872. (Extract.)

"J. L. Pulvermacher, Esq.

"Dear Sir—I purchased one of your Volta-Electric Belts rather more than a year ago, and found great relief from lumbago.—Yours truly,

"GEORGE STEN,"

Presbyterian Minister.

GALVANISM v. NERVOUS DEBILITY.

"St. Leonards, Sept. 3, 1872.

"Dear Sir—Last year I procured from you a Combined Band for Nervous Debility, and, after wearing it for some months, I for Chain whenever I have had an opportunity.—I remain, yours truly,

"C. W."

GALVANISM v. ACUTE FACIAL NEURALGIA.

"The Vicarage, Mistoge, Thomstown, Ireland, April 9, 1872. (Extract.)

"J. L. Pulvermacher, Esq.

"Dear Sir—It affords me pleasure to testify to the relief afforded by your Volta-Electric Band in a case of acute facial neuralgia, affecting a member of my family. Its application has invariably allayed the intense pain in a very short time, and presently removed it, while a healthy tone has been given to the nervous system by wearing the Band on the spine at other times.—Yours faithfully,

"T. W. TOWNSEND,"

Vicar of Mistoge, Ireland."

GALVANISM v. LUMBAGO.

1872—

"I received from you, in January last, one of your Galvanic Chain-Bands for pain in my back, which I am thankful to say has done me a great deal of good."

GALVANISM v. RHEUMATIC GOUT.

8, Brook-cottages, Ulverston, Nov. 19, 1872.

"Mr. J. L. Pulvermacher.

"Sir—I in gratitude I now write to inform you how the volta electric band which I procured from you less than a month ago has benefited me. It was for rheumatic gout. I had been under the first medical man in the town: he did me good for a short time, but as soon as I got to work again I began to be as bad as ever. I was advised to apply to you, which I did, describing how I was afflicted; you advised one of your volta electric bands, which I procured from you, and am thankful to say in three days it took it completely away. I think this a most wonderful remedy. My general health is so much better; I have not felt so well for years as I do now. My appetite is much better than what it was before I used your appliance, for which I cannot be too grateful. I am ready for a very meal.

"I am, Sir, yours gratefully,

"W. F. BAYNES."

GALVANISM v. INDIGESTION.

"Westwood House, York-road, Beverley, Jan. 28, 1872.

"Dear Sir—It is a great pleasure to me to return you my grateful thanks, as well as my duty, for the great benefit I have received from the Galvanic Belt I purchased of you eight weeks ago. I had been suffering from indigestion for many years, and could not get anything to pass my bowels without physic. I have not taken any since I have worn your Band, and feel very much better of myself altogether. I have made it known to my friends, and cannot supply them fast enough with your book of testimonials.—I remain your obedient servant,

"H. WILSON."

"J. L. Pulvermacher and Co., 168, Regent-street."

GALVANISM v. SEVERE PAINS in the BACK.

"10, Mill-street, Bradford, Jan. 28, 1872.

"Dear Sir—A fortnight ago I received one of your Volta Electric Bands for my wife, and am happy to say she has received much benefit from it; in fact, she felt relief after only wearing it a few hours, having suffered for many years from pains in her back and loins. I may state my wife has not been so free from pain in the back for more than fourteen years which is a very great thing to say.—Yours respectfully,

"H. MILLER."

"J. L. Pulvermacher and Co., 168, Regent-street."

GALVANISM v. RHEUMATIC GOUT.

"Murroe, County Limerick, Ireland, Feb. 28, 1872.

"J. L. Pulvermacher, Esq.

"Dear Sir—Having got one of your Galvanic Belts from you while in Limerick, I then promised to let you know its effects on me. I was then suffering very much from rheumatic gout, my feet very much swollen, and hardly able to walk. However, I wore it since, and must say with great benefit. It has removed the swelling completely from my feet, and I can now walk about with the use of a stick. My general health is much improved, and I got no attack of gout since.—I remain, your obedient servant

"JAS. HEFFERNAN, M.D."

GALVANISM v. RHEUMATIC PAINS.

"Turquay, Jan. 29, 1872. (Extract.)

"I have recently experienced a great benefit from one of your Chain-Belts. I had a pain in the left side, just above the hip, and I got but little relief from anything I tried, the pain continuing to get more acute. It then occurred to me to try one of your Belts which I had by me. In five minutes after applied the pain left me. I felt no return of the pain for four or five weeks, and then so slight as to cause me but little uneasiness. It left me again directly I applied the Belt. If you make use of this letter, you will please not to give my name or address, &c.—Yours very truly,

"J. B."

"J. L. Pulvermacher and Co., 168, Regent-street, W."

GALVANISM v. LOSS of VITAL ENERGY and PARALYSIS.

"Gresham House, Old Broad-street, London, E.C. Feb. 15, 1872.

"Dear Sir—I think it right to inform you that for about eighteen months I suffered from a total loss of all vital energy, accompanied by paralysis of my limbs, so that I was unable to move, or to do anything at all. My tongue also was affected, and I was unable to articulate. In this dreadful state you sent me one of your Belts, and I wore it for some time. The effect was marvellous. In two days I could walk, and in a week was quite restored.—Yours obediently,

"J. P. R. SCHLINCKER."

"J. L. Pulvermacher and Co., 168, Regent-street, W."

GALVANISM v. SPASMODIC AFFECTION of the THROAT.

"22, Malcom-street, Cambridge, Feb. 13, 1872.

"J. L. Pulvermacher, Esq.—Dear Sir—Ten months since you supplied a lady in Shropshire with a pulvise Chain Band for spasms of the throat. Since wearing it she has not had a single attack of this distressing malady. Previous to doing so she very seldom ever passed a week without an attack, and frequently one occurred several times in a day. I cannot but thank you most heartily, on her behalf, for altogether unexpected blessings, and remain, with the utmost gratitude, yours very truly,

"J. L. Pulvermacher and Co., 168, Regent-street, London, W."

N.B. MR. PULVERMACHER will be

happy, in all cases where a safe foot of the testimonial only initiates and partial addresses appear, in accordance with the wish of patients, to furnish such information, will show the genuineness of these Testimonials in contradistinction to the fictitious ones so largely circulated by advertising adventurers.

PRICE LIST of PULVERMACHER'S GALVANIC CHAIN-BANDS, BELTS, FLEXIBLE BATTERIES, AND ACCESSORIES.

A. NARROW CHAIN-BANDS for Sciatica, Rheumatic, Neuralgic, and Gouty Pains, Chronic Rheumatism, Local Paralysis, Cramp in the Extremities, according to Electric Power 15s. 22s. 40s., and upwards.

B. BROAD CHAIN-BANDS or BELTS for Lumbago, Indigestion, Liver, Chest, and Nervous Complaints, &c., wearable as a Belt 22s. to 40s., and 55s.

C. BROAD CHAIN-BANDS for Nervous Deafness, Head, Tooth, and Face Ache, and Noises in the Head 21s. and upwards.

D. BROAD CHAINS for Loss of Voice and other Affections of the Throat, Asthma, Spinal Complaints 10s. 6d., 18s., 21s., and 40s.

E. BROAD CHAIN-BANDS for Writers' Cramp, Trembling, Nervousness, &c. 22s. to 30s., 40s., and 60s.

F. COMBINED BANDS for General Debility, Central Paralysis, Epilepsy, and Functional Disorders, Complete Set, with Volta-Electric Belt, for Restoring Vital Power £5

G. With Volta Electric Chain Battery £8

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Taking in an Extra Double Number at Christmas



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Mon Spies (Mince pies Oh, yes, Oh, yes, Oh, yes)



Cockles' Anty bellous



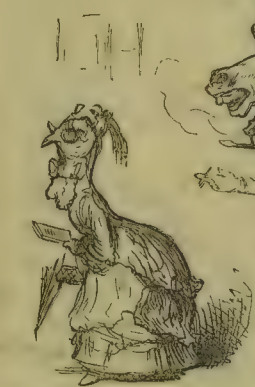
A CHRISTMAS CARD



Putting up the decorations & plodging old friends



The Weights



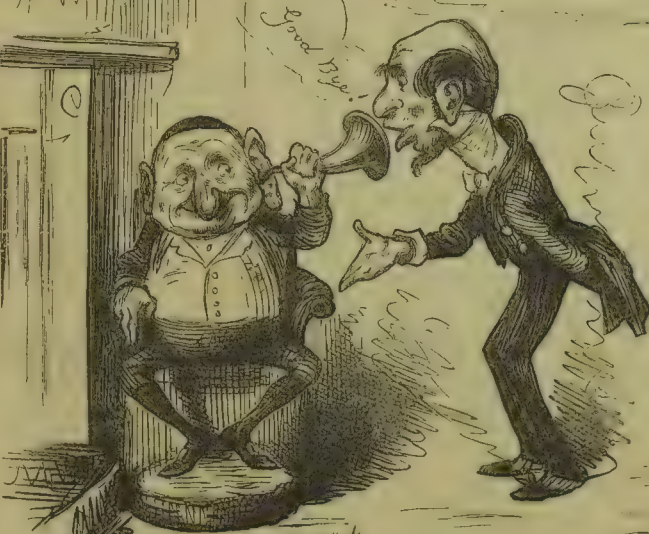
Turkey and saucy-gees



The Yule-log-or-NONE



A Goose Club



Saying Good-bye to the Old Year
Coming down to desert



Taking the kids to the play

THE MESSAGE OF THE HOUR.

A long, low, dreary stretch of sandy coast facing to the east; a bay, the shore of which at its southern extremity, some ten miles off, rises so slightly from the horizon, where it meets the sea, that none but the keenest-sighted can pronounce where water ends and land begins. Two disused and much-dilapidated wooden lighthouses—one far out amidst the waves, the other high and dry upon the loose and dusty sand. A ruined causeway, linking the weird and ghostly sentinels together, appearing, when the tide is out, like some huge bruised and mangled monster of the deep, lying stranded, prone, and helpless, and, when the waters flow, marking its presence by the thin white line of angry surf which beats upon its ridge. All around, dotted with a few scattered, stunted, weather-beaten trees, a dead level of marshy country, broken towards the north here and there by knolls and mounds, covered by a scanty, reed-like, rank grass. These, by degrees, merge into a steepish bluff, or headland, running right out to sea. Here a mile-long breakwater, with a beacon at the point, completes the bay, and artificially assists the protection which the cliff affords upon its other side to a town, and harbour formed by a river's mouth, still farther north.

A little seaport town, with odd jetties, buoys, and landmarks; quaint, gable-ended roofs, flagstaves, a church with tower and spire; and a huge, round, dumpy, brand-new, white lighthouse; old-fashioned, deserted streets, straggling down to the quay or out on to the scantily-wooded land lying between the river and the bay. As "stale, flat, and unprofitable" a looking district as might be seen in many a day's march. With all the adjuncts of midsummer, bright skies, smooth seas, and gentle breezes, the aspect of the scene, enlivened though it might be by the glistening sails of the few craft frequenting the port, would, at the best, be tame. But, in the depth of winter, under a canopy of leaden clouds, with the sulky moaning of the surge mingling with the mournful wail of a gusty, chilly wind, the prospect of those dreary sands, stretching away for miles, would indeed be uninviting.

Yet to such a locality, far north upon our eastern coast, fate ordained that I should be attracted one bleak December, and that there upon that lonely waste should be passed a Christmas Eve—to me the most memorable of all the fifty-six that I have journeyed by. Clearly it could not have been for change of scene or for the sake of a pleasant country ramble that I had elected to travel many weary miles to such an uninteresting bourne. No, indeed! it was a far more potent spell which drew me to the place than any thought of holiday or pleasure to be gained from such outer things as scenery and healthful breezes. For me this desolate patch of coast, when I reached it late at night, two days before Christmas that eventful year, was a paradise, a very Eden, far exceeding in attraction all other spots on earth to me; and even when, two days later, I knew my fate, the very desolation and wildness that surrounded me seemed so to harmonise with my mood, and to reflect the dismal prospects of my life, that I scarce think I would have exchanged them for the most genial of climes and scenes. Anything joyful, bright, and happy, could but have mocked me, and jarred upon a mind utterly cast down and miserably desponding.

Needless almost to say that it was a woman's presence that hallowed the ground, and that it was a woman who wrought my subsequent agony. She never loved me! I knew that afterwards, and perhaps it was my fault, not hers, that I mistook, in my sanguine way, the meaning of her words.

"If, six months hence," she had said to me, "we should by chance meet again, I think you would find my feelings and ideas about you quite unchanged—and, if unchanged in that time, quite unchangeable."

We had met in London, where she had been on a visit to some friends, early in the year. I loved her from the first moment I saw her; and it was hard to refrain, when the time came for her return home, from uttering one word of what was in my heart. Yet my position was such that I dared not speak quite openly, so much had to be considered first. Ah! but for that hesitation! Had I but then spoken, and at once, who knows how differently things might have fallen out! Still, I pushed the expressions of friendship to their utmost limit. She had responded, as I thought, as far as maiden modesty might allow, and the words I have quoted, which she used when she said, "Good-by!" were in reply to something uttered by me, which she interpreted merely in this same spirit of friendship. Perhaps I hoped to convey more to her mind by them, and from her response imagined that I had done so. My feelings towards her only became intensified when she had returned to her quiet home in the out-of-the-way little seaport town on the eastern coast.

All my energies were now devoted to effect, as speedily as possible, such a change in my worldly position as should allow me honestly to ask her to become my wife. An unlooked-for stroke of fortune brought this about more rapidly than I could have hoped, and a month before Christmas I saw my way to the accomplishment of my most cherished wishes. Of course, we had not corresponded (although I did possess a treasured scrap of her handwriting—a note she sent me, on returning a look I had lent). The terms on which we parted afforded no plea for correspondence, but be sure I did not fail to learn all I prudently could about her from the common friends at whose house we first met. What I heard augured well, and so I decided that, when the leisure which Christmas would afford me arrived (and what better season for inspiring hope?), I would go down and urge my suit. And this is how I came to be upon that bleak and barren shore at Christmas time.

Night had set in before the coach which travelled from the nearest railway station, more than twenty miles away, stopped at the door of the chief inn of that little seaport town. It was an old-fashioned house—old-fashioned in every detail; otherwise I might not have observed in a corner of one of the passages, as I was being shown to my room, some artist's modern sketching apparatus—a camp-stool, portable easel, haversack, and so forth. The contrast which these objects offered to the place and time of year struck me, and I remembered afterwards (as how could I fail to do everything that happened at that eventful time?) thinking that it was a strange season for a brother of the brush to be campaigning.

Well, early next morning, the morning of Christmas Eve, full of hope and confidence, yet with the direst trepidation, I sought out the abode of the woman who was all in all to me. It is no part of my purpose to dwell upon what immediately followed. The result is what chiefly concerns those who listen to my story. The elderly maiden relative with whom she lived was from home when I was ushered in, and our meeting, therefore, was uninterrupted. My pen fails me as I approach the record of the way in which the interview terminated. I can do little more than say that I believe it caused her, in her bewilderment at my unexpected appearance and at the words with which I was laden, almost as much pain to utter the fatal "No!" as it did me to hear it. "Could she have known," she said, "of this, could she have interpreted our acquaintance rightly, could she have thought that all my expressions of friendship were but the mask of something deeper . . . but for my long silence . . .

As it was, I must forget her, for both our sakes—this was the only hope left; for pity's sake I must leave her—leave her at once!" She was so moved, and it cost her such an effort, I could see, to speak thus firmly, that I felt it would be unmanly to distress her further. Mysterious as were her words and manner, and gladly as I would have known more, I dared not trust myself to prolong my stay in her presence, and, in a fit of wild despair and madness, I rushed from the house and hurried away I knew not whither; nor do I now, glancing back, remember when I first became conscious of being out far away upon that inhospitable-looking shore.

I must have walked many miles, for the short winter's day was on the wane. The weather had been quiet, and, though dull and grey, very mild for the time of year. But now, as my paroxysms of grief became more intermittent, I observed (for I had always the habit of watching such things) that the wind had changed, was rising rapidly, and from the eastern or seaward quarter. It was getting much colder; the tide, too, was coming in, as its ominous roar and the increasing surf clearly indicated. There would be a wild night, and, though I felt indifferent whither I went, instinctively I turned round and bent my steps back towards the town. Moodily trudging along, revolving my misfortune and all connected with it, cursing my want of promptitude, speculating as to what my chances might have been had I had the courage to have spoken earlier, or only even to have written—yes, to have written—that, perhaps, might have saved me.

Moodily, I say, trudging along, I was aroused from my preoccupation by what I thought was a distant shout. Looking up, I saw far away towards where the headland first began to rise in the curve of the bay, a little knot of people. They were standing near the ruined lighthouse on the sand, and as I approached they appeared to be making signals and hallooing to somebody who must have been close to or upon the second lighthouse out in the sea, at the end of the broken causeway, against which the incoming waves were already beginning to break into clouds of spray. I hurried forward, feeling sure there was danger impending, and in my then mood the prospect of anything like active participation in it seemed to offer peculiar attractions. The loose sand on which the flowing tide was now fast driving me as I walked considerably impeded my progress, and thus it was that I had time fully to take in the wild scene around.

Desolate to a degree, as I have described it, the increasing fury of the elements now lent it additional gloom and awe. A heavy gale had set in with marvellous rapidity, blowing dead on shore; ragged, drifting clouds, the precursors of the storm-laden battalions to follow, were hurrying across the heavens. The spray from the breakers, which the level shore multiplied into an almost unbroken field of white foam, became mingled with large drops of rain as it was whirled far across the land, and the dim line of the rising headland in the extreme distance merged into the colour of the background. Close upon me, some two hundred yards apart, were the two lighthouses, standing out white, gaunt, and spectre-like from the dark, leaden-toned masses of cloud now enveloping the whole prospect like a pall.

Coming up at last with the little group of people who had all the while been shouting and gesticulating, I found they were endeavouring by their signals and beckonings to induce a man who was standing on the yet uncovered stonework at the base of the seaward lighthouse, and clinging to one of the piles upon which the structure itself was lifted high into the air, to come forward towards the shore. Evidently he feared to do this, for, although the causeway connecting the two buildings would in its unruined state have enabled him to reach the land in perfect safety, it was so sunk and destroyed in parts, especially at one spot near the middle, that the waves had already made a clean sweep across it, and were every moment with the rising tide isolating more and more the lighthouse where he stood.

"I'd 'low he'll ha' to bide there all night if he don't come through it at once," said a very old weather-beaten seafaring man, who, with a young lad and three women, made up the group.

"Lor' bless my dear heart alive! Why, he might ha' coomed a dozen times, if he'd ha' watched his chance, since I first made un see me. Come on with ye! Now, now! Now's your time," shrieked the old fellow, as he waved his arms frantically, and as for half a minute the surge retired, and left the causeway, even at its lowest part, quite exposed. But the opportunity was missed; the terror-stricken man seemed blind to it until it was too late, and only attempted to leave his hold just as, in another second, the raging billows were again mounting with overwhelming force and depth the breach in the masonry. He had barely time to roll to seize his support ere a larger wave than any that had yet rolled in dashed across the ledge on which he stood, and would have swept him into the sea had he not at that moment regained his hold.

"He'll not ha' another like that," muttered the old salt, half to himself and half to me; "and I'd 'low he'd better swarm up into the old lantern-room as soon as may be if he don't want to get drowned."

"In God's name," I exclaimed, "how came he to be there, or how was it he staid until the tide was so high?"

"Well, I s'pect he was a-makin' a draught o' this here old ancient light on the shore, don't you see? He's been about here these many months past, draughtin' all sorts o' things, the boats and shipping in the harbour, and such like. I met 'un comin' along the sands this mornin'; and half an hour ago, when I was lookin' out o' the door o' my cabin, I see'd 'un out yonder, scared and bewildered-like, tryin' to get ashore. He could ha' done it easy then, a most dry-footed. So I beckoned; I but'spose he didn't comprehend, and, instead o' comin' for'ard, went back, and kept staidin' just as you see'd 'un when you comed up."

"Where do you live, then?" I inquired, for apparently there was no habitation near.

"That's my house, there, that little cabin up there. I've lived in it more nor forty year! I was chief light-keeper over twenty, when these 'ere lights was in use. Ye had to steer on the two straight, don't ye see, when makin' the harbour's mouth? But when the sand shifted and the current changed, and they warn't no more good, the Board let me stay on in the house, as a kind o' pension like. This 'ere is my old 'ooman, and them's my three grandchildren."

Glancing round in the direction he pointed, I saw amongst the sand-hills a small cottage, looking at first almost like one of them; but my attention was instantly attracted from it by the renewed shouting and signalling of the old man.

"Get up with ye! get up with ye!" he cried. "If another o' them catches ye it'll be too much for ye, I reckon," another huge breaker having broken over the base of the lighthouse and for a moment hidden the luckless man there from our view.

"He'll be drowned, sure as fate! Climb up with ye! climb up with ye! There's a bit o' the stair left just above your head."

"He can't hear what you say," I said, "at that distance, and in the midst of this roaring wind and sea."

"No, and he don't seem for to comprehend my signs neither."

"Would he be safe," I anxiously inquired, "if he got into the lantern-room, as you call it? Could he stay there during the night, or until the tide went out again?"

"Bless your heart, yes! I ha' spent hundreds o' nights there. He'd be safe enough so long as the place holds fast; but I'd 'low it won't do so much longer. I've s'pected to see it carried away these two years past, when it comes on to blow from the east'ard, as it's doin' now. But, Lor' bless me! it might stand ever so much longer. Ye never know how these things is 'fected when they once get out o' repair. Howsomdever, I would't like to bide there to-night, and Christmas Eve of all nights in the year. It be'ant very lively out here in our little home, for there be'ant another livin' soul 'cept ourselves within three miles off; but it's better than that old lantern-room 'ud be, anyhow. Still, if he don't go up he'll be drowned, as sure as fate, afore our very eyes."

"What a silly fellow!" said I. "Why there! there was almost another chance for him again. I believe I could get out to him, and bring him in, if I watched my time, even now."

"Well, ye just might, and ye just might not. I'd ha' fetched 'un myself, when I first see'd 'un, if I'd been able to get about as I used; but I be's so crippled now, I dursn't ha' tried."

"Then I'll go, I'm a strong swimmer, it will only be a good ducking, if I do get washed away," and I immediately began to pull off my coat.

"Nay, nay," cried the elder of the three women, "take my advice, Sir, and don't try it; the surges is awful strong. If ye lose your footing they'll beat your senses out upon the sand, or agin' the stone-work in a minute."

But I had made up my mind. I had become intensely excited. I could not deliberately stand there, and see a fellow creature perish before my eyes, and make no effort. He was evidently incapable, from fear, of helping himself. Besides, did it so much matter to me, if the surges did knock my senses out? Was life at this time so peculiarly attractive that I should hesitate to risk it for the sake of another? Bah! the peril was especially enticing, and it was what I would in a cooler moment even have chosen as the fittest distraction for my thoughts. The danger was grateful to me, reckless and miserable as I felt.

Already my foot is on the beginning of the causeway. The little lad seems to applaud my determination, and brings a rope which he wishes to tie round my waist; but I refuse this, and content myself with passing my arm through a loop of it, and casting it loosely over my shoulder. There is just now, however, such an access of wind and big seas, that the old man and the woman entreat me not to try; and, indeed, the prospect looks hopeless. Blinding sheets of spray sweep by, wetting us through and through. Daylight is waning, momentary glimpses only of the causeway are caught, the upper part of the lighthouse is all that is seen save sky and raging sea. Still I am determined, but I hope I never forget that my first object is to save another's life rather than to lose my own, and this recollection steadies me and makes me cool and cautious.

"He's gone," cries the old man, shielding his eyes with his hand, as he peers through the ever-thickening atmosphere, and as a temporary lull in the elements again reveals the base of the lighthouse.

"He is not," say I, "hold fast on to the rope," and in another minute I am running down the causeway. Heaven be praised! a great back sweep of water has left it all but clear. I see the wretched man still clinging to the pile, and wisely, at last, he has climbed a little higher. I shall reach him yet. I am more than half-way and am scrambling across the deepest gap in the stonework, but it is so slippery from seaweed that I twice fall. The second time I have scarcely regained my legs ere an enormous wave overwhelms me, and I am tossed helpless as a cork. Swimmer-like, though, I come head uppermost, and am carried back to the point almost whence I started. I cannot feel my feet, however; the rope has slipped off my shoulder, and the back sweep of the sea again takes me far out.

I have time to collect myself, and to dive through the next huge breaker, coming safely out on the other side, and only a few yards from the lighthouse, against the supports of which I am suddenly lifted. I continue to hold on to a piece of the broken stair; in another instant I have clambered into comparative safety; but, alas! I am the only occupant of the frail structure. The miserable man is nowhere to be seen; he has lost his hold and been carried away. For several minutes, I believe, I cease to think; when—yes, there he is, on the crest of a wave, borne straight to me. One more effort. Cautiously descending as low as I dare, I am just in time to grasp his senseless body as it swirls by. My great natural strength is intensified to something all but superhuman, and I am enabled to lift my burden out of reach of the succeeding breaker. Immediately afterwards I have scrambled with it, I scarcely know how, up the slippery ruined ladder into the lantern-room, and laid it on the floor.

Dread position! One glance through the split and battered window of the room towards the shore shows me that it is quite hopeless to regain it. Even were the lighthouse not entirely cut off, and every vestige of the causeway hidden by the surf, the experience of the last ten minutes tells me that any attempt to carry the helpless form back will be fruitless. Yet, what is to be done? Without assistance and restoratives the man will die. Nay, perhaps he is already dead.

I am sure that the people on the shore saw me rescue him; for as I scaled the ladder they were waving their hats and handkerchiefs. Will they make any attempt to send me help? No; a moment's consideration shows me they cannot. Seven hours at least must elapse before the tide will ebb sufficiently for them to get at me; it is not nearly high water yet, and the tremendous wind will keep it up at least for an extra hour; by that time it will be midnight.

It is upon me then that my companion's life still depends; let me, therefore, look to his state at once. Kneeling down beside him, I soon discover that he is not dead; but he is so cold and drenched, and the shelter we have obtained affords so little protection from the drifting spray and rain now falling in torrents, that it is a question whether my most strenuous efforts can restore animation. Dripping wet, and cold as I am, I shall have great difficulty in keeping up my own vitality for so long a time. Nevertheless, I do what I can. I get off his boots, and chafe his feet and hands. Oh, for a flask of spirits! and with the thought I feel in the pockets of his thick shooting-coat (of course, I am without my own), and to my joy, in a breast one (which is luckily buttoned, or the flask had long since fallen out) is the thing I seek. I know it directly I touch it, and in my hurry to get at it I tear open the pocket. As I do so a small packet falls out upon the rickety floor. A rush of wind from the gap above our heads, where the old light had once burned, catches it, and sweeps it round and round the room two or three times, and I only save it from falling through a rent in the woodwork into the billows below by suddenly putting my foot upon it. Stooping, then, merely for an instant, just to pick it up, I see it is a small bundle of letters, some of them without their covers.

As my eyes chance to fall involuntarily upon the hand

writing of the uppermost, I receive a shock which does more to bewilder and unnerve me even than my perilous situation, and all the exertion I have put forth to save this man. I forget, for the time, his critical state. I forget where I am and what has happened; I can do nothing but glare at the paper I hold in my hand. Soddened, wet, and stained by sea-water as it has become, the characters upon it, despite the now rapidly-increasing darkness, are yet as clear to my preternaturally sharpened vision as if they were printed in the largest type.

Her handwriting! her words! which I cannot fail to see at a glance are those of endearment, of love, and addressed of a surety to the man now lying at my feet.

Such were my conflicting emotions, and so stupefied was I by the discovery that I seemed to have no power to resist the temptation to verify my suspicions. My sense of honour was dulled, and intuitively I took out the letter from the bundle. The better to examine it, I went to the largest remaining semblance of a window in the leeward side of the room, to catch the few rays of daylight yet left. Impossible, needless, unwarrantable to reproduce her expressions. Impossible, certainly, to describe their effect on me. Gradually they wrought me to a pitch of feeling which I shudder to recall even over this lapse of time. To say that I am ashamed of what for a period was uppermost in my mind, is to say nothing. The latent "Cain" which philosophers assert that there is in the heart of every human being, the devil which it requires only a peculiar combination of circumstances to arouse in us all sometimes, had absolute possession of me. Once entered on my dishonourable examination, I read more than half the letters, and night only put a stop to my proceeding. Yet, I had seen enough to show me that he had won her by outspoken devotion, to show me that she had only known him since her return from London, to show me that his chance had not been better than mine, had not, perhaps, been as good at first. Each sentence appeared to my then distempered brain but to increase and enforce the conviction that if I had but been prompt, that if I had but risked something, that if I had been less calculating, that if, in a word, I had had the courage to have given my true feelings words when I first knew her, she might have been mine. Oh! hideous and diabolical suggestion, that but for this man she might be so still.

My eyes seemed like balls of fire, as, driven by darkness from the contemplation of the fatal pages, I turned them back towards the spot where my rival lay. I felt no cold, no bodily discomfort, no sense of any danger, no consciousness of what I had gone through. I noted not the roaring of the waves beneath and all around me, nor the rushing, tearing wind, and deluge of rain; the swaying, quivering, and rocking of my frail shelter had no terrors for me. One only absorbing devilish thought was in my mind. I had but to abstain from any further effort to restore this man to life, and he would surely die. And I?—Well, had I not done all and more than most men could have done? The old man, the women, and the boy were witnesses of that. They saw me drag a senseless body from the waves; they could not know that it was not a corpse. No one could know that, save myself. What strange coincidence, what wonderful destiny, was this, which had placed him in my power?

Did it not look as if it had been pre-ordained that I should clear him from my path? That for this end I had been led to imperil my own life? Thus, sophistically, the demon of jealousy argued and tempted me; and I scarce know for how long I was under his sway, or for how long I hovered on the brink of this terrible abyss. Several times I knelt down and put my hand upon my intended victim's heart, it yet beat faintly, and again more faintly. I could not see him; but I knew he must die soon. And still I abstained from all further effort to restore him.

"They had seen me drag a senseless body from the waves," I kept repeating, "they could not know that it was not a corpse! No one could know that, save myself."

After long crouching beside him, I grew dizzy. There was a turmoil in my brain which paralysed my reason. The sounds of the increasing storm, the howling of the wind, the roaring of the waves, as their mounting crests now constantly struck my frail shelter, began to mingle in strange and ominous cadence with the words that were ringing through my thoughts. By degrees the tones all seemed to assume a different but a definite utterance, at first like a distant peal of bells, and then, drawing nearer, they changed to voices, and I fancied I heard them whispering in my ear. "Christmas Eve!" they said, "Christmas Eve! Merry Christmas, with peace on earth and good will towards men! Look that you welcome it, see that you may!"

I know now that it was the mighty power from above speaking to me through the raging elements; it was "the message of the hour," and whenever I remember the mercy thus vouchsafed, my heart leaps up in thankfulness, even as it did in that one momentous second of time.

No light that had ever been kindled in former days in that lonely beacon had so illumined the outer gloom, or burned with such unutterable and continuous brightness, as did the ray which on that memorable Christmas Eve was let in upon the darkness of my soul. No more hesitation now, only one feverish succession of desperate efforts to restore circulation to the icy frame before me. I moistened his lips with the stimulant I had found in the flask. I forced some down his throat. I tore open his shirt and rubbed the region of his heart with all my might. I was no doctor or skilled nurse. I had no notion what to do for the best, but I chafed his hands and feet continually. I propped him up, and wrung the wet from out his hair and from his looser garments. I shook him and beat his arms and chest, and I grew even heated with the violent exertion I made to keep up some sort of friction.

It was a terrible ordeal. The dreadful darkness increased my anxiety tenfold. No means of getting a light—none could have lived in such a whirlwind as eddied through our frail and ruined chamber. I would have given worlds could I have watched his face, and so have judged if there were any hope! My punishment, then, was the thought of the time that I had lost—my anguish was beyond telling.

The dreary, hopeless longing which I felt for some sign of life in him was at length satisfied. I could distinctly hear, when I put my ear close down, that he was faintly breathing. The respiration grew stronger. I redoubled my exertions—forced more stimulant between his lips—and at last I heard him take one long, deep breath.

Needless to follow now in detail the still anxious hours that passed before I was conscious that the tide had turned, and that the gale was abating. Many a time I expected that the old lightkeeper's words would come true, and that the ruin would be swept away before the blast; but through Heaven's mercy it weathered the storm, and by the time the waters had receded far enough I had the satisfaction of seeing lights approaching by the causeway from the shore, and of knowing that my helpless companion, though still unconscious, was breathing freely. The little lad was first to scale the remnant of shattered stairs. He had been for help; and two stalwart fishermen, lanterns in hand, soon made the transit with our burden to the shore easy.

It was past midnight, as, in the warm little cabin among

the sand hills, I had the delight of hearing from a kindly doctor whom the thoughtful boy had summoned from the town that all danger was past, and that I might lie down and sleep as far as I could into Christmas Day. "And," said he, "if you have not passed a merry Christmas Eve, you have, at least, been doing the Master's work."

And so they were married; and a happier wife than she could not be found the wide world through. To be assured of this has been my lasting recompense; and if to bestow a lifelong happiness on the one held by us most dear be the glory and the privilege of unselfish perfect love, that glory and that privilege are mine.

Yes; they were married not very long after I had saved his life. A marine painter, he had been coasting about in search of the picturesque, and had chanced on the little seaport town early in the autumn.

Here he met her, and what wonder then that he should have lingered on, week after week, far into the winter, even though the district was not one to yield much food for his pencil. He had been quite straightforward and outspoken; she had loved him, and the wedding day even was fixed when I made my appearance on the scene.

Too late, indeed! But should I have ever been in time? No; assuredly not. Difficult as it may be to define its limits in such a case, friendship was yet the only feeling she had ever experienced for me. Whether, if I had shown her my heart earlier, this feeling would have changed to something deeper, I do not know and must not conjecture. The letters which I found upon him were the outpourings of her affection at such odd times and days as when they did not meet; for, in pursuance of his art, he would make all sorts of sketching trips in the neighbourhood whenever the weather was the least open. It was thus that he happened to go out to the old lighthouse on that particular day; he had been there before in calmer weather, but had wanted to get some hints from the in-rolling sea—to get behind it, as it were, and on the old causeway he had a good piece of vantage ground to study from. The tide ran up, accelerated by the sudden wind, faster than he had looked for; but he was coming through it, nevertheless, and would have done so, but for the old man, whose gestures he mistook, interpreting them as warnings of danger and signs that he should go back.

Each moment then increased his peril, and he lost his head. He could barely hear the voices of those on shore, much less what they said, the gale driving the sounds inland.

But stay, my story is told. It was a long time before I saw either him or her after their marriage. It is a still longer time since that event occurred, but their fireside is now the brightest spot on earth to me; and when I look on her calm, sweet face, and hear her glad, yet gentle laugh, I think no more of the lost love of my youth, but give thanks for that "message of the hour," that whisper in the storm, that not only kept me from committing a dreadful crime, but granted me the greatest boon of all—that of securing a life's happiness for the only woman in the world I have ever asked to be my wife.

We always spend Christmas Day together (now that we have met again); and she has two or three children still young enough to welcome the season as a time for tricks and merriment, to the enjoyment of which I trust my presence somewhat adds; and we elders bear in our hearts a solemn remembrance, which, if it be not all of joy, assuredly now bears no trace of sadness.

W. W. FENN.

PAINTERS AND PICTURES.

Several of the new books, adorned with different kinds of illustrations, belong to the class of essays in art-criticism, art-history, or biography of artists. Of these, we regard as the most important one entitled "Murillo, and the Spanish School of painting, 15 Engravings on Steel and 19 on Wood, with an Account of the School and its Great Masters, by W. B. Scott" (G. Routledge and Sons). It is dedicated to Sir William Stirling Maxwell, M.P., author of "Annals of the Artists of Spain" and "Velasquez and his Works." Mr. Scott's previous works of this nature, treating of Albert Dürer, and of the Belgian School, have made known his peculiar qualifications as a critical historian of the fine arts. He has the judgment, the good taste and mental temperance, to avoid that besetting sin of writers upon pictures, "the species of sentimental rhetoric" which provokes our distrust and aversion by insisting upon the exaltation of everything it has to show, as the very finest thing that was ever seen. Mr. Scott, on the contrary, avows his belief that some of the great works, left to us by the greatest men of past times, are chiefly interesting in connection with those past times; "they are to us," he very truly says, "as the flowers of extinct planets preserved to us by the accidents of genius; flowers, the like of which can never bloom again, but which were, for the most part, developed into higher forms, still living with us. In the spirit of this philosophical remark, he examines the conditions under which the Spanish School of painters arose, and seemed, about the end of the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, to attain an equal excellence with the Italian School of the same period. But they took different courses; for, while Italian art, under the completed Renaissance, attained the perfection of feminine grace in Raffaele, and of naked masculine grandeur in Michel Angelo, the art of Spain, which had been imported from Italy, but not derived from the Middle Ages, or from Byzantine influences, had to grow up in an atmosphere of less intellectual freedom. It existed in Spain along with "the conflict against a hated Mohammedanism, and the red-hot sword of a clerical conservatism, turned every way in all men's sight, till the close of the seventeenth century." Its uniform motive, as Mr. Scott goes on to say, was the ascetic, the monastic spirit, in subservience to the Church, where the tyranny of a clerical body assumed its narrowest form. Under these circumstances, Spanish art could never achieve the beauty and sublimity of the greatest Italian masterpieces; but as, in the hands of Murillo, it became superbly rich and powerful in all technical qualities, it merits a considerable place in the critical survey of what has been performed. These observations, which we have summarised because they prove Mr. Scott's wide and exact knowledge of his subject in all its bearings, and his command of general principles, lead the way to successive notices of the Spaniards who distinguished themselves as painters, from the birth of Luis de Morales, in 1509, to the death of Bartolomeo Esteban Murillo, in 1682; including, also, the violent Joseph Ribera, nicknamed in Italy Spagnoletto; the devout Zurbaran, whom we know by his "Monk in Prayer;" and Velasquez, the dignified historical portrait-painter. The transition is certainly great, in tone and style, from the ascetic sanctity of Morales, to the good-natured ease of Murillo, as we might call it, which contents itself with an ordinary good-looking young woman for his Blessed Virgin, and with commonplace, neighbourly men for his glorified saints; while delighting in the coarse animal healthiness, dirty and clothed in rags, of his beggar boys and street flower-girls, who are "so very human," without any spirituality in their unaffected expression. This change, which took place in spite

of the persistent shutting out, as Mr. Scott remarks, of the revived classical spirit from Spanish literature and art, may be regarded, we think, as a symptom of the covert alienation of the popular sympathies from a bigoted and fanatical Church. Is it not already perceptible in the writings of Cervantes, who belonged to a generation preceding Murillo, and to whom, though no doubt a good Catholic, the air of the cloister is less agreeable than that of the roadside tavern? If the doleful, the bitter, the intolerant austerity of Spanish priestly rule, in the reigns of Philip II, and his successors, with the persecuting zeal of the Inquisition, and the prying domestic police of the Santa Hermandad, at length caused a reaction, which lowered the standard of chivalry and religious devotion from its ancient lofty pitch in the national mind of Spain, that is just what was likely to have been its ultimate effect. The decline or decay of Spanish art, since the time of Murillo, is discussed by Mr. Scott in his last chapter. We have read him with much interest, but we must not omit to praise the engravings, both those on steel and those on wood, which present some of the most characteristic works of Murillo and of Zurbaran, from our National Gallery and Dulwich Gallery, and from the Louvre, an "Ecce Homo" by Morales, a St. Jerome by Ribera, and several princely or lordly portraits by Don Diego Velasquez de Silva, the Vandyke of Madrid.

We are pleased to meet the same author in another of Routledge's publications, "Gems of Modern German Art," which is a series of carbon photographs from the pictures of that school. It is inscribed by Mr. Scott to the memory of Cornelius, as "chief of the band of notables who have revived the art of painting in Germany, and the one who rose above mediæval and ecclesiastical revival influences." This is enough to show the point of view held, with clear consistency, by Mr. Scott in his estimates of the Munich, Berlin, and Düsseldorf painters during the last half century; but his account of their studies and endeavours, under the patronage of the late King Ludwig of Bavaria and others, as shown in the Pinacothec and the Ludwigskirche, and by many works of leaders or pupils in that school, may be read with profit as a contribution to the European history of art in our own times. On the whole, he observes that the lofty aspirations to a pure religious idealism, which characterised the Munich school, have latterly given place to a distinctly historical phase, represented by Piloty. The chief defect of the school, and the obstacle to their popularity, has been their Puritanical disregard for the enjoyment of colour, which they condemned as though its seductive charm were dangerous to the higher aims of form and expression. Their addiction to fresco, which has proved a failure, was probably the occasion of this defect, and it will be remedied in future efforts. The most important pictures selected for the examples here rendered by photography are August Riedel's "Judith;" "The Riders of the Apocalypse," by Cornelius; Overbeck's "Massacre of the Innocents;" Hildebrandt's "Young Princes in the Tower;" Lessing's "Huss before the Council of Constance;" Bendemann's "Captive Israelites;" Retzel's "Death the Friend" and "Death the Avenger;" and Steinle's "Raising of Jairus's Daughter." Among the others are Piloty's "Nero after the Burning of Rome," Kaulbach's "Charity," and some by Kindler, Vautier, Menzel, Knaus, Hess, and Ludwig Richter but none of them are landscapes.

The "Picture Gallery of British Art" (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.) consists of twenty permanent photographs, printed by the Woodbury process, from paintings or from engravings of pictures by some of our most popular artists, with a short and simple commentary on the subject of each picture. It is sufficient for us to give the list—namely, a portrait by Gainsborough—that of the Hon. Mrs. Graham; two of Sir Edwin Landseer's pictures, "Shooing the Bay Mare" and "Dignity and Impudence;" the "Duncan Gray" of David Wilkie; the portrait, by Sir T. Lawrence, of the Princess Charlotte as a child; Mulready's "Choosing the Wedding Gown," and Maclise's "Preparing Moses for the Fair;" Turner's "Straits of Dover;" Webster's "Contrary Winds;" C. Leslie's "Sancho Panza," and his "Uncle Toby and Widow Wadman;" Frith's "Dolly Varden" and "Scene from the 'Bourgeois Gentilhomme';" "The Death of Douglas," by C. Landseer; "Ophelia," by R. Redgrave; the "Seville Letter-Writer" of Phillip; "Sterne and the Grisette," by Newton; the "Departure of La Fleur," by Ward; and "Oh Nannie, wilt thou gang wi' me?" by F. Taylor. Most of these are familiar favourites, and many people will like to have them in a book. The photographs which we think most successful are those taken from the engravings, not from the oil paintings.

The same degree of commendation may apply to a companion publication by Messrs. Sampson Low, the "Picture Gallery of Sacred Art," which contains a score of photographs done in a similar way. But we find a certain incongruity in placing together, under one title, the works of such widely distant schools and ages, and of such immensely different capacities; the classic achievements of Italian art, in its best period, with the manufacture of claptrap graphic and sentimental effects at the present day. Their choice of themes, forsooth, is equally "sacred;" but their powers of conception and execution are by no means equal. Of the old masters we have Raffaele, with his Madonna di San Sisto, his St. Margaret, and Madonna with the Goldfinch; Guido, with "Ecce Homo;" Carlo Dolce's "Mater Dolorosa;" Domenichino's St. Cecilia and St. Catherine; Guercino's "Woman of Samaria;" Correggio's "Adoration of the Shepherds;" Annibal Caracci's "Silence," and Murillo's "Immaculate Conception." "The Holy Family" and "Angels," by Sir Joshua Reynolds, "Joseph and his Brethren," by Cornelius, and some other modern productions, are acceptable in their place; the list comprises Köhler's "Finding of Moses," Delaroche's "Virgin Martyr floating in the Tiber," and the compositions of Deger, Hensel, and Oertel, to which the editor has annexed suitable hymns, portions of Scripture, or religious meditations.

Messrs. Henry Sotherton, Baer, and Co. have published a very elegant volume, entitled "Art-Gems," which contains thirty engravings and etchings, from pictures by some eminent painters, ancient or modern, executed under the direction of M. Edouard Lièvre. Rembrandt's "Philosopher in Thought," Holbein's "Basle Lady," Leonardo da Vinci's portrait of Andrea Salai, Vandyke's portrait of Princess Mary, the daughter of Charles I., and the portrait of Andrea del Sarto by himself, are presented as specimens of the old masters; while those of latter times include Tisso's "Margaret," the "Francesca da Rimini" of Ingres, "The Maid-servant," by Henri Leys, "Drinking the King's Health," by Willems, Gerôme's "Louis XI. visiting Cardinal La Balze," and Americans Playing at Chess," and other well-chosen works, both of figure groups and landscapes, by many of the best French, German, and Flemish artists of this day, and such English disciples of the foreign schools as Bonington, to which is added the etching of an old Cheshire mansion, by the Hon. George Howard. They are treated with a rare degree of taste and skill; and a brief memoir of each artist, or notice of the particular work, is given in every instance. To the experienced connoisseur of art this volume will probably be more acceptable than those containing repetitions of the hackneyed popular subjects.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

The publishers of several new illustrated books which appear at the present season have permitted us to select and borrow an engraving from each of them; but our notices of these are necessarily placed separate from those we have disposed of without reference to the arrangement of Engravings in this Journal.

One of the most perfect specimens we have seen of the application of carefully-printed wood engraving to represent effects of landscape art is that produced by Mr. William Ballingall, of Edinburgh, entitled *The Shores of Fife* (Edmonston and Douglas), but including views also of scenes in Perth, Forfar, Clackmannan, Kinross, Stirling, and the Lothians. It contains thirty-six page engravings, all executed by Mr. Ballingall, from pictures by Messrs. Clark Stanton, Samuel Bough, Sir Noel Paton, Waller Paton, Edmund Crawford, Vallance, Lawson, G. Gray, Reid, Oswald, and A. Dundas; in addition to which its pages of letterpress are adorned with sixty or seventy vignettes or small woodcuts, some by the artists named, others drawn by Mr. Ballingall, a very few copied from the best photographs. The exquisite printing of these illustrations, by Messrs. Constable, as well as the very fine engraving, makes the whole publication an example of the very best that can as yet be done in



WOLVES ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.
FROM MRS. HOWITT'S "SONGS OF ANIMAL LIFE."

"Crackers for Christmas," and "Stories for my Children," are enlivened by the same free play of humorous fancy, and will no doubt afford an equal degree of harmless entertainment. The scene called "Harry and the Dwarf" occurs in a story entitled "The Boy with a Tail." This poor boy, having unfortunately been cursed at his birth with a doggish caudal appendage, which he was obliged to wear enveloped in trousers or breeches of a peculiar shape, as we see in the illustration, felt the ridicule of his schoolfellows so intolerable that he ran away into the forest; and there he met the Dwarf, who hailed him from a tree overhead, just when Harry was beguiling the first hour of solitude by spinning his peg-top. If any reader cares to know what Harry and the Dwarf said to each other, apply to the Under-Secretary for the Colonies, but not at the Colonial Office, or, with previous notice of the question, to the hon. gentleman in the House of Commons.

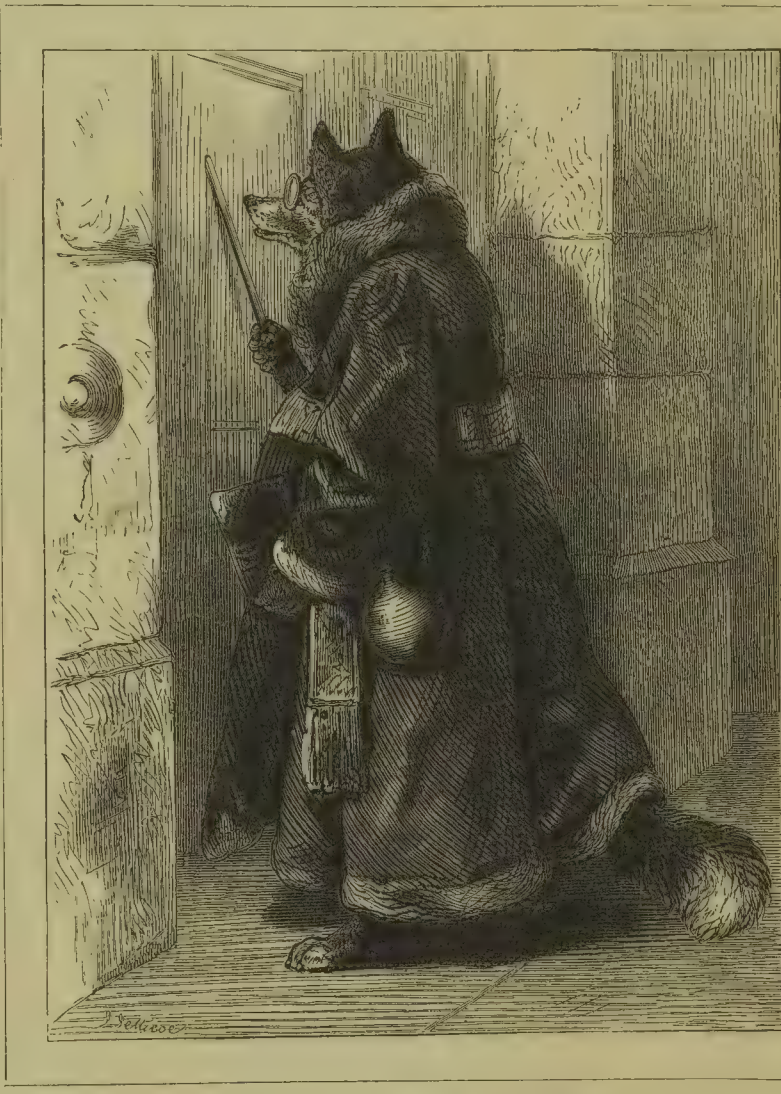
The old German satirical and didactic fable, "Reinecke Fuchs," which Goethe modernised in hexameter verse from a Low Saxon poem of the fifteenth century, is perhaps not so well known to English readers by its text as by the many quaint pictures, statuettes, carvings or mouldings, and groups of stuffed animals, which German industry has made



HARRY AND THE DWARF.
FROM MR. KNATCHBULL HUGESSEN'S "TALES AT TEA TIME."

at Dunfermline; but it was in Edinburgh Castle that she died, and the little chapel she built in the castle, as well as the rock-hewn oratory at Dunfermline, called St. Margaret's Cave, is preserved as the scene of her private devotions. We have enlarged, however, in another place, upon the "Memorials of Old Edinburgh;" so that the interesting topics brought forward by Mr. Ballingall's historical contributors must not tempt us to dwell longer on this ground.

The other illustrated volumes, Christmas gift-books more especially suited to young people, which supply chosen engravings to the same page, need scarcely detain us for critical examination. This is not the first or second appearance of Mr. E. H. Knatchbull - Hugessen, M.P., Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, in the pleasing office of story-teller for the amusement of little people. His "Tales at Tea-Time" (Macmillan), forming a companion book to his "Moonshine,"



THE FOX DISGUISED AS A PHYSICIAN.
FROM "REYNARD THE FOX."

that kind; and some of the artists' designs are highly effective, some even beautiful; while the choice of subjects is so appropriate that we have nothing but praise to bestow upon it, without taking into account the literary portion. This consists of a dozen historical and descriptive essays, with notes upon local antiquities, geology, and botany; the former contributions by Principal Tulloch (who writes about St. Andrews), Mr. Alexander Laing, Mr. J. T. Reid, the Rev. G. Gilfillan, the Rev. James Mill, the Rev. Mitchell Harvey, the Rev. James Campbell, of Balmerino, and the author of "The Hôtel du Petit St. Jean;" while Professor Forster Keddie treats of the mineralogy, and Mr. Charles Howe of the plants and flowers, peculiar to this region of Eastern Scotland. Sir Noel Paton's design, in the engraving we have borrowed, represents his ideal conception of a well-known incident belonging to the traditions of early Scottish history. It may have taken place either in Fife, the land whence the Celtic conquerors of North Britain, the Scots properly so called, had joined with the Picts to invade the Lothians, provinces of Saxon Northumbria, or else in the Castle of Edinburgh, where King Malcolm Canmore sometimes resided, alternately with the older seat of Scottish Royalty at Dunfermline. The marriage of this powerful heathen monarch with the Saxon Princess Margaret, grandchild of Edmund Ironside and sister of Edgar Atheling, was the occasion that led to the reestablishment of Christianity in Scotland, after the subversion of the ancient Columban Church by the inroad of a fierce barbarian race. It is said that Margaret was her warlike husband's teacher in the faith of Christ; and that she used to read the New Testament to him, explaining its divine lessons of humility, charity, and piety, as she seems to be doing in Sir Noel Paton's frontispiece to this volume. The time in which they lived was the latter part of the eleventh century, contemporaneously with our William the Conqueror and his son William Rufus. This Malcolm is the same who figures in Shakespeare's "Macbeth." He was killed in battle across the English Border, and his Queen, Margaret, died of grief. They were both interred



QUEEN MARGARET READING THE BIBLE TO KING MALCOLM.
FROM "THE SHORES OF FIFE."

to represent the incidents of this favourite popular story. "The Pleasant History of Reynard the Fox" (Sampson Low, Marston, and Searle) is a prose translation, by the late Mr. Thomas Roscoe, of Liverpool, now reprinted in a form which will be found quite as readable as any metrical version likely to be offered in our language, and its perusal is recommended by the liberal accompaniment of nearly a hundred engravings. The designs are by Mr. A. T. Elwes and Mr. Jellicoe; the engraver is Mr. J. D. Cooper; and a specimen of their work is shown in the illustration we have borrowed. It refers to that part of Reynard's discourse to King Lion in which he tells how the elder Fox, his father, was a student of medicine at Montpellier, and became a physician so expert and learned that, wearing a silk robe, with a golden girdle, he was called to attend the sick bed of the late Lion, father to his present Majesty; and how he then prescribed a dose of the blood of the Wolf (his own sworn foe) to cure the disease of his royal patient. This a very fair sample of the shrewd hits at Court intrigue, or political and ecclesiastical abuses, with which "Reynard the Fox" abounds, and for the sake of which, as much as for its diverting travesty of human affairs in the guise of beasts talking like those of old Æsop, it is worthy to be read in every age.

The deserved popularity of Mrs. Howitt as a writer, both in prose and verse, of some of the pleasantest and wholesomest literature addressed to simple minds, requires no fresh testimonial at this day. In republishing a collection of her little poems, "Sketches of Natural History, and Songs of Animal Life," with more than one hundred finely-engraved drawings by H. Giacomelli, who was the illustrator of M. Michelet's book on "The Bird," Messrs. T. Nelson and Sons have provided an agreeable Christmas gift. It is right that the children of each successive generation should learn Mrs. Howitt's tale of "The Spider and the Fly" and "The True Story of Web-Spinner," besides those which were published last year, in a not less attractive form, with the same artist's designs, under the title "Birds and Flowers." The engraving selected is that which represents the wolves coming at night upon a



OPENING OF THE FIRST RAILWAY IN JAPAN: ARRIVAL OF THE MIKADO.

battle-field to devour the bodies of the slain—a horrible picture, but not worse than the truth, and used by Mrs. Howitt, as it ought to be, for the purpose of exciting a just detestation of war.

The personal character and history of great musical composers, as of poets, painters, and sculptors, must ever be a subject of interesting study for those who can best appreciate their noble works of art. This attractive and instructive class of topics will naturally be enhanced in value by our familiarity with the faces and outward figures of the illustrious men of genius whose consummate creations in the department of sonorous harmony and melody rank with the highest intellectual triumphs of the human mind. Such a publication, therefore, as "The Gallery of German Composers," a series of portraits, finely engraved on steel, drawn from Professor Carl Jäger's oil paintings of their authentic likenesses, with biographical and critical notices by Dr. E. F. Rimbault, is sure to afford much gratification. It is issued by Mr. Frederick Bruckmann, art-publisher, of Tottenham-court-road. The volume is printed in a style worthy of its contents, and is bound in a handsome cover, with a very beautiful and significant ornamental design by Mr. John Leighton. Here, then, do we greet the beloved and revered presence of some of our best friends, the sweet consolers and serene exalters of the oppressed mind in many an hour when it has gained relief from worldly cares and inward strife by listening to the grand or tender strains which their skilful imagination dictated to instrumental or vocal performers. What men they are, to whom Germany has given birth in the last two centuries, equal in their own line to the ancient poets and orators of Greece! John Sebastian Bach, Handel, Gluck, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Weber, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Meyerbeer, and Wagner; of whom all but the last three are now the recognised and undisputed classics of their sublime and exquisite art, while others still wait a unanimous verdict to set them in the same roll of fame! It is questionable, after all, whether the share that accrues to such composers, in the general stock of educating, soothing, and refining mental influences, may not entitle them to as much historical regard as the literary authors and the producers of fine art, who stand foremost among genial benefactors of the age. But without entering into this question of their comparative dignity, where all deserve our gratitude, praise, and abiding honour, let us accept the graceful gift of these portraits of the German masters of sound, in the spirit in which it is offered. Dr. Rimbault states that, should it be well received by the public, it may be followed by a series of portraits of the great composers of Italy, England, and France, engraved and published in the same elegant and effective style.

The poetry of John Keats, though evincing a true genius of rare high promise, is perhaps indebted less to its substantial merits of actual performance than to the pathetic interest of his fate, as a young author doomed to an early death, for its continued place in the list of our esteemed national literature. He really did little more than tune his harp in unison with Spenser's and Shakespeare's narrative strains; for he had none of the dramatic faculty which belongs to Shakespeare's greater works. But Keats might probably, with the mind of riper age, have done some of the things which Tennyson has done; or he might at least have done something like the "Earthly Paradise" of Mr. William Morris. "Endymion" is not his best work, as the author was quite aware, but it is the one particularly associated with his hopes and aspirations, which were destined to a cruel rebuff; and its tone has a peculiar sweetness, as of a gentle boy playing on the flageolet, or "a damsel with a dulcimer," which pleases the ear and tickles the delicate fancy, without rousing any deeper emotion. A superb edition of this poem, illustrated with six engravings on steel, by Joubert, from paintings by Mr. E. J. Poynter, A.R.A., has been published by Messrs. Moxon and Co. The designs, though not of first-rate power, have a free and noble grace that makes them worthy of Keats, and this book will find acceptance with the lovers of his dainty muse.

Under the pretty title of "Old Jewels Re-Set," Mr. J. W. Croly has brought together a number of old Æsop's and other familiar fables, those of the Wolf and the Lamb, the Lion and the Mouse, the Fox and the Grapes, the Bundle of Sticks, and many other such proverbial tales conveying simple moral lessons. These little stories he has turned into verse, if not quite so neatly and happily as Gay or La Fontaine, as well as he had the skill to do; but the defects of his literary performance are in some degree made up by the talents of Mr. J. Proctor, who has designed twenty-five clever illustrations, which Mr. J. R. Battershell has engraved for this pleasant-looking volume (published by Bell and Daldy). The well-known writer of popular botanical and horticultural treatises, Mr. Shirley Hibberd, has produced a monograph on "The Ivy" (Groombridge and Sons), which gives an account of the history, the uses, the antiquarian, romantic, and poetical associations of that plant, as well as its place in the science of plants, its affinities, species, and varieties, and the rules of its cultivation. Four coloured plates, which are both accurate and beautiful representations of nature, with a number of wood engravings, also correctly showing the forms of leaf and other features of growth, accompany this very seasonable discourse. We have to notice, in the next place, a volume of short poems or extracted pieces of poetry, selected by Dr. Charles Mackay, which Messrs. Routledge publish with the title, "The Home Affections Portrayed by the Poets." It contains a hundred of Messrs. Dalziel's engravings, from drawings made long ago by the favourite artists of the day employed in book illustration. There is little need, also, to speak of Gustave Doré's designs, presented in "Fairy Tales Told Again" (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin). Those of Mr. J. E. Rogers, in "Present Pastimes of Merrie England," which we owe to the same publishers, are strikingly new and original, besides which they are irresistibly droll. His quaint mediæval figures and costumes, set off by the deepest and strongest colours, display the actions of a mythical history, related in prose and verse by Mr. Burnand, showing how, why, and by whom, the ordinary games of English youth were invented some centuries ago. Conceived in a similar pictorial style, but more gracefully designed in form, more tastefully combined in colour, and most gorgeously arrayed on a background of shining gold, are the illustrations of Marcus Ward for "The Royal Illuminated Books of Nursery Rhyme" (W. P. Nimmo). Each of the funny little ballads is set to a merry tune of music, and may either be said or sung; but each of them tells one of those humorous little stories, "Jack and Jill," "Mother Hubbard," "Little Jack Horner," or "The Carrion Crow," which have an eternal charm for every generation of youth. "Walter Crane's Picture-Book" (Routledge), which has sixty-four pages of bold grotesque drawings, printed in colours by Edmund Evans, may suit the taste of many children at this season of gifts for sport and pleasure.

The Rev. Canon Greenwell, of Durham, with other archæologists, has been engaged in the examination of two tumuli on an estate at Westow, near Malton. The results have been of considerable archæological interest,

CHESSE.

The answers to numerous correspondents are unavoidably deferred.

PROBLEM NO. 1504.

By Mr. H. E. KIDSON.

BLACK.

WHITE.

White, playing first, to mate in three moves.

MULTUM IN PARVO—EIGHT PROBLEMS ON ONE DIAGRAM.

The following curiosity is by an American contributor.

BLACK.

WHITE.

Each perpendicular file contains a problem; the conditions in each being that White, playing first, is to give mate in three moves.

THE CHESSE MATCH BETWEEN ENGLAND AND FRANCE IN 1843.

The lamented death of Mr. ST. AMANT has called to mind the celebrated Match between him and Mr. STAUNTON, twenty-nine years ago, and many correspondents request us to reprint a few of the games in that "historical" encounter. We give, therefore, one of them this week, the ninth, which was retrieved by Mr. St. Amant by a masterly conception at the moment when defeat appeared inevitable.

GAME IX.

Played Nov. 28, 1843.—(Irregular Opening.)

BLACK (Mr. St. A.) WHITE (Mr. S.)

1. P to Q 4th P to K 3rd

2. P to Q B 4th P to Q 4th

3. Kt to Q B 3rd Kt to K B 3rd

4. Kt to K B 3rd P to Q B 4th

5. P to K 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd

6. P to Q R 3rd P to Q R 3rd

7. B to Q 3rd K to Q 3rd

8. P takes Q P K P takes P

9. B to Q Kt 5th K B takes P

10. P takes P B to Q 3rd

11. P to Q Kt 4th B to Q 3rd

12. B to Q Kt 2nd Castles

13. Kt to K 2nd Q to K 2nd

14. Castles Q R to Q sq

15. R to Q B sq Kt to K 4th

16. Q Kt to Q 4th Kt takes Kt (ch)

17. Q takes Kt Kt to K 4th

This timely move transfers the attack to the second player.

18. P to K Kt 3rd Kt to K 5th

19. Q to K 2nd Q to Kt 4th

20. P to K B 4th Q to Kt 3rd

21. R to Q B 2nd B to Q B sq

22. P to K B 5th

We doubt the prudence of this advance; but, as is shown in the time-table below, it was not made without mature deliberation.

22. Q to K R 3rd

Having in view the capture of the K Kt Pawn with his Bishop.

23. B to Q 3rd K R to K sq

Threatening to take the K Kt Pawn with the Kt, and then the K Pawn with the Rook.

24. B to Q B sq B to Q 2nd

The object being to drive the adverse Q's Rook from the B's file and gain command of it with his own.

25. Q to K B 3rd B to Q R 5th

26. Q R to K Kt 2nd R to Q B sq

27. R to K 2nd Kt to Kt 4th

28. Q takes Q P

This capture rather added to than diminished the difficulties of Mr. St. Amant's situation.

* 32. K R takes R Q takes R (ch)

Again being winner of a piece.

34. P takes K R P (ch) Q takes B

35. R to Kt 2nd R to Kt 2nd

37. K to Kt 2nd Kt to Kt 4th

BLACK (Mr. St. A.) WHITE (Mr. S.)

28. Kt to K R 6th (ch)

29. K to B sq

Had he moved his King to R sq, his adversary could have won a Pawn and gained a good position by taking the Bishop with his Rook and the K Pawn with his Queen.

29. B to K 4th

30. R from Kt 2nd to K 2nd B takes Kt

31. Q takes B

31. P takes B R takes B

32. Q R takes R B takes R

(ch) * Winning a piece.

31. K R to Q sq

32. P to Q Kt 5th

A splendid coup, as ingenious as unexpected. To appreciate fully this masterly manoeuvre the student must observe that Mr. St. Amant is menaced by the inevitable loss of a piece if he take his Queen out of danger.

32. Q to K R 4th

Failing, evidently, to apprehend the full force of his antagonist's last move, to defend which there appears to be only one line of action. Taking the Queen would have enabled Mr. St. Amant to escape with a drawn game—ex gr.

32. R takes Q

33. P takes R P to K Kt 4th

34. P takes P (in pass—R takes B, or + ing)

35. P takes K B P (ch) K takes P

36. R to K 7th (ch),

and the second player can do no better than allow his opponent to draw the game by perpetual check. The proper course was to play his Bishop to Q 8th, which would have won the game, we believe, to a certainty. Suppose, then—

32. B to Q 8th

33. Q to K 4th Kt to Kt 4th, and wins.

33. P to K Kt 4th R takes Q

34. P takes R P to K B 3rd

35. P takes Q Resigns.

33. K to Kt 2nd R takes R (ch)

34. R to K 7th R to Q B 6th

35. B to K Kt 6th B to Q Kt 6th

40. R takes Q R P.

The game should be drawn.

The following table exhibits the time taken by each player in deliberating over the most important moves. Where less than five minutes were occupied on a move, the time was not reckoned:—

BLACK, Mr. St. Amant. WHITE, Mr. Staunton.

On move Minutes. On move Minutes. On move Minutes.

10 6 13 5

11 5 16 5

12 10 17 5

16 11 21 9

21 11 22 6

22 25 30 5

23 26 32 7

25 15 34 5

Total .. 199 Total .. 47

Carried forward 109

THE FIRST RAILWAY IN JAPAN.

The opening, on October 14, of the railway from Jeddo to Yokohama, at which his Imperial Majesty the Tenno or Mikado was present, has been made the subject of two former Illustrations, furnished by the pencil of Mr. Wirgman and the photographic camera of Signor Beato. Another is now presented, from our Special Artist's sketch of the Court procession in the Yokohama station, with the Mikado walking from the train which had conveyed him from his capital city. The odd mixture of Asiatic and European costumes in the ceremonial attire of the gentlemen following his Imperial Majesty has a very peculiar effect. The Mikado was accompanied by his cousin, Prince Minya, and by Daijo Daijin Sanyo, his Prime Minister. He was preceded by the Minister of Public Works, Enoye Masaru, and the Chief Commissioner of Railways, Yamaou Yoso; and his chief personal attendants were the Sword Bearer, the Keeper of Private Records, his Surgeon and Physician in Ordinary. Several other Ministers of Government followed; while the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Soyezima Gaimukio, led on the diplomatic representatives of foreign States, one of whom was Mr. R. G. Watson, Chargé-d'Affairs of the British Legation. The Yokohama station was tastefully decorated, to grace his Majesty's arrival. The platform along which he was to walk from the train was neatly carpeted, or matted, and bordered with rows of chrysanthemum flowers, planted in long boxes of earth; and from the roof overhead hung lines and festoons of coloured lamps, in a very pleasing arrangement. The Mikado was received by Mr. Cargill, managing director of the railway, in the uniform of the ancient Scottish Archers of the Guard, and by Takeda, the assistant Japanese Commissioner of Railways. The members of the railway staff—namely, Messrs. England, Sheppard, Dewing, and Winbolt, of the engineering department; Mr. Galwey, locomotive and traffic manager; Mr. Christy, his second; Mr. Aldrich, the accountant; and Mrs. Purcell and Wheeler, medical officers, with Mr. Robertson, of the Oriental Bank, were presented to his Majesty. The procession traversed the Central Hall, where the foreign Consuls were presented to the Mikado; and thence entered the handsome pavilion erected for the ceremony of the day. An account of this has been given, but the proceedings were scarcely different from the usual routine observed in Europe on similar occasions.

The gift of Bibles to twenty-five children of the parish of St. Sepulchre took place the other day, in accordance with the benefaction for the purpose by Sir John Fenner (1633) and two other parishioners; the condition being that the child should be at least eight years of age, able to read the Bible, and have lived three years in the parish.

"Essex House," High-street, Putney, is about to be pulled down. This was the birthplace of Thomas Cromwell, the son of a blacksmith at Putney, the tradition of whose birth here is in some measure corroborated by a survey of Wimbledon manor, taken in 1617; for it describes, upon that spot, "an ancient cottage, called the 'smith's shop,' lying west of the highway leading from Putney to the Upper Gate, and on the south side of the highway from Richmond to Wandsworth, having the sign of the Anchor." Essex House was built in the year 1596, the date upon the old plastered ceilings of the house, with the Royal arms of England and the initials of Queen Elizabeth. Now, Cromwell was created Earl of Essex in 1540, and executed a few months after; so that his birthplace must have been the predecessor of the Essex House which stood to our time.

SPECIAL ARRANGEMENTS FOR NEXT YEAR.

Arrangements have been made to provide the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS with Sketches of various matters of interest which are expected to take place, during the months that will ensue, in different parts of the world.

CHINA. The well-known Special Artist of this Journal, Mr. William Simpson, who has been sent out to China from England expressly for this service, will contribute Illustrations of the scenery, the great cities, the national habits and customs, and other characteristics of that vast Empire, as well as of the neighbouring countries in the Eastern Archipelago.

THE NORTH AMERICAN CONTINENT will be traversed by Mr. Simpson on his way home; and in passing through California, British America, and the United States, from the Pacific to the Atlantic shores, he will be enabled to furnish a great number of Sketches, representing the aspects of those new countries, and their progress in social improvement.

AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND will be visited by a correspondent, who has already set forth on his voyage to the Antipodes, and who will procure fresh Illustrations of whatever may have recently occurred of local importance in the several provinces of those remoter British colonies.

EASTERN AND CENTRAL AFRICA have lately engaged a large amount of public attention, owing to the adventures and explorations of Dr. Livingstone, and the mission of Sir Bartle Frere to put an end to the Zanzibar slave trade; the Proprietors of this Journal have therefore arranged for an early supply of Sketches from that quarter of the globe.

IN EUROPE, THE VIENNA UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION OF ARTS AND INDUSTRY is likely to be one of the most attractive subjects of notice after its opening in May; and the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS will employ Special Artists of competent knowledge and skill to represent the chief features of that Exhibition.

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manufactured on the Premises. Work warranted. Only best materials used. Excellent Mattresses, full size, 12s. 6d. upwards; Feather Beds, from 30s. upwards; Iron Bedsteads, from 6s. 6d.; superior Iron French Dittos, 15s. 9d.; Toilet Glasses, best plate (size of plate, 18 by 12), 6s. 6d.; 3-ft. Mahogany Washstand, with marble top, 18s. 6d.; Drawers, Wardrobes, &c.

LODGINGS.—EXTRA BED.—A Strong

IRON FOLDING BEDSTEAD, 6 ft. long by 2 ft. 6 in. wide, with a wool mattress, bolster, and pillow, complete for 21s. Same size, 3 ft. wide, 23s., complete. Sent carefully packed; forms a portable bedstead. Also, 2 1/2 ft. wide, 21s., with bolster, 1 ditto bolster-case, 1 pillow-case, 3 white Whitney Blankets, and 1 counterpane, for 28s. 6d. the set.—Address order to OETZMANN and CO.

CARPETS.—OETZMANN and CO.

CARPETS! CARPETS! CARPETS! CARPETS! CARPETS! Without exception the largest and best assortment in London to select from. O. and CO. have upwards of 150 pieces of Brussels, different patterns, now on show in their carpet window, besides an immense variety in the Show-Room. Members of Co-operative Supply Associations are invited to inspect our stock and compare prices.

GREAT SALE OF CARPETS.—OETZMANN

and CO. beg respectfully to solicit an inspection of their present stock of Carpets, their Carpet Buyer has directed his attention to the probability of the several advances which have taken place in cost of Carpets, purchased largely beforehand, O. and CO. are therefore in a position to offer the same considerably below market value. The Stock consists of HANDSOME TURKEY CARPETS, RICH VELVET PILLOW CARPETS, BEST BRUSSELS CARPETS, STOUT KIDDERMINSTER CARPETS, SUPERIOR ROCK DYE PET CARPETS, ALL-WOOL DUTCH CARPETS, IMPERIAL TWILL CARPETS, and every kind of Carpeting manufactured; also an immense stock of STAIR CARPETING to match the above various kinds, at equally low prices. SEVERAL THOUSAND HEARTI-BUGS will also be cleared out at a great reduction, the best Axminster Heavy-Rug, lists at 9s. in our Catalogue at 1s., will be sold at 15s. 6d. each; and other descriptions listed at 15s. 9d. are reduced to 12s. 6d.; the 12s. 9d. to 10s. 6d., the 10s. 9d. to 8s. 11d., and other goods in this department are reduced in proportion. An early visit of inspection respectfully solicited.

NEULLY SATIN, a New Fabric for

Curtains, Drawing-Room Furniture Coverings, &c. Very rich appearance, more durable than satin, and less than half the cost. Price 8s. 6d. per yard, double width. Patterns post-free. Agents, OETZMANN and CO.

MADRID STRIPED CURTAINS, all

wool, 3 yards long by 48 in. wide, 15s. per pair; 3 1/2 yards, 17s. 6d.; 4 yards, 20s.; best Worsted Damask Curtains, in green, crimson, or any self colour, plaited top, bordered all round with best embroidered silk lace, 3 yards long by 51 in. wide, 50s. per pair; 3 1/2 yards, 30s.; 4 yards, 35s.; best reps ditto 3 yards by 54 in. wide, 30s.; 3 1/2 yards, 35s.; 4 yards, 40s. 6d. per pair. Same day on receipt of order. One trial will ensure recommendation. No common damask or reps used, sold, or advised. Descriptive Lists post-free. OETZMANN and CO.

TABLE COVERS.—EXTRAORDINARY

SALE OF TABLE COVERS.—Now on view, the stock of a large wholesale warehouseman, will be cleared out at a great reduction. It consists of every description of table cover, from 1s. each up to 10s., and consists of some of the finest productions of English and foreign looms, at a reduced price. List of this stock forwarded post-free on application. Amongst them (not 6) are a quantity of fine cloth table covers, two yards square, various patterns, with borders, suited to dining or drawing rooms, usual price 15s. 9d., which will be cleared out at 10s. 6d.—OETZMANN and CO.

FURNISHING IRONMONGERY

DEPARTMENT.—Strong Bronzed Fenders from 1s. 6d. each; ditto, circular ends, with standards, from 3s. 9d.; ditto, very handsome, 8s. 9d.; Fireirons from 1s. 6d. per set; handsome ditto, 4s. 9d. and 7s. 6d.; Japanned oval Tea Trays, 11s. per set of three—16, 24, and 30 inches; Teapots; Warranted Table Cutlery, best Electro-plate (durability guaranteed); Coal Vases, Dish Covers, Japan Railways. All goods sent carefully packed. A Detailed Catalogue post-free on application.

THE PORTLAND COAL VASE, NEW

SHAPE, economical space, does not spill in carrying, handsomely japanned and gold relieved, has bowl on tery and opal handle, handsome. Price only 10s. 6d. Also the OXFORD ditto, very elegant, price 21s. Forwarded carefully packed upon receipt of order.—OETZMANN and CO.

OETZMANN and CO.'S ELECTRO-SILVER

PLATE, the best quality manufactured and durability guaranteed. Spoons, Forks, Knives, Fish-Carvers, Tea and Coffee Sets, Urns, Waiters, Cake-Baskets, Biscuit-Boxes, Cruets, Liquores, Mugs, Tankards, Sporting Cups, Dish-Covers, Plate-Covers, &c. Also a large assortment of Table Cutlery. Warranted best steel. Price-Lists post-free.

Orders for Electro Plate or Cutlery of £2 upwards, carriage-free to any railway station in the kingdom.

CHINA and GLASS DEPARTMENT.

Superior cut-glass Tumblers, 3s. 9d. per dozen; Wine, 2s. 6d.; richly-cut Decanters, 7s. 6d. per pair; Lustres, Vases (the 5s. pair of vases are a marvel of cheapness and elegance), marble and gilt ornamental Clocks, Bronzes, Statuettes, fine Parian Figures, elegant cases of Stuffed Birds, Wax Flowers under glass shades, handsome china Flower-Pots, Jardinières, &c.; handsome china Tea Services, from 5s. 9d.; elegant ditto, 18s. 6d.; Ironstone china Dinner Services, in great variety of patterns, from 17s. 6d. upwards; Dessert Services from 11s. 9d. Depot for Wedgwood & Co.'s celebrated Ware, also for best Worcester China; handsome Toilet Sets, ewer, basin, &c. (nine pieces), 5s. 11d. per set; superb ditto, 10s. 6d.—OETZMANN and CO., 67, 69, 71, 73, Hampstead-road (near Tottenham-court-road, and Corner-street Station, Metropolitan Railway). All goods sent carefully packed. A Detailed Catalogue post-free on application.

FILMER and SON'S EASY-CHAIRS and

COUCHES.—The largest Assortment in the kingdom, comprising all the Designs for which they have been celebrated for the last fifty years; and also all the newest Patterns, combining grace, elegance, and comfort. 500 different Patterns always in stock. New Designs are being almost daily added. All are of the best quality, and marked in plain figures.—Show-Rooms and Galleries, 31 and 33, Berners-street, London, W.

CAUTION.

ELKINGTON and CO. find it necessary, in

consequence of the so extensively used by some nefarious manufacturers, to induce purchasers of Plated Ware to buy spurious articles of very inferior quality offered for sale as ELKINGTON'S BEST "ELECTRO-PLATE," to warn the Public against purchasing such articles, and will be at all times glad to verify any that may be sent for that purpose to either of their Establishments—viz.

23, Regent-street, London; [St. Ann's-square, Manchester; 45, Moorgate-street, London; or the Manufactory, Newhall-street, Birmingham.] Signed ELKINGTON and CO.

DRAWING-ROOM and DINING-ROOM

CURTAIN MATERIALS of every description. Some very new and choice goods. Wide Satins, at 14s. per yard. The Shanghai Satin, double width, 6s. 6d. per yard. MAPLE and CO.

CURTAINS, DINING and DRAWING

ROOM.—The largest and most varied Stock of Curtain Materials in London. Good All-Wool Repps, double width, 3s. 3d. per yard; Striped Repps, all wool, and double width, from 3s. 9d. per yard. This material does not require lining nor trimming. Silks, brocatelles, Satins of all colours and widths; also the Shanghai Satin and the Timbuctoo, which is double width, and only 1s. 10d. per yard. MAPLE and CO., 145, 147, Tottenham-court-road.

WHY DO OUR TEETH DECAY? Who has ever travelled among the Indians of North America that has not been struck with the superior whiteness and soundness of the Indian's teeth? Many have wondered how those dusky savages could preserve such a set of ivory, even to the greatest age, while premature decay of the teeth was the rule with the whites. What once was a mystery is no longer one. The extracts from plants which the Indians have for ages chewed have been concentrated into a liquid called **FRAGRANT FLORILINE**; a few drops of which on a wet tooth-brush causes a sort of foam in the mouth, which penetrates every crevice, and cleanses the teeth from all impurities, hardens the gums, and prevents tartar. "Fragrant Floriline" should be used in all cases of bad breath, and particularly by gentlemen after smoking. The Floriline combines, in a concentrated form, the most desirable cleansing and astringent properties. At the same time it contains no thing which can possibly injure the most sensitive and delicate organisation. It beautifies the teeth and gums. It arrests the decay of the teeth. It acts as a detergent after smoking. It renders the gums hard and healthy. It neutralises the offensive secretions of the mouth. It imparts to the breath a fragrance purely aromatic and pleasant. Put up in large bottles (only one size) and in elegant toilet cases complete at 2s. 6d. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers. Prepared only by **HENRY C. GALLUP**, 493, Oxford-street, London.

FLORILINE.—For the TEETH and BREATH.
Sweet as the ambrosial air,
With its perfume rich and rare
Sweet as violets in the morning,
Which the emerald nooks adorn;
Sweet as rosebuds bursting forth,
From the richly-laden earth,
Is the "FRAGRANT FLORILINE."

The tooth it makes a pearly white
So pure and lovely to the sight;
The gums assume a rosy hue,
The breath is sweet as violets blue;
While scented as the flowers of May,
Which cast their sweetness from each spray,
Is the "FRAGRANT FLORILINE."

See some fairy with its hand
Cast around its mystic wand,
And produced from fairy's bower
Scented perfumes from each flower
For in this liquid gem we trace
All that can beauty add and grace—
Such is the "FRAGRANT FLORILINE."

FLORILINE.—For the TEETH and BREATH.—It may or may not be generally known that microscopical examinations have proved that animal or vegetable parasites gather, unobserved by the naked eye, upon the teeth and gums of at least nine persons in every ten; any individual may easily satisfy himself in this matter by placing a powerful microscope over a partially decayed tooth, while the living animalcules will be found to resemble a partially decayed cheese more than anything else we can compare it to. We may also state that the **FRAGRANT FLORILINE** is the only remedy yet discovered able perfectly to free the teeth and gums from these parasites without the slightest injury to the teeth or the most tender gums.

A few drops of the **FRAGRANT FLORILINE** on a wet tooth-brush produces a delightful foam, which cleanses the teeth from all animalcules or impurities, strengthens and hardens the gums, prevents tartar, and arrests the progress of decay. It gives to the teeth a peculiar and beautiful whiteness, and imparts a delightful fragrance to the breath. It removes all unpleasant odour arising from decayed teeth, a disordered stomach, or tobacco smoke. For Children or Adults whose teeth show marks of decay its advantages are paramount; no one need fear of using it too often, or too much at a time. Some of the ingredients being soda, honey, spirits of wine, borax, and extracts from sweet herbs and plants, it forms not only the very best dentifrice for cleansing ever discovered, but one that is perfectly delicious to the taste, and as harmless as sherry. The taste is so pleasing that, instead of taking up the tooth-brush with distaste, as is often the case, children will on no account omit to use the **FLORILINE** regularly each day if only left to their own choice. Children cannot be taught the use of the tooth-brush too young; early neglect invariably produces premature decay of the teeth.

If water be added to the **FLORILINE**, or if exposed in a very cold place, the honey causes it sometimes to turn thick and cloney, but it never loses its cleansing powers. Prepared only by **HENRY C. GALLUP**, 493, Oxford-street, London.

FLORILINE.—For the TEETH and BREATH.

I have heard a strange statement, dear Fanny, to-day,
That the reason that teeth do decay
Is traced to some objects that form in the gums,
And eat them in time quite away.
Animalcules, they say, are engendered—that is
If the mouth is not wholesome and clean
And I also have heard to preserve them the best
Is the fragrant, the sweet "FLORILINE!"

Oh, yes! it is true that secretions will cause
Living objects to form on your teeth,
And certainly as silently do they gnaw on
In cavities made underneath.
But a certain preservative Gallup has found,
To keep your mouth wholesome and clean;
And you're perfectly right, for your teeth to preserve
There's nothing like sweet "FLORILINE!"

'Tis nice and refreshing, and pleasant to use,
And no danger its use can attend;
For clever physicians and dentists as well
Their uniform praises now blend.
They say it's the best preparation that's known,
And evident proofs have they seen,
That nothing can equal the virtue that dwell
In the fragrant, the sweet "FLORILINE!"

Oh! thank you, dear Fanny; your words have confirm'd,
What I have heard stated before;
I use Floriline, and I like it so much
That daily I treasure it more.
The teeth it preserves in their freshness and hue,
And keeps the mouth wholesome and clean;
Whilst the breath it makes pleasant and sweet as the rose,
The fragrant, the sweet "FLORILINE!"

FLORILINE.—For the TEETH and BREATH.

The "Christian World" of March 17, 1871, says with respect to "Floriline":—"Floriline" bids fair to become a household word in England, and one of peculiarly pleasant meaning. It would be difficult to conceive of a more efficacious and agreeable preparation for the teeth. Those who once begin to use it will certainly never willingly give it up."

READ THIS! From the "Weekly Times," March, 26, 1871:—"There are so many tooth articles which obtain all their celebrity from being constantly and extensively advertised that it makes it necessary when anything new and good is introduced to the public that special attention should be called to it. The most delightful and effective tooth article for cleansing and beautifying the teeth that we in a long experience have ever used is the new fragrant **FLORILINE**. It is quite a pleasure to use it, and its properties of imparting a fragrance to the breath and giving a pearly whiteness to the teeth make it still more valuable. Of all the numerous nostrums for cleansing the teeth which from time to time have been fashionable and popular, nothing to be compared with **FLORILINE** has hitherto been produced, whether considered as a beautifier or a valuable cleanser and preserver of the teeth and gums."

The word "**FLORILINE**" is a "Trade mark," and any parties imitating the "**FLORILINE**," or attempting to pass off a fluid of their own composition by saying it is "**FLORILINE**," will be prosecuted, and a suitable reward will be given to anyone giving information which shall lead to conviction. "**FLORILINE**" is prepared only by **HENRY C. GALLUP**, 493, Oxford-street, London; and sold by respectable dealers in Perfumery in all parts of the world, at 2s. 6d. per Bottle. The "**FLORILINE**" Powder is put up in separate glass jars, and sold at 1s.

Sold by all Perfumers and Dealers in Toilet Articles in the Kingdom, at 2s. 6d. per bottle. "**FLORILINE**" Powder, separate, 1s. Prepared by **HENRY C. GALLUP**, 493, Oxford-street, London.

FLORILINE.—For the TEETH and BREATH.

What charm does **FLORILINE** possess,
That it should rank so high,
And round the globe that magic name
Like lightning swiftly fly?
What is it? Why its excellence,
Which day by day is seen;
And now no toilet is complete
Without there's **FLORILINE**.

What charm does **FLORILINE** possess
The Breath it renders sweet;
The Teeth it makes as white as snow,
With pearly tint complete,
The Mouth it makes so fresh and pure,
And healthy, too, and clean;
And those are charms which all admit
Arise from **FLORILINE**.

What charm does **FLORILINE** possess
It cleanses all the mouth,
And makes it as ambrosial as
The flowers of sunny soil;
Preservatives of pearly teeth,
From tartar keeps them clean;
And thus it has a special charm,
The fragrant **FLORILINE**.

FLORILINE—May be had of most respectable dealers in all parts of the world.—M. Swann, 12, Rue Castiglione, Paris; W. Kingston, 12, Maize, Bathgate and Co. Calcutta; B. G. Lennon, Port Elizabeth; Cape of Good Hope; Malabar and Co., Kingston, Jamaica; T. Plimmer, Bridgetown, Barbadoes; Rowe and Co., Rangoon.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY for the HAIR.

A very nicely-perfumed Hair-Dressing, called "The Mexican Hair Renewer," now being sold by most Chemists and Perfumers throughout the country, at 3s. 6d. per Bottle, is fast superseding all the old "Restorers" and dyes for the purpose of changing grey or white hair to its natural original colour, for it will positively restore the hair in every case of greyness to its original colour without dyeing it or leaving that disagreeable and offensive smell which most of the hair preparations of the day do.

This preparation has never been known to fail in restoring the hair to its natural colour and gloss in from eight to twelve days. It promotes growth, and prevents the hair falling out, eradicating dandruff, and leaving the scalp in a clean, healthy condition. It imparts peculiar vitality to the roots of the hair, restoring it to its youthful freshness and vigour. Daily applications of this preparation for a week or two will surely restore faded, grey, or white hair to its natural colour and richness.

It is not a dye, nor does it contain any colouring matter or offensive substance whatever. Hence it does not soil the hands, the scalp, or even white linen, but produces the colour within the substance of the hair.

It may be had of any respectable Chemist, Perfumer, or Dealer in Toilet Articles in the Kingdom, at 3s. 6d. per bottle. In case the dealer has not of "The Mexican Hair Renewer" in stock and will not procure it for you, it will be sent direct by rail, carriage paid, on receipt of 4s. in stamps, to any part of England.—Prepared by **HENRY C. GALLUP**, 493, Oxford-street, London.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER
enlivens the scalp.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER
prevents dandruff.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER
restores the colour of the hair.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER
prevents hair from falling.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER
prevents hair from falling out.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER
will cause luxuriant growth.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER
for Renewing the Hair.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER
causes Luxuriant Growth.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER.

Sold by most Chemists, Perfumers, and Hairdressers in Great Britain.

THE words THE MEXICAN HAIR

RENEWER is a trade mark; and the public will please see the words are on the wrapper surrounding the bottle, and the name H. C. GALLUP is blown in the bottle.

The Mexican Hair Renewer Price 3s. 6d. Directions in German, French, and Spanish. Prepared by H. C. Gallup, 493, Oxford-street, London.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER

has gained for itself the highest reputation, and a decided preference over all other "hair-dressings," as evinced from certificates and testimonials from the most respectable sources. Being compounded with the greatest care—combining, as it does, all the most desirable qualities of the best hair preparations of the day, without the objectionable ones—it may be relied on as the very best known to chemistry for restoring the natural colour to the hair, and causing new hair to grow on bald spots, unless the hair glands are decayed; for if the glands are decayed and gone no stimulant can restore them; but if, as is often the case, the glands are only torpid, **THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER** will renew their vitality, and a new growth of hair will follow. Read the following testimonial from Dr. Versmann, Ph.D.:

"Mr. Henry C. Gallup, 493, Oxford-street, London.
"Dear Sir,—I have made a thorough chemical analysis of your preparation called 'The Mexican Hair Renewer,' and think it far superior to any hair preparation I have ever known. It is an ingenious compound, as harmless as it is beneficial."
(Signed) "FRED. VERSMANN."

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER may be procured of any first-class Perfumer, Chemist, or Dealer in Toilet Articles throughout the Kingdom, at 3s. 6d. per Bottle.

NEW SILKS FOR 1873.

1873.—NICHOLSON'S NEW SILKS.

Coloured Glaces, in Fashionable Shades, from 1s. 11½d. to 21s. per yard. 1000 Patterns post-free to any part of the world.

D. NICHOLSON and CO., 50 to 52, St. Paul's-churchyard, London.

1873.—NICHOLSON'S FANCY SILKS.

Striped, Checked, Broché, and plain, in all the New Colours, from 2s. to 10s. per yard. 1000 Patterns post-free to any part of the world.

D. NICHOLSON and CO., 50 to 52, St. Paul's-churchyard, London.

1873.—NICHOLSON'S RICH SILKS.

Moire Antiques, Coloured and Black, from 5s. 11d. per yard. Warranted all pure Silk. 1000 Patterns post-free to any part of the world.

D. NICHOLSON and CO., 50 to 52, St. Paul's-churchyard, London.

1873.—NICHOLSON'S BLACK SILKS.

from 1s. 11½d. to 21s. per yard, selected with special regard to perfection of dye and durability of texture. Bonnets, Tullies, Bellons and other first-class goods always kept in stock. 1000 Patterns post-free to any part of the world.

D. NICHOLSON and CO., 50 to 52, St. Paul's-churchyard, London.

1873.—NICHOLSON'S NEW DRESS

FABRICS.—500 Patterns, representing all the new Materials for Winter and Early Spring wear, forwarded post-free to any part of the world.

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1873.—NICHOLSON'S NEW MANTLES.

Polonaises, Sealakins, Velvet Paletots, Opera Cloaks, &c. In every variety, from 10s. each to £140. Elaborate Illustrations of the Fashions in this Department published on the 1st of every month. Forwarded post-free.

D. NICHOLSON and CO., 50 to 52, St. Paul's-churchyard, London.

1873.—RESIDENTS in INDIA, CHINA,

the Colonies, and all parts of the Globe are invited to write for NICHOLSON'S Export Catalogue, 120 pages, comprising full particulars of every description of Silks, Woolen Goods, Muslins, Calicoes, Prints, Ladies' Underclothing, Baby Linen, Mantles, Shawls, Men's and Boys' Clothing, Linens, Blankets, Carpets, Hosiery, Gloves, Ribbons, Lace, Haberdashery, Jewellery, &c. Orders to any amount forwarded on receipt of 2s. per cent value; balance payable on bills at sixty days' sight.

Patterns and Illustrations post-free.

D. NICHOLSON and COMPANY,
Silk, Woolen, and Manchester Warehousemen,
50 to 52, St. Paul's-churchyard, London.

Price-lists may be obtained of Messrs. Wheatley and Co., Bombay; or at Office of "Calcutta Englishman," Calcutta. Goods and Baggage shipped. Passages engaged. Every information free of charge. Insurances effected. Banking accounts opened. Produce disposed of for 2½ per cent brokerage.

Bankers, Messrs. Martin and Co., 68, Lombard-street.

DRESSING-GOWNS FOR WINTER, 21s.

DRESSING-GOWNS FOR LADIES, 21s.
DRESSING-GOWNS IN SCARLET, 21s.
DRESSING-GOWNS IN BLUE, 21s.
DRESSING-GOWNS IN MAGENTA, 21s.
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DRESSING-GOWNS IN GREY, 21s.
DRESSING-GOWNS IN MIXTURES, 21s.

DRESSING-GOWNS. Patterns post-free.
DRESSING-GOWNS. Illustrations post-free.
DRESSING-GOWNS. Mrs. T. G. YOUNG,
128, 129, Oxford-street, W.

BABY LINEN SET, Three Guineas.

BABY LINEN SET, Five Guineas.
BABY LINEN SET, Ten Guineas.
BABY LINEN SET, Twenty Guineas.

BABY LINEN. Lists post-free.
BABY LINEN. Mrs. T. G. YOUNG,
128, 129, Oxford-street, W.

JOHN BRINSMEAD AND SONS' GOLD MEDAL PIANOS.

were awarded
the Gold Medal,
Paris, 1870.
The Silver Medal,
Amsterdam, 1869.
La Médaille d'Honneur,
Paris, 1867.
The Prize Medal,
London, 1862.
Le Diplôme de la Mention
Extraordinaire,
Netherlands International
Exhibition, 1869.

JOHN BRINSMEAD AND SONS' GOLD MEDAL PIANOS.

Patented 1862, 1868, and 1871,
IN GREAT BRITAIN,
PRUSSIA,
FRANCE,
AUSTRIA,
ITALY,
BELGIUM,
AND AMERICA.

JOHN BRINSMEAD AND SONS' GOLD MEDAL PIANOS.

SIR JULIUS BENEDICT—
"This most ingenious
and valuable invention
cannot fail to meet with
success."

JOHN BRINSMEAD AND SONS' GOLD MEDAL PIANOS.

SYDNEY SMITH—
"The touch is absolute
perfection."

JOHN BRINSMEAD AND SONS' GOLD MEDAL PIANOS.

BRINLEY RICHARDS—
"A very clever and
useful invention, and
likely to be extensively
adopted."

JOHN BRINSMEAD AND SONS' GOLD MEDAL PIANOS.

The "Illustrated News-
paper," March 11, 1871.
"Cannot fail to extend
the already world-wide
reputation of the pa-
tent."
The "Illustrated Times,"
Jan. 14, 1871.
"Obtained many first-
class medals, one of
which—the gold medal—
was awarded only a month
before the outbreak of
the present Franco-Ger-
man war."

JOHN BRINSMEAD AND SONS' GOLD MEDAL PIANOS.

The "Standard," Sept.
13, 1869.
"Receive the greatest
approbation everywhere
of musicians and manu-
facturers."

JOHN BRINSMEAD AND SONS' GOLD MEDAL PIANOS.

The "Standard," Sept.
13, 1869.
"Receive the greatest
approbation everywhere
of musicians and manu-
facturers."

JOHN BRINSMEAD AND SONS' PIANOFORTE MANUFACTURERS.

18, WIGMORE-STREET, LONDON.
Steam-Power Works—1, 2, 3, and 4, Chancery-street;
and 3, Hertford-place, London.

WEDDING OUTFITS, £20 to £250.

Revised Lists and
Book, with 70 Illustrations, gratis and free.
Mrs. ADDLEY BOURNE, 37, Piccadilly.

BABY LINEN.—A LAYETTE for £20.

List post-free.
"Excellent quality and good taste."—The Queen.
Mrs. ADDLEY BOURNE, 37, Piccadilly.

CHRISTENING-ROBES,

from 21s.
CHRISTENING-CLOAKS, 30s.
Mrs. ADDLEY BOURNE, 37, Piccadilly.

POMPADOUR CRINOLINES.

25s. each.
Made of Horsehair, Indianrubber Tubing, &c.; no steel used.
Mrs. ADDLEY BOURNE, 37, Piccadilly.

MOTHERS and DAUGHTERS

are respectfully invited to write for a sample Article of a registered novelty, combining great utility, comfort, and convenience. Post-free for 18 stamps
Mrs. ADDLEY BOURNE, 37, Piccadilly.

CHAPMAN'S IMPERIAL BLACK SILKS.

The prices vary from £2 19s. to 6s. the Full Robe of 12 yards. The wear guaranteed, and a warranty given with each dress.
Bonnet's Black Silks, £2 19s. twelve yards.

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

DEMI-TOILETTE.—New Arrangement of

the Danish Silk-finished Tinted Alpaca as worn by H.R.H. the Princess of Wales—Rê-dé-dé, Neptune, Azot, Eau de Nil, Bouillardi, India Sky, Illusion, Gris Souris, Faded Rose, Bleu de Ciel, Mexique, Gris Lilas, Ozone, White and Black, Pink and Sky, and many of the most beautiful Tinted Colours.

CHRISTMAS, 1872.—As the festive season

approaches, Ladies are thinking what they shall wear, and what will be most suitable for the occasion, both new and pretty. The "Algérienne Grenadines" (the enormous sale of which already testifies to their popularity) are admirably adapted for the purpose. The rich silken gloss, combined with the gauzy lightness of this novelty, forms a material unrivalled for evening wear. Prices, 12s. 6d., 13s. 11d., 17s. 11d., and 21s. the Dress of 12 yards, 24 in. wide. Any length cut, and patterns free.
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